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# The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

# THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE

IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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# EASTWARD HOE

BY JONSON, CHAPMAN AND MARSTON

AND

JONSON'S

# THE ALCHEMIST

EDITED BY

FELIX E. SCHELLING, Litt. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

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# Life

BEN JONSON was born at Westminster in the year 1573. He was "poorly brought up," but by the assistance of the antiquary, William Camden, attended Westminster School. Jonson seems not to have gone to either university, although he later received degrees from both Oxford and Cambridge. After a short term at his stepfather's trade, bricklaying, Jonson went to Flanders as a soldier. He returned to London about 1592 and married, beginning to write for the stage probably in 1595. In 1597 Jonson was in the employ of Henslowe, and one of the Admiral's players; and in the following year he was mentioned by Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, as one of the best contemporary writers of tragedy. In that year Jonson killed a fellow-actor, one Gabriel Spenser, "in duel," for which he was tried and found guilty. He escaped the gallows by pleading the benefit of clergy. While in prison Jonson became a Roman Catholic, but returned to the faith of the Church of England twelve years later. Thrown out of the Admiral's company for his misdeed, Jonson offered their rival, the Lord Chamberlain's company (in which Shakespeare was already a prominent shareholder), his *Every Man In His Humour*, which was accepted, and proved in 1598 an immediate success, Shakespeare acting a part. *The Case is Altered*, a comedy never acknowledged by Jonson, appears to belong to this year. From 1599 to 1602 Jonson directed his efforts towards dramatic satire, and wrote *Every Man Out Of His Humour*, acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1599, *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600,

and *Poetaster*, 1601, both for the children of the Queen's Chapel. From these contributions to the war of the theaters, in which Marston was the chief butt of his ridicule, Jonson turned to tragedy. *Sejanus* was acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603, Shakespeare once more taking a part. This tragedy was a failure on the stage, though much admired by "the judicious." At this time Jonson was living with Lord D'Aubigny, one of his many friends and patrons among the nobility.

Upon the accession of King James in 1603, Jonson wrote an entertainment for the King at Althorp, and a second, with Dekker, for the royal progress through the city. In 1605 *The Masque of Blackness*, the first of Jonson's long and splendid series of masques at court, was performed, Inigo Jones furnishing the scenery. In this year Jonson with his friend Chapman suffered a short imprisonment for certain reflections on the Scots in the comedy, *Eastward Hoe*, which they had written with John Marston. But the same year witnessed the triumphant success of Jonson's *Volpone*, which was acted at the Globe and at the two universities. During the next twelve years Jonson enjoyed his greatest repute, the recognised Mentor as well as boon companion of poets and playwrights, the friend of the nobility, and welcomed at court. Between 1605 and 1614 *Epicoene*, 1609, *The Alchemist*, 1610, *Catiline*, 1611, and *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, were produced; and each, a masterpiece in its kind, added to Jonson's dramatic laurels. In 1613 Jonson was tutor to the son of Raleigh, and visited France. In 1616 he published a folio edition of his works, and wrote his satirical comedy, *The Devil is an Ass*. In 1618 Jonson set out on foot for Scotland, visiting his many friends by the way, and staying some weeks with the Scottish poet, Drummond of Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, in which city Jonson was honored

by being made a burgess. Returning to London in the following year, Jonson visited Oxford, and formally received the degree of M. A. Meanwhile the poet's pen was far from idle, and he continued to entertain the court with masques and entertainments almost yearly throughout the reign of James. A few of the most noted of these productions (thirty-four complete) are *Hymenaei*, 1606; *The Masque of Queens*, 1609; *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*, 1611; and the grotesque *Metamorphosed Gypsies*, 1621, most popular in its day. In October of this year, Jonson was granted a reversion of the office of Master of the Revels, after the death of Sir George Buc and Sir John Astley; but the latter survived him. At this period James is said to have meditated knighting Jonson. Failing to do this, he raised his pension to £200. In 1623 Jonson's library, one of the best in England, was destroyed by fire; and in it, to judge by the author's verses, *An Execration against Vulcan*, perished many manuscripts, especially those displaying the scholarly side of the great poet. In this year Jonson contributed his appreciative poem, *To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us*, to the folio edition of Shakespeare's works.

With the coming to the throne of King Charles, Jonson lost his hold on the court, and, attacked with the dropsy and the palsy, spent some of the later years of his life bedridden. He returned to the popular stage in *The Staple of News*, in 1625, perhaps under the pressure of poverty; and in 1629 experienced his severest theatrical reverse in *The New Inn* which was not even heard to conclusion. In 1628 Jonson had succeeded Middleton as chronologer to the city of London, to which post was attached a yearly stipend of 100 nobles. At court, too, Jonson had a short restoration to favor. The King

sent him a present of £100 in his sickness in 1629, and commissioned him to write a masque, *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*. Later, at Jonson's request, Charles raised the old poet's allowance from 100 marks to £100, adding a terce of canary. But the influence of Inigo Jones, Jonson's enemy at court, was greater than the old poet's. Jonson lost, too, his post as city chronologer in 1631, and turned once more to the stage, and to the preparation of a second volume of his *Works*. In 1632 *The Magnetic Lady* was acted and fairly well received; but his *Tale of a Tub* (1633) was "not likt" at court in 1634. Jonson died August 6, 1637, leaving behind him besides other fragments, his *Sad Shepherd*, and his prose tract, *Discoveries*. His *Epigrams* and non-dramatic poetry, under the title *The Forest*, had already appeared in the folio of 1616. His lesser poems and translations he gathered under the title *Underwoods*, first printed in the folio of 1640. Jonson was buried near the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. In 1638 a collection of thirty elegies appeared, entitled *Jonsonus Virbius*, to which nearly all the leading poets of the day contributed; and in 1640 was published a second folio edition of Jonson's collected *Works*.

# Introduction

THE two plays here reprinted are specimens of vigorous old English comedy at its best, popular in their day and for long after, and able, from their faithfulness to life, to abide the test of time. Five years separated the acting of *Eastward Hoe* from the acting of *The Alchemist*, and the two comedies are connected by the great name of Ben Jonson; who, contributing his share with Chapman and Marston to the excellencies of the former, reached in the latter by his unaided effort the very height of his art. *The Alchemist* is the work of a conscious artist, deeply versed in the lore of his craft, a work consummately logical and constructive, knit like a piece of chain armor, admirably proportioned in its completeness, perfect in each link and all but impervious to the thrusts of adverse criticism. *Eastward Hoe*, although less absolutely finished, from its naturalness and the universality of the qualities of its figures, from its happy propinquity to the language and the manners of everyday life is scarcely less triumphantly successful. If the search of the reader is for poetry, he will find it in neither play. And let him be reminded that poetry and drama are by no means convertible or coextensive terms. But if he would view as in a mirror without flaw the doings of men, touched with that satirical side light which heightens angles and deepens shades, if he would

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figure of Sir Petronell Flash is a happy satire on the royal carpet knights, and might easily have passed without comment, official or other, together with the allusion to the popularity of Scotch fashions in a farthingale which is warranted "a right Scot." Nor is it impossible that an indulgent censor might not have forgiven the words: "I ken the man weel, he is one of my thirty pound knights," even although pronounced by a clever actor in a tone mimicking the royal northern burr. But the passage on the ubiquitous Scots, "who, indeed, are disperst over the face of the whole earth;" and the candor of the wish that a hundred thousand of them were in Virginia, where "wee shoulde finde ten times more comfort of them there, then wee doe heere:" these things were too much for Caledonian sensibility. On the complaint of Sir James Murray, whom the allusions must neatly have fitted from his birth and his recently created knighthood, Jonson and Chapman were arrested and lodged in jail. They were even reported at one time to have been in imminent danger of having their nostrils slit, or at least their ears lopped, like Prynne under later royal displeasure. Marston, the real offender, escaped. From letters seeking their release which the imprisoned poets wrote to the king, to the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Pembroke and others, it seems that their offence consisted in "two clawses, and both of them not our owne," and in the circumstance that their play had been presented without the Lord Chamberlain's allowance.[1] In excuse of the lat-

[1] See Mr. B. Dobell's *Newly Discovered Documents of the Elizabethan and Jacobean Periods*, *Athenaeum*, March 30, 1901, Chapman's letters to the King and to the Lord Chamberlain, p. 403.

ter the poets plead "our play so much importun'de, and our cleere opinions, that nothinge it contain'd could worthely be held offensive."[1] The Lord Chamberlain readily forgave them and, with Lord D'Aubigny, Jonson's munificent patron and friend, soon effected their release.[2] The tone of Chapman's letters is penitent though self respecting; Jonson, as might be expected, assumes his favorite attitude of the just man a prey to unmerited attack and obloquy. He declares "our offence a play, so mistaken, so misconstrued, so misapplied, as I do wonder whether their ignorance or impudence be most who are our adversaries."[3] And he complains of being "commytted hether, unexamyned, nay unheard (a rite not commonlie denyed to the greatest offenders) and I made a guiltie man longe before I am one, or ever thought to bee."[4] After their release unharmed, Jonson "banqueted all his friends," among them Camden and Selden. And Jonson's old mother, with much the stoic temper of her illustrious son, "dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded to have drunk of it herself."[5]

Despite all this, *Eastward Hoe* was acted before

1 Chapman to the Lord Chamberlain, *ibid.*

2 A second letter of Chapman to the same, *ibid.*

3 Jonson to the Countess of Rutland probably, *ibid.*, p. 404.

4 Jonson to a Lord unknown, *ibid.*, p. 403. See p. 158, this book.

5 *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond, Shakespeare Society's Publications*, 1842, p. 20.

the king in 1614; and although not reprinted after the two or three impressions of 1605, was revived in 1685 in a version entitled *Cuckolds Haven* by Nahum Tate, in an alteration called *The Prentices* in 1752, and once more under the title, *Old City Manners*, as late as 1775. It has even been said that Hogarth owed his realistic series of prints, *Industry and Idleness*, 1747, to one of these later versions of *Eastward Hoe*. And indeed the theme of the play is peculiarly happy in its vivid contrast of the course of the vicious and the virtuous apprentice. Nor could the comedy figures be bettered: the bluff and honest goldsmith, Touchstone, with his sententious and semi-humorous comments; his daughters, the one virtuously submissive to her father's will, the other wayward, her head filled with romances and smitten with a longing to be a lady; the exemplary son-in-law, Golding, who is just sufficiently tiresome to be artistically true to the estimable and intolerable *bourgeois* virtues which he so admirably represents. Even the minor characters, the malignant old usurer, Security, Seagull with his mariner's tales of far Virginia, Wolf, the turnkey with his complete collection of religions in jail — all are sketched from the daily contemporary life of London and yet are significant in the larger sense that gives to genuine art its universal application.

In the years that passed between the writing of *Eastward Hoe* and the staging of *The Alchemist*, Jonson had risen from a young man of promise, battling for his ideals in art and life, to a recognized position at court and a repute as a poet scarcely second to any

of his time. Besides his earlier masques and entertainments, which brought him into intimate relations with royalty and the nobility of England, Jonson had already essayed in his imperishable tragedy, *Sejanus*, acted in 1603, a classical drama on scholarly lines, and achieved a better play of its particular kind than had yet been written in English. In comedy he abandoned experiment and personal satire to develop to its perfection in his three master comedies, *Volpone*, acted in 1605, *Epicoene*, in 1609, and *The Alchemist*, in 1610, his theories of an art modelled on the ancients, and yet adjusted to English conditions. In the hands of Burbage, Lowin, Armin, and other great actors, *The Alchemist* gained an immediate popularity and maintained its repute with play-goers to the closing of the theatres in 1642. This popularity waned with the increasing power of Puritanism, some of the abuses of which were only too trenchantly ridiculed in the characters, Tribulation Wholesome and Ananias. But like the novels of Dickens, which the comedies of Jonson so resemble in their humor, their underlying moral purpose and minute acquaintance with the lower strata of contemporary London life, *The Alchemist* is said to have worked an immediate and remarkable reform in calling the attention of the public to the characteristic evils which it so vigorously depicts. With *Volpone* and *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist* was among the earliest of the old plays to be revived after the Restoration; and it continued long to hold the stage, Garrick giving it a new lease of life in his day by his matchless impersonation of Face and, later, of Abel

Drugger, whose rôle he combined with that of the angry boy, somewhat to the detriment of both.[1]

*Volpone* is a gigantic study in villainy, constructed on a hypothetical basis: not the world as the world is, but the world as it might be, those preservative influences which keep it from dissolution being removed or non-existent. *Epicoene* is "a Titanic farce," in which improbability is heaped on improbability, yet withal so consonantly with the initial assumption that the reader is led insensibly to forget reality and yield himself to a perfect illusion. The triumph of both plays lies in the inexorable artistic logic with which each is carried to its inevitable conclusion. In *The Alchemist* we have a no less consummate construction, climax rising on climax, until the astonished reader knows not which to admire the more, the originality that can contrive so successful a rising series of situations or the sobriety of the method which maintains each as the natural outcome of what has gone before. *The Alchemist* is a greater play than either of its predecessors, not only from the quality that caused Coleridge enthusiastically to declare that it was one of "the three most perfect plots ever planned,"[2] but because it is far closer to life and less a caricature and exaggeration than either *Volpone* or *Epicoene*.

And when all has been said, what in its kind could surpass these clever, delectable sharpers and their pitiful dupes, each contributing in his folly and wickedness

[1] For the several dramatic adaptations of *The Alchemist*, see the *Bibliography*.

[2] *Table Talk*, ed. Ashe, 1896, p. 294.

to his own undoing? What admirable comedy is contained in Subtle's eloquent alchemical jargon and assumed purity of life; in Drugger seeking for lucky days on which to sell tobacco and cosmetics; and in Puritan Ananias prophesying against the mass, bells, Spanish slops and "heathen Greek," yet finding the "casting," if not the counterfeiting, of dollars, lawful. And where shall we find the equal of the cameleon-like Face, now swaggering as the flashy "Captain," bullying Dapper, the credulous little attorney's clerk, or jocularly egging on the angry boy; now a furnace-lad blinking ingenuously at the magnificent Mammon as he waves his jewelled fingers and bestows imaginary dukedoms: in the end transformed into suave, shaven Jeremy the butler, staring the gossiping crowd of neighbors into silence and assuring the discomforted Surly, who knows him not undisguised:

> If I can hear of [Face], sir, I 'll bring you word
> Unto your lodging. . . .
> . . I thought them honest as myself, sir.

Well may Charles Lamb have exclaimed as to one of those gorgeous and spendthrift passages of Elizabethan eloquence that seem to revel in their own exorbitance of imagery and phrase: "The judgment is perfectly overwhelmed by the torrent of images, words, and book-knowledge with which Mammon confounds and stuns his incredulous hearer. They come pouring out like the successive strokes of Nilus. They 'doubly redouble strokes upon the foe.' Description outrides proof. We are made to believe effects before we have testimony of their causes: as a lively description of the

joys of heaven sometimes passes for an argument to prove the existence of such a place. If there is no one image which rises to the height of the sublime, yet the confluence and assemblage of them all produces an effect equal to the grandest poetry."[1]

We have thus before us two excellent examples of Elizabethan comedy of every-day life, noisy, bustling and full of business, broad of speech and exceedingly "realistic" in situation; and yet not untrue to the better feelings and the larger ethics of life. This is the oldest species of drama in the language and may be traced with unfailing features from the mysteries and moralities through the interludes, especially those of John Heywood, into the "regular" drama of Elizabeth, Charles and the Restoration; and thence to the theaters and concert halls of to-day. In a narrower sense these comedies of *bourgeois* life in the city of London form but a class of that variety of the realistic drama which is known as the comedy of manners. In this kind of play, of which Middleton, next to Jonson, is the greatest English master, life is viewed as the realist, with a sense for detail, the satirist, and withal the moralist, sees it. Human follies, weaknesses, and foibles are much to it; and it delights to find a passion, not too serious, or a fancy, not too sane, ruling and controlling a man. This form of comedy often takes advantage of an individual eccentricity, such as Mammon's itch to be a grandee, or the constitutional abhorrence of noise by Morose in *Epicoene*. It often makes use of some oddity of dress

[1] *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, ed. 1893, I., p. 142.

or trick of speech, such as Touchstone's "Work upon that now," or the players' ends of Quicksilver, to give greater concreteness to its personages; but no comedy of genuine worth ever depended on such superficialities alone. Jonson gave us the word "humor" to describe the particular variety of the comedy of manners which he practiced and theoretically approved; and, after his scholarly wont, he carefully defined his metaphorical use of the term. A humor to Jonson was a warp in character, a bias of disposition by which

> Some one peculiar qualitie
> Doth so possesse a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to runne one way.[1]

Mammon is greed, luxury and selfishness; Subtle, craft, presumption and chicanery. It is these, their humors, that "draw" them "to runne one way," and in the end undo them. Surly is proud of his discernment, he at least can not be gulled: he is gulled. Kastrell, an untamable hawk that flies at everything, Dame Pliant, Dol Common, their names describe the humor of each. And in *Eastward Hoe* as well, Quicksilver has a passion for the playhouse and for seeing "life;" Gertrude is consumed with the desire to be a lady; Security, Sindefy: their names, too, ironically betray them. But Jonson, in his definition, is careful to add:

> But that a rooke by wearing a pyed feather,
> The cable hat-band, or the three-pild ruffe,

[1] Prologue to *Every Man In His Humour*.

> A yard of shoo-tye, or the Switzers knot
> On his French garters, should affect a humor!
> O, it is more than most ridiculous.[1]

Nothing is more certain than that the comedy of manners was thoroughly vernacular in its origin and continued such, in the main, to the end. And yet it is equally true that two varieties of these plays are readily distinguishable: the purely vernacular, life seen with the naked English eye; and plays written under the influence of Plautus, life seen through the converging lenses of Roman Comedy. The distinction is precisely that existing between the two types of satire, the vernacular type to which much of *Piers Plowman* and all of *The Steele Glas* belong, and the regular satires constructed on the models of Horace and Juvenal by Donne, Hall, and Marston. Among the earlier English comedies *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *Ralph Roister Doister* represent the same contrast; and in following times, Middleton is the most characteristic exponent of the vernacular type, Jonson and Chapman of the type which is conscious of the existence, the demands, and the limitations of Roman comedy. The braggart Captain Bobadil of Jonson's first successful comedy, *Every Man In His Humour*, was to be encountered in any ordinary or tavern in London; but he is not depicted without at least a consciousness of the Miles Gloriosus. Face, the shifty, scoundrelly servant, has grossly misused his master's house. He is as guilty as his pals, Subtle and Doll, and yet in the end he escapes punishment and is for-

[1] Prologue to *Every Man In His Humour*.

given all, for his cleverness. Here the tricky, unprincipled slave or parasite, who serves as the motive force in so many of the comedies of Plautus and Terence, is responsible for this lapse in the ethics of the Elizabethan dramatist.

Under the influence of the consummate artistry of Jonson the comedy of manners received a classical trend which deeply affected the drama in Jonson's own day and modified the course of its subsequent development. Jonson's theories were from the first those of the classicist. He believed in the criticism of Horace and in the rhetoric of Quintilian;[1] in the sanction of classical usage for history, oratory and poetry. He believed that English drama should follow the example of Greek tragedy and the practices of the *vetus comoedia*.[2] And he reprobated the improbabilities, the leaps in time and the changes of scene, in which the popular dramas of the day abounded.[3] In the fragment of *Mortimer*, as well as in *Catiline*, Jonson preserved the ancient chorus; and he struggled for unity of time to the serious detriment of probability in *Volpone*,[4] to reach both the unity of time and of place in their perfection in *The Alchemist*.[5] But the reader must be

[1] See the several passages translated from Quintilian in Jonson's prose tract, *Discoveries*; and the weight given to the theories of Horace in the same book.

[2] Prologue to *Every Man Out of His Humour*.

[3] See his strictures in the Prologue to *Every Man In His Humour*.

[4] Cf. Professor Lounsbury on this topic, *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, 1901, p. 85.

[5] See *Note*, p. 166.

reminded that Jonson was no supine classicist, content indiscriminately to praise all practices, were they but Greek or Roman, and to bewail the Gothic barbarism into which the world had fallen since the death of Seneca. On the contrary, Jonson asserted in theory and confirmed in his practice "the same licence, or free power to illustrate and heighten our invention," — to use his own words — which he affirmed that the ancients had always enjoyed.[1] When Jonson followed the classics he followed them faithfully, as in *Catiline* and *The Alchemist*. Dispensing with their guidance at other times, Jonson went his own way, as in his masques and later plays. When Jonson wrote an ode, he studied Pindar; when he penned a satire or an epigram, he remembered Juvenal and Martial. There was to Jonson an orthodox and professional way of doing recognized things, but this did not in the least preclude his exercise of his originality and his recognition that every rule of classical art must ultimately be tested by its applicability to contemporary conditions. Jonson might have written the well known words of Matthew Arnold to define his position to his time. "In the sincere endeavor to learn and practice amid the bewildering confusion of our times what is sound and true in poetical art, I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing among the ancients. They, at any rate, knew what they wanted in art, and we do not."[2]

Thus in the practice of comedy Jonson began in the

[1] Prologue to *Every Man Out of His Humour*.

[2] *Poems of Matthew Arnold*, Preface to the edition of 1854.

leading strings of Plautus, and developed the remarkable dramatic satires which he contributed to the war of the theaters from a powerful application of moral ideas to his new comedy of humors. In *Eastward Hoe* he seems to have emerged from the period in which the over-elaboration of his faculties of analysis and satirical invective impaired his art. How far Jonson's association with his fellow playwrights may have influenced this clarification of method and style it would be difficult to say. In *Volpone*, from its hypothetical basis and departure from real life, Jonson stepped back from truly realistic art into the moralist's caricature of vice. In *Epicoene* he substituted colossal folly and ingenious situation for actualities and wrought a successful *tour de force*. Lastly, in *The Alchemist* we have a frank return to reality, the moralist subordinated to the satirist, the satirist serving the artist, and the artist reconciling in perfect equipoise the claims of action, plot and character.

Shakespeare marks the height to which the drama of the age attained. Jonson exercised the more potent influence on what came after. Jonson's personal associations touch almost every notable name, in literature, in courtly and public life, from the last few years of Elizabeth far into the reign of King Charles. Camden had educated him, Bacon encouraged him, Selden was his intimate friend. He was esteemed and patronized by King James and by many of his nobility. A strong and enduring friendship subsisted between Jonson and Shakespeare, who had acted in some of Jonson's earlier plays. And it is agreeable to believe the tradition which relates that Jonson owed his first dramatic success to the

discernment and encouragement of the master-poet. Nor was Jonson's influence on the drama of his day less than we might expect from a man of such association and of so commanding a personality. The association of Jonson, Chapman and Marston was one of kindred spirits. It is not impossible that Jonson received his training in the school of Plautus and Terence through the example if not at the hands of Chapman. Both men were deeply read in classical literature, and imbued with the spirit of ancient learning to a remarkable degree considering the counter trend of their age. Marston, from his partly Italian extraction, had in him a romantic strain which neither of the others shows, but Marston too was a "classic," if not in his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, in his satires; and he is closely allied to Jonson in a certain sardonic humor, in his attitude of arrogance towards the public and in the conscious effort of his art. There can be no question that Marston owes much in his plays to the immediate example of Jonson. As much can not be said for Dekker and Chettle with whom alone, besides, Jonson collaborated in two plays now no longer extant. For in none of the existing plays of these two authors can a trace of the influence of Jonson be discerned, if we except Dekker's *Satiro-Mastix*, an avowed retort to Jonson's *Poetaster*, imitating and parodying, as it does in places, Jonsonian situations, personages and phraseology.

In a consideration of the influence of Jonson on the drama of his time it is important to remember that he never enjoyed a steady and continuous success with the public. His arrogant disregard for the verdict of the

vulgar, his preconceptions as to the practice of the dramatic art and, at times, the too apparent moral purpose of some of his plays precluded the possibility of this. Jonson's successes on the popular stage — and he was far from without them — were won by sheer force of genius and snatched at times from unwilling auditors. Moreover the whole spirit of the contemporary drama, its carelessness and ease, its amateurishness, its negligent construction, its borrowings and pilferings, were alien to the practice of his art, the first demands of which were originality of design, conscious literary consistency and a professional touch leading at times to mannerism. Hence we must look for general rather than specific effects of the art of Jonson on his immediate contemporaries and expect to find the close following that marks a disciple only in the younger dramatic "sons of Ben." None the less Jonson stood in the actual relation of master to two of the minor dramatists of his day. The first of these was Nathaniel Field, who had been kidnapped as a boy and taught the trade of actor, as was but too frequently the case, at the point of the rod.[1] Field acted in *Cynthia's Revels;* and Jonson, no doubt moved by compassion for a child deprived of home and schooling, read Horace and Martial to him and taught him to make plays. Field profited by this instruction and composed several comedies, two of which remain extant[2] to attest his master's method in their ease and cleverness of plot, their pervading satiric

[1] Fleay, *History of the London Stage*, 1890, pp. 126 ff.

[2] *Woman is a Weathercock* and *Amends for Ladies*, in *Nero and Other Plays*, Mermaid Series, ed. A. W. Verity, 1888.

humor and their "vigorous and eccentric characterization."[1] The other playwright who claimed Jonson for his immediate master was Richard Brome, sometime the great poet's servant. Brome caught much of Jonson's self-consciousness, which he mingled at times amusingly with the diffidence befitting his former station in life. Brome learned all that a man of conscientiousness and unremitting industry, working on a meagre education and without genuine literary instinct, could be expected to learn; in fine, Brome caught the Jonsonian manner in its coarser outlines, without its informing spirit of poetry and without its scholarly distinction.

Among the free and untamed Elizabethan spirits, his earlier companions, Jonson's influence was far less marked and consisted more in the ideal of restraint, of considerate workmanship, and constructive originality which he set up before them. It can not be denied that men of such adaptable genius as Beaumont, Fletcher, and Middleton with their successors, Massinger and Shirley, owed something to Jonson especially in the conception and conduct of the comedy of manners. But these men were too great and their sympathy with the romantic spirit of their age was too close to admit of their falling much within the influence of Jonson's orbit. The similarity of the blank verse of Beaumont to that of Jonson, in its sinew and restraint, has been often remarked; but in this respect, perhaps less than in any other, was Jonson influential in the drama of his time: for the tendency in dramatic blank verse was

[1] *Woman is a Weathercock, etc.*, Mermaid Series, p. 336.

towards a relaxed and fluent structure, and comedy showed an increasing preference for prose. In the character of its verse, in its antithetical wit and controlled style, in its ideals of poetry, drama and criticism, it was reserved for the age of Dryden to realize to the full the classical ideals which Jonson had championed in times yet stimulated with the strong wine of the Renaissance.[1]

It was in his later days, those of the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern as contrasted with the earlier times of the Mermaid, that Jonson wielded his greatest literary influence. There, as his namesake Doctor Samuel Johnson later expressed it, "seated on the throne of earthly felicity," the surrounding walls blazoned with his mild and judicious *leges conviviales*, Jonson held his literary court and ruled his not too turbulent Bohemia, circled by the wits, the poets and many a choice spirit among the young nobility of the day. Jonson's influence on the literature of the reign of King Charles was exerted more through his poetry and his masques and less through his later dramas, which reverted to an intrusive moral purpose and hardened at times — as in *The Magnetic Lady* — into mere allegory. Notwithstanding, several of the younger "sons of Ben" attempted the drama as well as the lyric and the occasional verse of their master. And although the pastoral and pseudo-romantic spirit that led directly to the heroic plays of the Restoration was strong upon them in

[1] See the present editor's *Ben Jonson and the Classical School*, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, 1898, XIII. No. 2.

tragedy and "romance," when these dramatists wrote comedies they turned instinctively to the man who had adapted Roman comedy to English conditions and who, according to the ideals of their classical education, had achieved the most perfect literary drama which England had produced. Not only is life conceived in general, in these comedies of the later gentlemen playwrights, as Jonson conceived life; but at times his personages and situations, even the turn and trick of his phrase, are adopted, for the most part under sufficiently changed conditions to preclude any charge of plagiarism, but so as to leave the student of Jonson in no uncertainty as to their paternity. But if the young wits could admire him, few could follow in its details Jonson's difficult and studious art. In *The Muses' Looking Glass*, which Jonson might have seen on the stage two years before his death in 1637, Thomas Randolph essayed a satirical portraiture of the Puritan in much the Jonsonian manner. But Randolph, brilliant and witty though he was, failed fully to catch the Jonsonian spirit of comedy. In his *Ordinary*, William Cartwright attempted the portrayal of a group of rascals and sharpers such as Jonson so often delights in; but the picture is gross and the plot a cobweb. Cartwright was too purely academic, moreover, to have learned to know his London as Jonson knew it. May's *City Match* is extravagant and farcical like *Epicoene:* but the sense of farce and extravagance is never lost, for the dramatic logic of Jonson was beyond May's sounding. Marmion's *A Fine Companion*, although including a shadow of Captain Bobadil, is undramatic, if well written. As to the pre-

Restoration comedy of Davenant, it smacks more of Middleton than of Jonson.

The influence of Jonson on his age, when all has been said, was an influence of restraint ; and never were there wilder steeds than those that drew the gorgeous, glittering car of Elizabethan romantic drama. It was Jonson that reclaimed the drama from amateurishness and insisted on its serious function as an art existing for more than idle diversion. It was Jonson that set a standard of literary excellence, not recognized before his time ; and assumed in so doing an attitude of independence towards the public. Jonson developed the masque and devised a species of Roman tragedy conceived historically and freed alike from the restrictions of Senecan models and the improbabilities of romantic treatment. Most important of all, Jonson added the comedy of manners or humors, as he called it, to the forms of the English drama. It was this satirically heightened picture of contemporary life handled with a restraint and finish ultimately traceable to classical example that survived on the stage after the Restoration in the comedies of Davenant, Dryden, Etheredge and Vanbrugh. In a word Jonson gave to the later drama one of its two permanent types.

# THE TEXT

THREE quarto versions of *Eastward Hoe* appeared in 1605, all "printed for William Aspley" and showing title-pages practically identical. Only the first quarto contains the passage against the Scotch which cast two of the authors into prison. Really, however, (see Notes) there are but two editions of *Eastward Hoe*: Q1 and Q2 constituting the *editio princeps*; Q3 the second. The first edition, as exhibited in Q2, has been followed, save where otherwise noted; all variants other than obvious misprints or mere variations in spelling are given; and the omitted passage and necessary collation have been supplied from a copy of Q1 in the South Kensington Museum. The punctuation, probably Aspley's, and not Marston's, Chapman's, or Jonson's, has been modernized. In designating speakers, in order to avoid the confusions of the quartos, the whole name, in modern form, is given for the first speech, an abbreviation thereafter. Any addition to the stage directions of Q2 is in brackets; substitutions for old directions are in brackets and the former reading is given among the variants. As an aid in distinguishing the quartos, even the misprints of Q2 are noted among the variants.

# EASTWARD HOE.

As

It was playd in the *Black-friers.*

*By*

The Children of her Maieſties Reuels.

*Made by*

GEO: CHAPMAN. BEN: IONSON. IOH: MARSTON.

AT LONDON
Printed for *William Aſpley.*
1605.

## SOURCES OF EASTWARD HOE

The seekers after sources find no immediate model for *Eastward Hoe*. For the ultimate source of the underlying idea of *Eastward Hoe* we must look to the parable of the prodigal son, a favorite theme with the continental humanists of the Renaissance, and from them directly transferred into the earlier English drama. Aside from Palsgrave's translation of *Acolastus*, which was employed as a Latin school-book as early as the reign of Henry VIII, this theme enters into *The Nice Wanton*, an interlude of the succeeding reign, into *Misogonus*, which has been variously dated between 1537 and 1560, and into Ingeland's *Disobedient Child*, which belongs close to the latter date. This parable reached an elaboration of form, not surpassed in the play before us, in Gascoigne's excellent school drama, *The Glasse of Government*, 1575. Were we seeking parallels — a search too easily made to assume more than its actual importance — we could find in Gascoigne's play "hints and suggestions" to satisfy a delicately adjusted sense for the eternal likeness of things. Chief among them is the circumstance that in both plays the idle boy is tried for his misdemeanors before the industrious lad, now become a magistrate. On the other hand, the authors of *Eastward Hoe* have lightened their play of all the old didactic furniture and transformed a disquisition on morality in dramatic form into a vivacious comedy of manners.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

TOUCHSTONE, a goldsmith.
QUICKSILVER, } apprentices to TOUCHSTONE.
GOLDING, }
Sir PETRONEL FLASH, a shifty knight.
SECURITY, an old usurer.
BRAMBLE, a lawyer.
SEAGULL, a sea captain.
SCAPETHRIFT, } adventurers bound for Virginia.
SPENDALL, }
SLITGUT, a butcher's apprentice.
POLDAVY, a tailor.
HOLDFAST, } officers of the Counter.
WOLF, }
HAMLET, a footman.
POTKIN, a tankard-bearer.
TOBY, a prisoner.[2]
Drawer.

Mistress TOUCHSTONE.
GERTRUDE, } her daughters.
MILDRED, }
WINIFRED, wife of SECURITY.
SINDEFY, mistress to QUICKSILVER.
BETTRICE, a waiting-woman.
Mrs. FORD, Mrs. GAZER, Coachman, Page, Constable, Prisoners, etc.

SCENE. — LONDON AND THAMES-SIDE.]

[1] Supplied by Bullen. [2] Added to Bullen's list.

# PROLOGUS

*Not out of envy, for ther's no effect*
*Where there's no cause; nor out of imitation,*
*For we have evermore bin imitated;*
*Nor out of our contention to doe better*
*Then that which is opposde to ours in title,*
*For that was good; and better cannot be:*
*And for the title, if it seeme affected,*
*We might as well have calde it, "God you good*
*even,"*
*Onely that east-ward west-wards still exceedes, —*
*Honour the sunnes faire rising, not his setting.* 1
*Nor is our title utterly enforste,*
*As by the points we touch at you shall see.*
*Beare with our willing paines, if dull or witty;*
*We onely dedicate it to the Citty.*

# Eastward Hoe

## Actus primus. Scena prima.

[*Goldsmiths' Row.*]

*Enter Maister Touch-stone and Quick-silver at severall dores; Quick-silver with his hat, pumps, short sword and dagger, and a racket trussed up under his cloake. At the middle dore, enter Golding, discovering a gold-smiths shoppe, and walking short turns before it.*

*Touchstone.* And whether with you now? what loose action are you bound for? Come, what comrades are you to meete withall? whers the supper? whers the randevous?

*Quicksilver.* Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir——

*Touch.* "Indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir!" Behinde my backe thou wilt sweare faster then a French foot boy, and talke more baudily then a common midwife; and now "indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir!" but if a privie search should be made, with what furniture

*Primus*, Qq. primi.

are you riggd now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy maister, William Tutchstone, goldsmith; and thou my prentise, Francis Quick-silver, and I will see whether you are running. *Worke upon that now.*

*Quick.* Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his maisters profit.

*Touch.* Prentises recreations are seldome with their maisters profit. *Worke upon that now.* You shall give up your cloake, tho you be no alderman. Heyday! Ruffins Hall! Sword, pumps, heers a racket indeed!

*Touchstone uncloakes Quicksilver.*

*Quick. Worke upon that now.*

*Touch.* Thou shamelesse varlet! dost thou jest at thy lawfull maister, contrary to thy indentures?

*Quick.* Why zblood, sir! my mother's a gentle-woman, and my father a justice of peace and of quorum; and tho I am a yonger brother and a prentise, yet I hope I am my fathers sonne; and by Gods lidde, tis for your worship and for your commoditie that I keepe companie. I am intertaind among gallants, true; they call me coozen Franke, right; I lend them monies, good; they spend it, well. But when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land flye? and to whom? Shall not your wor-

ship ha the refusall? Well, I am a good member of the citty, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthriftes? How could gentlemen be unthrifts if their humours were not fed? How should their humours be fedde but by whit-meate, and cunning secondings? Well, the cittie might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now: the gallants fall to play; I carry light golde with me; the gallants call, "Coozen Francke, some golde for silver;" I change, gaine by it; the gallants loose the gold, and then call, "Coozen Francke, lend me some silver." Why——

*Touch.* Why? I cannot tell. Seven score pound art thou out in the cash; but looke to it, I will not be gallanted out of my monies. And as for my rising by other mens fall, God shield me! Did I gaine my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, tooke small gaine, kept no debt booke, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thriftie sentences; as, *Touchstone, keepe thy shopp, and thy shoppe will keepe thee; Light gaines makes heavy purses; Tis good to be merry and wise.* And when I was wiv'd, having something to stick too, I had he horne of suretiship ever before my eyes.

tragedy and "romance," when these dramatists wrote comedies they turned instinctively to the man who had adapted Roman comedy to English conditions and who, according to the ideals of their classical education, had achieved the most perfect literary drama which England had produced. Not only is life conceived in general, in these comedies of the later gentlemen playwrights, as Jonson conceived life; but at times his personages and situations, even the turn and trick of his phrase, are adopted, for the most part under sufficiently changed conditions to preclude any charge of plagiarism, but so as to leave the student of Jonson in no uncertainty as to their paternity. But if the young wits could admire him, few could follow in its details Jonson's difficult and studious art. In *The Muses' Looking Glass*, which Jonson might have seen on the stage two years before his death in 1637, Thomas Randolph essayed a satirical portraiture of the Puritan in much the Jonsonian manner. But Randolph, brilliant and witty though he was, failed fully to catch the Jonsonian spirit of comedy. In his *Ordinary*, William Cartwright attempted the portrayal of a group of rascals and sharpers such as Jonson so often delights in; but the picture is gross and the plot a cobweb. Cartwright was too purely academic, moreover, to have learned to know his London as Jonson knew it. May's *City Match* is extravagant and farcical like *Epicoene:* but the sense of farce and extravagance is never lost, for the dramatic logic of Jonson was beyond May's sounding. Marmion's *A Fine Companion*, although including a shadow of Captain Bobadil, is undramatic, if well written. As to the pre-

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You all know the devise of the horne, where the young fellow slippes in at the butte end, and comes squesd out at the buckall: and I grew up, and I praise Providence, I beare my browes now as high as the best of my neighbours: but thou ——well, looke to the accounts; your fathers bond lyes for you: seven score pound is yet in the reere.

*Quick.* Why slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants wordes for it as any are in London —gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behav'd; gallants that weare socks and cleane linnen, and call me "kinde coozen Francke," "good coozen Francke," for they know my father: and, by Gods lidde shall I not trust 'hem?—not trust?

*Enter a Page, as inquiring for Touch-stones shoppe.*

*Golding.* What doe yee lacke, sir? What ist you'le buye, sir?

*Touch.* I, marry sir; there's a youth of another peece. There's thy fellowe-prentise, as good a gentleman borne as thou art: nay, and better mean'd. But dos he pumpe it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he out-last not a hundred such crackling bavins as thou art, God and men neglect industrie.

*Gold.* It is his shop, and here my M[aister] walkes. *To the Page.*

*Touch.* With me, boy?

*Page.* My Maister, Sir Petronel Flash, recommends his love to you, and will instantly visite you.

*Touch.* To make up the match with my eldest daughter, my wives dilling, whom she longs to call maddam. He shall finde me unwillingly readie, boy. *Exit Page.*

Ther's another affliction too. As I have two prentises, the one of a boundlesse prodigalitie, the other of a most hopefull industrie, so have I onely two daughters: the eldest, of a proud ambition and nice wantonnesse; the other, of a modest humilitie and comely sobernesse. The one must bee ladyfied, forsooth, and be attir'd just to the court-cut and long tayle. So farre is she ill naturde to the place and meanes of my preferment and fortune, that shee throwes all the contempt and dispight hatred it selfe can cast upon it. Well, a peece of land she has; 'twas her grandmothers gift; let her, and her Sir Petronel, flash out that; but as for my substance, shee that skornes mee, as I am a citizen and trades-man, shall never pamper her pride with my

113 *'twas*, Q2 t'was.

industrie; shall never use me as men doe foxes, keepe themselves warme in the skinne, and throwe the body that bare it to the dung-hill. I must goe intertaine this Sir Petronell. Goulding, my utmost care's for thee, and onely trust in thee; looke to the shoppe. As for you, Maister Quick-silver, thinke of huskes, for thy course is running directly to the prodigalls hogs trough; huskes, sra! *Worke upon that now.*

*Exit Touch*[*stone*].

*Quick.* Mary fough, goodman flat-cap! sfoot! tho I am a prentise, I can give armes; and my father's a justice a peace by discent, and zbloud——

*Gold.* Fye, how you sweare!

*Quick.* Sfoote, man, I am a gentleman, and may sweare by my pedegree. Gods my life! Sirrah Goulding, wilt be ruled by a foole? Turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant, and *let the welkin roare, and Erebus also.* Looke not westward to the fall of Dan Phœbus, but to the east —Eastward hoe!

*Where radiant beames of lusty Sol appeare,*
*And bright Eous makes the welkin cleare.*

We are both gentlemen, and therefore should be no coxcombes; lets be no longer fooles to this

128 *and my father*, Q3 omits *and*.
136 *Dan*, Qq: Don.

flat-cap, Touchstone. Eastward, bully, this sattin belly! And canvas backt Touchstone—slife, man! his father was a malt-man, and his mother sould ginger-bread in Christ-church. 145

*Gold.* What would yee ha me doe?

*Quick.* Why, do nothing, be like a gentleman, be idle; the cursse of man is labour. Wipe thy bum with testones, and make duckes and drakes with shillings. What, Eastward hoe! 150 Wilt thou crie, "What ist yee lack?" stand with a bare pate and a dropping nose, under a wodden pent-house, and art a gentleman? Wilt thou beare tankards, and maist beare armes? Be rul'd; turne gallant; Eastward hoe! *ta ly* 155 *re, ly re ro! Who calls Jeronimo? Speake, here I am.* Gods so! how like a sheepe thou lookst: a my conscience, some cowheard begot thee, thou Goulding of Goulding-hall! Ha, boy?

*Gold.* Goe, yee are a prodigall coxcombe! I a 160 cowheards sonne, because I turne not a drunken, whore-hunting rake-hell like thy selfe!

*Quick.* Rakehell! rakehell!

*Offers to draw, and Goulding trips up his heeles and holds him.*

*Gold.* Pish, in soft termes, yee are a cowardly, bragging boy. Ile ha you whipt. 165

*Quick.* Whipt?—thats good, ifaith! Untrusse me?

*Gold.* No, thou wilt undoe thy selfe. Alas! I behold thee with pitty, not with anger; thou common shot-clog, gull of all companies; mee 170 thinkes I see thee already walking in Moore fields without a cloake, with halfe a hatte, without a band, a doublet with three buttons, without a girdle, a hose with one point, and no garter, with a cudgell under thine arme, borrowing and 175 begging three pence.

*Quick.* Nay, slife! take this and take all; as I am a gentleman borne, Ile be drunke, grow valiant, and beate thee. *Exit.*

*Gold.* Goe, thou most madly vaine, whom 180 nothing can recover but that which reclaimes atheists, and makes great persons sometimes religious—calamitie. As for my place and life, thus I have read:—

*What ere some vainer youth may terme disgrace,* 185
*The gaine of honest paines is never base;*
*From trades, from artes, from valor, honor springs,*
*These three are founts of gentry, yea, of kings.*

[ACTUS PRIMUS. SCENA SECUNDA. *A Room in Touchstone's House.*]

*Enter Girtred, Mildrid, Bettrice, and Poldavy a taylor; Poldavy with a faire gowne, Scotch varthingall and French fall in his armes; Girt[r]ed in a French head attire, and cittizens gowne; Mildred sewing, and Bettrice leading a monkey after her.*

*Gertrude.* For the passion of patience, looke if Sir Petronell approach—that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for loves sake, tell me if he come. O sister Mill, though my father be a low capt tradsman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me Madam. Does he come? Off with this gowne, for shames sake, off with this gowne: let not my knight take me in the citty cut in any hand: tear't, pax ont (does he come?) tear't of. *Thus whilst shee sleepes, I sorrow for her sake, &c.*

*Mildred.* Lord, sister, with what an immodest impaciencie and disgracefull scorne doe you put off your citty tier; I am sorrie to thinke you imagin to right your selfe in wronging that which hath made both you and us.

*Ger.* I tell you I cannot indure it, I must be a lady: do you weare your quoiffe with a London licket, your stammell petticoate with two

6 *Madam*, Q2 Medam. 19 *stammell*, Q3 stamen

guardes, the buffin gowne with the tuf-taffitie cape, and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humors of the Cittie dames well: to eate cherries onely at an angell a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogaram gowne cleane thorough with velvet, tollerable; their pure linnen, their smocks of 3. li. a smock, are to be borne withall. But your minsing niceryes, taffata pipkins, durance petticotes and silver bodkins—Gods my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot indure it! Is hee come yet? Lord, what a long knight tis! *And ever shee cride, Shoute home!* And yet I knew one longer; *And ever she cryde, Shoute home, fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!*

*Mill.* Well, sister, those that scorne their nest, oft flye with a sicke wing.

*Ger.* Boe-bell!

*Mill.* Where titles presume to thrust before fit meanes to second them, wealth and respect often growe sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth: *Where ambition of place goes before fitnesse of birth, contempt and disgrace follow.* I heard a scholler once say that Ulisses, when he counterfetted himselfe madde, yoakt cattes and foxes and dogges togither to draw his plowe, whilst he

33 *Shoute home,* Q3 Shout home; Bullen guesses, *Shoot home.*

followed and sowed salt; but sure I judge them truely madde, that yoake citizens and courtiers, trades men and souldiers, a goldsmiths daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sowe not salt too.

*Ger.* Alas! poore Mil, when I am a lady, Ile pray for thee yet, ifaith: nay, and Ile vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil still; for though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of Gods making; and mayest paradventure to bee sav'd as soone as I (dos he come?). *And ever and anon she doubled in her song.* Now, ladyes my comfort, what prophane ape's here? Tailer, Poldavis, prethee, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip close, and beare up round?

*Poldavy.* Fine and stifly, ifaith; twill keepe your thighes so coole, and make your waste so small; here was a fault in your bodie, but I have supplyed the defect, with the effect of my steele instrument, which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectifie the imperfection of the proportion.

*Ger.* Most ædefying tailer! I protest you tailers are most sanctified members, and make many [a] crooked thing goe upright. How must I beare my hands? light? light?

72 *Many* [*a*] *crooked thing*, the Quartos omit *a*.

*Pold.* O I, now you are in the lady-fashion, you must doe all things light. Tread light, light. I, and fall so: that's the court-amble.

*She trips about the stage.*

*Ger.* Has the Court nere a trot?

*Pold.* No, but a false gallop, ladie.

*Ger.* *And if she will not goe to bed—*

*Cantat.*

*Bettrice.* The knight's come, forsooth.

*Enter Sir Petronell, M[aster] Touch-stone, and Mistris Touchstone.*

*Ger.* Is my knight come? O the Lord, my band! Sister, doo my cheekes looke well? Give me a little boxe a the eare, that I may seeme to blush; now, now! So, there, there, there! Here he is. O my dearest delight! Lord, Lord! and how dos my knight?

*Touch.* Fie! with more modestie.

*Ger.* Modestie! why, I am no cittizen now, —modestie! Am I not to bee married? y'are best to keepe me modest, now I am to be a ladie.

*Sir Petronel.* Boldnes is good fashion and courtlike.

*Ger.* I, in a countrie ladie I hope it is, as I shall be. And how chaunce ye came no sooner, knight?

*Sir Pet.* Faith, I was so intertaind in the pro-

gresse with one Count Epernoum, a Welch knight; wee had a match at baloone, too, with my Lord Whachum, for foure crownes.

*Ger.* At baboone? Jesu! you and I will play at baboone in the countrey, knight.

*Sir Pet.* O, sweet lady! tis a strong play with the arme.

*Ger.* With arme or legge, or any other mem-
ber, if it bee a court-sport. And when shal's be married, my knight?

*Sir Pet.* I come now to consumate it; and your father may call a poore knight, sonne in law.

*Touch.* Sir, ye are come; what is not mine to keepe I must not be sorry to forgoe. A 100 li. land her grandmother left her; tis yours: her selfe (as her mothers gift) is yours. But if you expect ought from me, know, my hand and mine eyes open together; I doe not give blindly. *Worke upon that now.*

*Sir Pet.* Sir, you mistrust not my meanes? I am a knight.

*Touch.* Sir, sir, what I know not, you will give me leave to say I am ignorant of.

*Mistress Touch.* Yes, that he is a knight; I know where he had money to pay the gentlemen ushers and heralds their fees. I, that he is a knight, and so might you have beene too, if

you had beene ought else then an asse, as well as some of your neighbours. And I thought you would not ha beene knighted, as I am an honest woman, I would ha dub'd you my self. I praise God I have wherewithall. But as for you, daughter——

*Ger.* I, mother, I must bee a ladie to morrow; and by your leave, mother (I speake it not without my dutie, but onely in the right of my husband), I must take place of you, mother.

*Mistress Touch.* That you shall, lady-daughter, and have a coach as well as I too.

*Ger.* Yes, mother. But by your leave, mother, (I speake it not without my dutie, but onely in my husbands right), my coach-horses must take the wall of your coach-horses.

*Touch.* Come, come, the day growes low; tis supper time; use my house; the wedding solemnitie is at my wifes cost; thanke mee for nothing but my willing blessing; for, I cannot faine, my hopes are faint. And, sir, respect my daughter; shee has refus'd for you wealthy and honest matches, knowne good men, well monied, better traded, best reputed.

*Ger.* Boddy a truth! chittizens, chittizens! Sweet knight, as soone as ever wee are married, take mee to thy mercie out of this miserable

chittie; presently carry mee out of the sent of New-castle coale, and the hearing of Boe-bell; I beseech thee downe with me, for God sake! 155

*Touch.* Well, daughter, I have read that olde wit sings: —

*The greatest rivers flow from little springs:*
*Though thou art full, skorne not thy meanes at first,*
*He that's most drunke may soonest be a thirst.* 160

*Worke upon that now.*

*All but Touch-stone, Mildred, and Goulding depart.*

No, no! yond' stand my hopes. Mildred, come hither, daughter. And how approve you your sisters fashion? how doe you phantsie her choyce? what dost thou thinke? 165

*Mil.* I hope as a sister, well.

*Touch.* Nay but, nay, but how dost thou like her behaviour and humour? Speake freely.

*Mil.* I am loath to speake ill; and yet I am sorry of this, I cannot speake well. 170

*Touch.* Well; very good, as I would wish; a modest answere. Goulding, come hither; hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? dos he not looke bigge? howe likst thou

162 *yond'*, Q2 yon'd.

the elephant? he sayes he has a castle in the countrey.

*Gold.* Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his backe.

*Touch.* Fore heaven, very well! But seriously, how dost repute him?

*Gold.* The best I can say of him is, I know him not.

*Touch.* Ha, Goulding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appeare my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humour, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter here? Shee is not faire, well-favoured or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beautie shall not make it thy onely worke to watch her, nor sufficient mischaunce to suspect her. Thou art towardly, shee is modest; thou art provident, shee is carefull. Shee's nowe mine; give me thy hand, shee's now thine. *Worke upon that now.*

*Gold.* Sir, as your sonne, I honour you; and as your servant, obey you.

*Touch.* Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Doe you see yond' fellow? He is a gentleman, tho my prentise, and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, wel parted. Are you mine? You are his. *Worke you upon that now.*

186 *ha'*, Q2 ha. 198 *yond'*, Q2 yon'd.

*Mil.* Sir, I am all yours; your body gave mee life; your care and love, hapinesse of life; let your vertue still direct it, for to your wisedom I wholy dispose my selfe.

*Touch.* Sayst thou so? Be you two better acquainted. Lip her, lip her, knave. So, shut up shop: in. We must make holiday.

*Ex[eunt] Gol[ding] and Mil[dred.]*

*This match shal on, for I intend to proove*
*Which thrives the best, the meane or loftie love.*
*Whether fit wedlock vowd twixt like and like,*
*Or prouder hopes, which daringly ore strike*
*Their place and meanes. Tis honest times expence,*
*When seeming lightnesse beares a morrall sense.*

*Worke upon that now.* *Exit.*

215 *morrall*, Q3 mortall.

# ACTUS SECUNDUS.

## Scena Prima.

[*Goldsmiths' Row.*]

*Touchstone, Quickesilver; Goulding and Mildred sitting on eyther side of the stall.*

*Touchstone.* Quickesilver, Maister Frances Quickesilver, Maister Quickesilver!

*Enter Quickesilver.*

*Quicksilver.* Here, sir; (ump).

*Touch.* So, sir; nothing but flat Maister Quickesilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you; will you trusse my points, sir?

*Quick.* I, forsooth; (ump).

*Touch.* How now, sir, the druncken hyckop so soone this morning?

*Quick.* Tis but the coldnesse of my stomacke, forsooth.

*Touch.* What, have you the cause naturall for it? Y' are a very learned drunckerd: I beleeve I shall misse some of my silver spoones

*Secundus*, Qq. Secundi.

with your learning. The nuptiall night will not moisten your throate sufficiently, but the morning likewise must raine her dews into your gluttonous wesand.

*Quick.* An't please you, sir, we did but drinke (ump) to the comming off of the knightly bridegrome.

*Touch.* To the comming off an' him?

*Quick.* I, forsooth, we druncke to his comming on (ump), when we went to bed; and now we are up, we must drinke to his comming off: for thats the chiefe honour of a souldier, sir; and therfore we must drinke so much the more to it, forsooth: (ump).

*Touch.* A very capitall reason! So that you goe to bed late, and rise early to commit drunkennesse; you fullfill the scripture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

*Quick.* The knights men, forsooth, be still a their knees at it (ump), and because tis for your credit, sir, I wold be loth to flinch.

*Touch.* I pray, sir, een to 'hem againe then; y' are one of the seperated crew, one of my wives faction, and my young ladies, with whom, and with their great match, I wil have nothing to do.

*Quick.* So, sir, now I will go keepe my (ump) 'redit with 'hem, an't please you, sir.

*Touch.* In any case, sir, lay one cup of sack more a' your cold stomack, I beseech you.

*Quick.* Yes, forsooth. *Exit Quick*[*silver.*] 45

*Touch.* This is for my credit; servants ever maintaine drunkennesse in their maisters house for their maisters credit; a good idle servingmans reason. I thanke time the night is past; I nere wakt to such cost; I thinke we have 50 stowd more sorts of flesh in our bellies then ever Noahs arke received; and for wine, why my house turnes giddie with it, and more noise in it then at a conduict. Aye me, even beasts condemne our gluttonie! Well, 'tis our cities 55 fault, which, because we commit seldome, we commit the more sinfully; wee lose no time in our sensualitie, but we make amends for it. O that we would do so in vertue and religious negligences! But see, here are all the sober 60 parcels my house can showe; Ile eavesdrop, heare what thoughts they utter this morning.

[*Touchstone withdraws to one side, Golding and Mildred come forward.*]

*Golding.* But is it possible that you, seeing your sister preferd to the bed of a knight, should containe your affections in the armes of a pren- 65 tice?

[*Touchstone withdraws*], Qq.: *Enter Goulding.*

*Mildred.* I had rather make up the garment of my affections in some of the same peece, then, like a foole, weare gownes of two coulours, or mix sackcloth with sattin.

*Gold.* And doe the costly garments, the title and fame of a lady, the fashion, observation, and reverence proper to such preferment, no more enflame you then such convenience as my poore meanes and industrie can offer to your vertues?

*Mil.* I have observ'd that the bridle given to those violent flatteries of fortune is seldome recover'd; they beare one headlong in desire from one noveltie to another, and where those ranging appetites raigne, there is ever more passion then reason: no staye, and so no happinesse. These hastie advancements are not naturall. Nature hath given us legges to goe to our objects; not wings to flie to them.

*Gold.* How deare an object you are to my desires I cannot expresse; whose fruition would my maisters absolute consent and yours vouchsafe me, I should be absolutely happy. And though it were a grace so farre beyond my merit, that I should blush with unworthinesse to receive it, yet thus farre both my love and my meanes shall assure your requitall: you shall want nothing fit for your birth and education;

what encrease of wealth and advancement the honest and orderly industrie and skill of our trade will affoorde in any, I doubt not will be aspirde by me; I will ever make your contentment the end of my endevours; I will love you above all; and onely your griefe shall be my miserie, and your delight my felicitie.

*Touch. Worke upon that now.* By my hopes, he woes honestly and orderly; he shalbe anchor of my hopes. Looke, see the ill yoakt monster, his fellow!

*Enter Quickesilver unlac'd, a towell about his necke, in his flat cap, drunke.*

*Quick.* Eastward hoe! *Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!*

*Touch.* Drunke now downe right, a my fidelitie!

*Quick.* Am pum pull eo, pullo! showse, quot the caliver.

*Gold.* Fie, fellow Quickesilver, what a pickle are you in!

*Quick.* Pickle? Pickle in thy throate; zounes, pickell! Wa, ha, ho! good morow, knight Petronell: morow, lady Gouldsmith; come of, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honor of knighthood.

97 *trade*, Q2 ttade.

*Gold.* Why, how now, sir? Doe yee know where you are? 120

*Quick.* Where I am? Why, sbloud! you joult-head, where I am!

*Gold.* Go to, go to, for shame; go to bed and sleepe out this immodestie: thou sham'st both my maister and his house. 125

*Quick.* Shame? what shame? I thought thou wouldst show thy bringing up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst thinke it no shame to be drunke. Lend me some money, save my credit; I must dine with the serving-men and their wives—and their wives, sirha! 130

*Gold.* E'ene who you will; Ile not lend thee three pence.

*Quick.* Sfoote; lend me some money; *hast thou not Hyren here?* 135

*Touch.* Why, how now, sirha? what vain's this, hah?

*Quick. Who cries on murther? Lady was it you?* How does our maister? Pray thee crie Eastward hoe! 140

*Touch.* Sirha, sirrha, y'are past your hickup now; I see y'are drunke,—

*Quick.* Tis for your credit, maister.

*Touch.* And heare you keepe a whore in towne. 145

*Quick.* Tis for your credit, maister.

*Touch.* And what you are out in cashe, I know.

*Quick.* So do I; my father's a gentleman. *Worke upon that now.* Eastward hoe! 150

*Touch.* Sir, Eastward hoe will make you go Westward ho. I will no longer dishonest my house, nor endanger my stocke with your licence. There, sir, there's your indenture; all your apparell (that I must know) is on your back, 155 and from this time my doore is shut to you: from me be free; but for other freedome, and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward ho shall not serve you.

*Quick.* Am I free a my fetters? Rente, flye 160 with a duck in thy mouth; and now I tell thee, Touchstone——

*Touch.* Good sir——

*Quick.* *When this eternall substance of my soule—*

*Touch.* Well said; chandge your gould ends 165 for your play ends.

*Quick.* *Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh—*

*Touch.* What then, sir?

*Quick.* *I was a courtier in the Spanish Court,*
*And Don Andrea was my name.* 170

opening soliloquy

149 *father's*, Q2 fathers.
160 *free a my fetters*, Q2 free a, my fetters.

*Touch.* Good Maister Don Andrea, will you marche?

*Quick.* Sweete Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

*Touch.* Not a penny.

*Quick.* Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will pisse at thy shop posts, and throw rotten egges at thy signe. *Worke upon that now.* *Exit staggering.*

*Touch.* Now, sirha, you! heare you? you shall serve me no more neither—not an houre longer.

*Gould.* What meane you, sir?

*Touch.* I meane to give thee thy freedome, and with thy freedome my daughter, and with my daughter a fathers love. And with all these such a portion as shall make Knight Petronell himselfe envie thee! Y'are both agreed, are yee not?

*Ambo.* With all submission, both of thanks and dutie.

*Touch.* Well then, the great powre of heaven blesse and confirme you. And, Goulding, that my love to thee may not showe lesse then my wives love to my eldest daughter, thy mariage feast shall equall the knights and hers.

*Gold.* Let me beseech you, no, sir; the super-

177 *pisse*, Q3 passe.

fluitie and colde meate left at their nuptialls will with bountie furnish ours. The grossest prodigallitie is superfluous cost of the bellye; nor would I wish any invitement of states or friendes, onely your reverent presence and witnesse shall sufficiently grace and confirme us.

*Touch.* Sonne to mine owne bosome take her and my blessing. The nice fondling, my lady sir-reverence, that I must not nowe presume to call daughter, is so ravish't with desire to hansell her new coche, and see her knights Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweate with her busie setting foorth. Awaye will shee and her mother, and while their preparation is making, our selves, with some two or three other friends, will consumate the humble matche we have in Gods name concluded.

*'Tis to my wish, for I have often read,*
*Fit birth, fit age, keepes long a quiet bed.*
*'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen, well tis knowne,*
*Get with more ease then gentrie keepes his owne.*

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Exeunt*], Qq. *Exit.*

[ACTUS SECUNDUS. SCENA SECUNDA. *A Room in Security's House.*]

*Securitie solus.*

*Security.* My privie guest, lustie Quickesilver, has drunke too deepe of the bride-boule; but with a little sleepe, he is much recovered; and, I thinke, is making himselfe readie to be drunke in a gallanter likenes. My house is as 'twere the cave where the yong out-lawe hoords the stolne vayles of his occupation; and here, when he will revell it in his prodigall similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am securitie it selfe; my name is Securitie, the famous usurer.

*Enter Quickesilver in his prentises cote and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings, gartering himselfe.*

*Quicksilver.* Come, old Securitie, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepeskinne is burn'd wherein I was wrapt; and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my lecherie, and

5 *'twere*, Q2 t'were.
*Gartering himself*, both Qq. add *Securitie following*.
16, 17 *thy usurous*, Q3 my usurous.

I thy covetousnes; thou art pandar to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy coosenages. K. me, K. thee, runnes through court and coun- 20
trey.

*Sec.* Well said, my subtle Quickesilver! These K's ope the dores to all this worldes felicitie: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not mast[er] courtier thinke he carries all the 25
knavery on his shoulders: I have knowne poore Hob, in the countrie, that has worne hob-nayles on's shoes, have as much villanie in 's head as he that weares gold bottons in 's cap.

*Quick.* Why, man, tis the London high-way 30
to thrift; if vertue bee used, tis but as a scrappe to the nette of villanie. They that use it simplie, thrive simplie, I warrant. Waight and fashion makes goldsmiths cockolds.

*Enter Syndefie, with Quicke-silvers doublet, cloake, rapier, and dagger.*

*Sindefy.* Here, sir, put of the other halfe of 35
your prentiship.

*Quick.* Well sayd, sweet Syn. Bring forth my braverie.

Now let my truncks shoote foorth their silkes concealde

18 *I thy covetousnes,* Q3 omits *I* and reads covetouines.
31 *but as a scrappe,* Q3 but a scape.

I now am free, and now will justifie
My trunkes and punkes. Avant, dull flat-cap, then! 40
*Via*, the curtaine that shaddowed Borgia!
There lie, thou huske of my envassail'd state,
I, Sampson, now have burst the Philistins bands,
And in thy lappe, my lovely Dalila,
Ile lie, and snore out my enfranchisde state. 45

*When Sampson was a tall yong man,*
*His power and strength increased than;*
*He sould no more nor cup nor can;*
*But did them all despise.*
*Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends* 50
*For one to sell thy base gold ends;*
*Quickesilver now no more attends*
*Thee, Touchstone.*

But, dad, hast thou seene my running gelding drest to day? 55

*Sec.* That I have, Franck. The ostler a'th' Cocke drest him for a breakefast.

*Quick.* What, did he eate him?

*Sec.* No, but he eate his breakfast for dressing him; and so drest him for breakfast. 60

*Quick. O wittie age! where age is young in witte,*
*And al youths words have gray beards full of it!*

44 *Dalila*, Qq. Delida.
50 *write*, Q2 wright; Q3 writ.

*Sin.* But ahlas, Francke! how will all this bee maintain'd now? Your place maintain'd it before.

*Quick.* Why, and I maintainde my place. Ile to the court: another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, then the silly Cittie. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an olde song and a true: *T[h]ou art a shee foole, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdome.* I shallbee a marchaunt, for-sooth: trust my estate in a wooden troughe as hee does! What are these shippes but tennis balles for the windes to play withall? tost from one wave to another; nowe under-line, nowe over the house; sometimes brick-wal'd against a rocke, so that the guttes flye out againe; sometimes strooke under the wide hazzard, and farewell, Mast[er] Marchant.

*Sin.* Well, Francke, well: the seas you say, are uncertaine: but hee that sayles in your court seas shall finde 'hem tenne times fuller of hazzard; wherein to see what is to bee seene is torment more then a free spirite can indure; but when you come to suffer, howe many injuries swallowe you! What care and devotion must you use to humour an imperious lord, pro-

63 *Sin. But ahlas,* Q2 *Hyn.* But ah-las; Q3 *Secur.* But ahlas Fracke.

portion your lookes to his lookes, smiles to his smiles; fit your sayles to the winde of his breath!

*Quick.* Tush! hee's no journey-man in his craft that cannot doe that.

*Sin.* But hee's worse then a prentise that does it; not onely humouring the lorde, but every trencher-bearer, every groome, that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favour, and by pandarisme into his chamber; he rules the roste; and when my honourable lorde sayes it shall bee thus, my worshipfull rascall, the groome of his close stoole, sayes it shall not bee thus, claps the doore after him, and who dares enter? A prentise, quoth you? Tis but to learne to live; and does that disgrace a man? Hee that rises hardly, stands firmely; but hee that rises with ease, alas! falles as easily.

*Quick.* A pox on you! who taught you this morallitie?

*Sec.* Tis long of this wittie age, Maister Francis. But, indeede, Mistris Synndefie, all trades complaine of inconvenience, and therefore tis best to have none. The marchaunt, hee complaines and sayes, "Trafficke is subject to much uncertaintie and losse;" let 'hem keepe their goods on dry land, with a vengeaunce, and not expose other mens substances to the mercie

of the windes, under protection of a woodden wall (as Maister Francis sayes); and all for greedie desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gaine, two for one, or so; where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit, thirtie or fortie i'th'hundred, so wee may have it with quietnesse, and out of perrill of winde and weather, rather then runne those daungerous courses of trading, as they doe. [*Exit Sindefy.*]

*Quick.* I, dad, thou mayst well bee called Securitie, for thou takest the safest course.

*Sec.* Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly; for marchants, in their courses, are never pleas'd, but ever repining against heaven: one prayes for a westerly winde, to carry his shippe foorth; another for an easterly, to bring his shippe home, and at every shaking of a leafe hee falles into an agonie, to thinke what daunger his shippe is in on such a coast, and so foorth. The farmer, hee is ever at oddes with the weather: sometimes the clowdes have beene too barren; sometimes the heavens forgette themselves; their harvests answere not their hopes; sometimes the season falles out too fruitefull, corne will beare no price, and so foorth. Th' artificer, hee's

all for a stirring worlde: if his trade bee too full, and fall short of his expectation, then falles he out of joynt. Where we that trade nothing but money are free from all this; we are pleas'd with all weathers, let it raine or hold up, be callme or windy; let the season be whatsoever, let trade goe how it will, wee take all in good part, een what please the heavens to send us, so the sunne stand not still, and the moone keepe her usuall returnes, and make up dayes, moneths and yeares.

*Quick.* And you have good securitie?

*Sec.* I, mary, Francke, that's the speciall point.

*Quick.* And yet, forsooth, wee must have trades to live withall; for wee cannot stand without legges, nor flye without wings, and a number of such skurvie phrases. No, I say still, hee that has wit, let him live by his wit; hee that has none, let him be a trades-man.

*Sec.* Witty Maister Francis! tis pittie any trade should dull that quicke braine of yours. Doe but bring Knight Petronell into my parchment toyles once, and you shall never neede to toyle in any trade, a my credit. You know his wives land?

*Quick.* Even to a foote, sir; I have beene

144 *his trade*, Q3 this trade.

often there; a pretie fine seate, good land, all intire within it selfe.

*Sec.* Well wooded?

*Quick.* Two hundered pounds woorth of wood readye to fell, and a fine sweete house, that stands just in the midst an't, like a pricke in the midst of a circle; would I were your farmer, for a hundred pound a yeere!

*Sec.* Excellent M[aster] Francis! how I do long to doe thee good! *How I doe hunger and thirst* to have the honour to inrich thee! I, even to die, that thou mightest inherite my living: *even hunger and thirst!* For, a my religion, M[aster] Francis,—and so tell Knight Petronell—I doe it to doe him a pleasure.

*Quick.* Marry, dad, his horses are now comming up to beare downe his ladie; wilt thou lend him thy stable to set 'hem in?

*Sec.* Faith, M[aster] Francis, I would be lothe to lend my stable out of dores; in a greater matter I will pleasure him, but not in this.

*Quick. A pox of your hunger and thirst!* Well, dad, let him have money; all he could any way get is bestowed on a ship now bound for Virginia; the frame of which voiage is so closely convaide that his new ladie nor any of her friendes know it. Notwithstanding, as soone as

his ladyes hand is gotten to the sale of her inheritance, and you have furnisht him with money, he will instantly hoyst saile and away.

*Sec.* Now a franck gale of winde goe with him, Maister Franke! we hav too few such knight adventurers; who would not sell away competent certainties to purchase, with any danger, excellent uncertainties? Your true knight venturer ever does it. Let his wife seale to day; he shall have his money to day.

*Quick.* To morrow she shall, dad, before she goes into the country; to worke her to which action with the more engines, I purpose presently to preferre my sweete Sinne here to the place of her gentlewoman; whom you (for the more credit) shall present as your friends daughter, a gentlewoman of the countrie, new come up with a will for a while to learne fashions forsooth, and be toward some ladie; and she shall buzz prettie devices into her ladies eare; feeding her humors so serviceable, as the manner of such as she is, you know, —

*Sec.* True, good Maister Fraunces.

*Enter Syndefie.*

*Quick.* That she shall keepe her port open to any thing she commends to her.

*Sec.* A' my religion, a most fashionable pro-

ject; as good she spoile the lady, as the lady 225
spoile her; for 'tis three to one of one side. Sweete Mistresse Sinne, how are you bound to Maister Frances! I doe not doubt to see you shortly wedde one of the head men of our cittie.

*Sin.* But, sweete Franke, when shall my fa- 230
ther Securitie present me?

*Quick.* With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knights house, whether, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formallitie to man her. 235

*Sec.* Commaund me, Maister Frances, *I doe hunger and thirst to doe thee service.* Come, sweete Mistresse Sinne, take leave of my Wynnifride, and we will instantly meete francke Maister Frances at your ladies. 240

*Enter Winnifride above.*

*Winifred.* Where is my Cu there? Cu?

*Sec.* I Winnie.

*Win.* Wilt thou come in, sweete Cu?

*Sec.* I Wynney, presently.

*Exeunt* [*Winifred above, Security and Syndefie below.*]

*Quick.* "I Wynney," quod he; thats all he 245
can doe, poore man, he may well cut off her name at Wynney. O, tis an egregious pandare! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may

bee riche? O, 'tis a notable Jewes trump! I hope to live to see dogs meate made of the old usurers flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skinne; and yet his skinne is too thicke to make parchment, 'twould make good bootes for a peeter man to catch salmon in. Your onely smooth skinne to make fine vellam, is your Puritanes skinne; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a countrie. [*Exit*]

[Actus Secundus, Scena Tertia. *Before Sir Petronel's Lodging.*]

*Enter Sir Petronell in bootes, with a riding wan* [*followed by Quicksilver*].

*Petronel.* Ile out of this wicked towne as fast as my horse can trot! Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns growe dead; ordinaries are blowne up; playes are at a stand; howses of hospitallitie at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spurre gingling any where. Ile away instantlie.

*Quick.* Y'ad best take some crownes in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoake but miserably.

*Pet.* O, Francke! my castle? Alas! all the castles I have are built with ayre, thou know'st.

*Quick.* I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whether your lady is going.

*Pet.* Faith, to seeke her fortune, I thinke. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contradiction; her coach and the coach of the sunne must meete full butt. And the sunne being out shined with her ladyships glorie, she feares hee goes westward to hange himselfe.

*Quick.* And I feare, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship will returne and follow his example.

*Pet.* O, that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacifie her, when she sees her selfe deceived so.

*Quick.* As easely as can be. Tell her she mistooke your directions, and that shortly your selfe will downe with her to approove it; and then cloath but her croupper in a new gowne, and you may drive her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'hem on by the tayle still, or they will never drive orderly.

*Pet.* But, alas, sweet Francke! thou know'st my habilitie will not furnish her bloud with those costly humors.

*Quick.* Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my olde pandare, Securitie, for money

or commoditie; and commoditie (if you will) I know he will procure you.

*Pet.* Commoditie! Alas! what commoditie?

*Quick.* Why, sir, what say you to figges and raysons? 45

*Pet.* A plague of figges and raysons, and all such fraile commodities! We shall make nothing of 'hem.

*Quick.* Why then, sir, what say you to fortie pound in rosted beefe? 50

*Pet.* Out upon 't, I have lesse stomacke to that then to the figges and raysons; Ile out of towne, though I sojourne with a friend of mine, for staye here I must not; my creditors have laide to arrest me, and I have no friend under 55 heaven but my sword to baile me.

*Quick.* Gods me, knight, put 'hem in sufficient sureties, rather than let your sworde bayle you! Let 'hem take their choice, eyther the Kings Benche or the Fleete, or which of the 60 two Counters they like best, for, by the Lord, I like none of 'hem.

*Pet.* Well, Francke, there is no jesting with my earnest necessitie; thou know'st if I make not present money to further my voyage begun, 65 all's lost, and all I have laid out about it.

*Quick.* Why then, sir, in earnest, if you can get your wise lady to set her hand to the sale

68 *wise lady*, Q3 wife lady.

of her inheritance, the bloud hound, Securitie, will smell out ready money for you instantly.

*Pet.* There spake an angell: to bring her too which conformitie, I must faine my selfe extreamly amorous; and alledging urgent excuses for my stay behinde, part with her as passionately as she would from her foysting hound.

*Quick.* You have the sowe by the right eare, sir. I warrant there was never childe longd more to ride a cock-horse or weare his new coate then she longs to ride in her new coache. She would long for every thing when she was a maide, and now she will runne mad for 'hem. I laye my life, she will have every yeare foure children; and what charge and change of humour you must endure while she is with childe, and how she will tie you to your tackling till she be with child, a dog would not endure. Nay, there is no turne-spit dog bound to his wheele more servily then you shall be to her wheele; for, as that dogge can never climbe the top of his wheele but when the toppe comes under him, so shall you never clime the top of her contentment but when she is under you.

*Pet.* Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

*Quick.* Nay, harke you, sir; what nurses, what midwives, what fooles, what phisitions, what cunning women must be sought for (fear-

ing sometimes she is bewitcht, some times in a consumption), to tell her tales, to talke bawdy to her, to make her laughe, to give her glisters, to let her bloud under the tongue and betwixt the toes; how she will revile and kisse you, spit in your face, and lick it off againe; how she will vaunt you are her creature; shee made you of nothing; how shee could have had thousand marke joyntures; she could have bin made a lady by a Scotche knight, and never ha' married him; shee could have had poynados in her bed every morning; how she set you up, and how she will pull you downe: youle never be able to stand of your legges to endure it.

*Pet.* Out of my fortune, what a death is my life bound face to face too! The best is, a large time-fitted conscience is bound to nothing: marriage is but a forme in the schoole of policie, to which schollers sit fastned onely with painted chaines. Old Securities young wife is nere the further of with me.

*Quick.* Thereby lyes a tale, sir. The old usurer will be here instantly, with my puncke Syndefie, whome you know your lady has promist mee to entertaine for her gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to feede on you) invites you most solemnly by me to supper.

*Pet.* It falls out excellently fitly: I see desire of gaine makes jealousie venturous.

*Enter Gyrt* [*rude.*]

See, Francke, here comes my lady. Lord, how she viewes thee! She knowes thee not, I thinke, in this braverie.

*Ger.* How now? who be you, I pray?

*Quick.* One Maister Frances Quickesilver, an't please your ladiship.

*Ger.* Gods my dignitie! as I am a lady, if he did not make me blush so that mine eyes stood a water. Would I were unmaried againe!

*Enter Securitie and Sindefie.*

Where's my woman, I pray?

*Quick.* See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

*Sec.* God save my honourable knight and his worshipfull lady!

*Ger.* Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

*Sec.* No, madam; till I know your ladyships further pleasure, I will not presume.

*Ger.* And is this a gentlemans daughter new come out of the countrie?

*Sec.* She is, madam; and one that her father hath a speciall care to bestowe in some honourable ladies service, to put her out of her honest humours, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

*Ger.* A nun? what nun? a nun substantive? or a nun adjective?

*Sec.* A nun substantive, madam, I hope, if a nun be a noune. But I meane, lady, a vowd maide of that order.

*Ger.* Ile teach her to be a maide of the order, I warrant you. And can you doe any worke belongs to a ladyes chamber?

*Sin.* What I cannot doe, madam, I would bee glad to learne.

*Ger.* Well said; hold up, then; hold up your head, I say; come hether a little.

*Sin.* I thanke your ladiship.

*Ger.* And harke you—good man, you may put on your hatt now; I doe not looke on you—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knights, maide.

*Sin.* No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

*Ger.* And draw all my servants in my bowe, and keepe my counsell, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and reade on a booke sometimes when I am busie, and laugh at countrie gentlewomen, and command any thing in the house for my reteiners; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and in any case be still a maide, what soever you doe, or whatsoever any man can doe unto you.

*Sec.* I warrant your ladiship for that.

*Ger.* Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country, to morrow morning. Come, knight, I pray thee lets make a short supper, and to bed presently.

*Sec.* Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waites on his worships acceptation.

*Ger.* By my faith, but he shall not goe, sir; I shall swoune and he sup from me.

*Pet.* Pray thee, forbeare; shall he lose his provision?

*Ger.* I, by ['r] lady, sir, rather then I lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not goe.

*Quick.* I told him what a burre he had gotten.

*Sec.* If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreate your ladiship to sup at my house with him.

*Ger.* No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a bed soone enough after supper.

*Pet.* What a medcine is this! Well, Maister Securitie, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honour our young wives, you know.

*Quick.* In pollicie, dad, till to morrow she has seald.

191 *by* ['r] *lady*, Qq. by lady.

*Sec.* I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breake-fast with me?

*Pet.* As early as you will, sir.

*Sec.* [I] thanke your good worship; *I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.*

*Ger.* Come, sweete knight, come; *I do hunger and thyrst* to be a bed with thee.

*Exeunt* [*Gertrude with Petronel and Sindefy; Security with Quicksilver.*]

210 *I thanke,* Q2 omits I.

# ACTUS TERTIUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

[*Security's House.*]

*Enter Petronell, Quicksilver, Securitie, Bramble, and Wynnifrid.*

*Petronel.* Thankes for [y]our feastlike breakefast, good Maister Securitie; I am sory (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without meanes by any kinde amends to show how affectionatly I take your kindnesse, and to confirme by some worthy ceremonie a perpetuall league of friendship betwixt us.

*Security.* Excellent knight! let this be a token betwixt us of inviolable friendship. I am new 1
marryed to this fayre gentlewoman, you know; and by my hope to make her fruitefull, though I be something in yeares, I vowe faithfully unto you to make you godfather, though in your absence, to the first childe I am blest withall; and 1

*Tertius*, Qq. Tertii.
1 *your feastlike breakefast*, Q2 our, Q3 your.

henceforth call me gossip, I beseech you, if you please to accept it.

*Pet.* In the highest degree of gratitude, my most worthy gossip; for confirmation of which friendly title, let me entreate my faire gossip, your wife here, to accept this diamond, and keepe it as my gift to her first childe, whereso-ever my fortune, in event of my voyage, shall bestowe me.

*Sec.* How now, my coye wedlock; make you strange of so noble a favour? Take it, I charge you, with all affection, and, by way of taking your leave, present boldly your lips to our honourable gossip.

*Quick.* [*aside*] How ventrous he is to him, and how jealous to others!

*Pet.* Long may this kinde touch of our lippes print in our hearts al the formes of affection. And now, my good gossip, if the writings be ready to which my wife should seale, let them be brought this morning before she takes coache into the countrie, and my kindnesse shall worke her to dispatche it.

*Sec.* The writings are ready, sir. My learned counsell here, Maister Bramble the lawyer, hath perusde them; and within this houre I will bring the scrivenour with them to your worshipfull lady

*Pet.* Good Maister Bramble, I will here take my leave of you then. God send you fortunate pleas, sir, and contentious clients!

*Bramble.* And you foreright windes, sir, and a fortunate voyage! *Exit.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* Sir Petronell, here are three or foure gentlemen desire to speake with you.

*Pet.* What are they?

*Quick.* They are your followers in this voyage, knight: Captaine Seagull and his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

*Pet.* Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to bee gone, for their stay is dangerous.

*Enter Seagull, Scapethrift, and Spendall.*

*Seagull.* God save my honourable collonell!

*Pet.* Welcome, good Captaine Seagull, and worthy gentlemen. If you will meete my friend Francke here, and me, at the Blew Anchor Taverne by Billinsgate this evening, we will there drinke to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boate to our ship with all expedition.

*Spendall.* Deferre it no longer, I beseech you,

66, 79 *Spendall*, Q2 Spoyl; Q3, Spend.

sir; but as your voyage is hetherto carried closely, and in another knights name, so for your owne safetie and ours, let it be continued: our meeting and speedy purpose of departing 70 knowne to as few as is possible, least your ship and goods be attacht.

*Quick.* Well advisd, captaine; our collonell shall have money this morning to dispatch all our departures; bring those gentlemen at night 75 to the place appointed, and, with our skinnes full of vintage, weele take occasion by the vantage, and away.

*Spend.* We will not faile but be there, sir.

*Pet.* Good morrow, good captaine, and my 80 worthy associates. Health and all soveraigntie to my beautifull gossip; for you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings.

*Sec.* With writings and crownes to my honorable gossip. *I do hunger and thirst to doe you* 85 *good, sir.* *Exeunt.*

82 *beautifull gossip*, Q3 goship.
84–85 *honorable gossip*, Q3 goship.

## Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

[*An Inn-yard.*]

*Enter a Coachman in hast, in's frock, feeding.*

*Coachman.* Heer's a stirre when cittizens ride out of towne, indeed, as if all the house were afire! Slight! they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises.

*Enter Hamlet, a footeman, in haste.*

*Hamlet.* What, coachman? My ladyes coach, for shame! Her ladiships ready to come downe.

*Enter Potkinn, a tankerd bearer.*

*Potkin.* Sfoote, Hamlet, are you madde? Whether run you now? You should brushe up my olde mistresse!

*Enter Syndefye.*

*Sindefy.* What, Potkinn? You must put off your tankerd and put on your blew cote, and waite upon Mistresse Toochstone into the country. *Exit.*

*Pot.* I will, forsooth, presently. *Exit.*

*Enter Mistresse Fond and Mistresse Gazer.*

*Fond.* Come, sweete Mistresse Gazer, lets watch here, and see my Lady Flashe take coach.

*Gazer.* A my word heer's a most fine place to stand in; did you see the new ship lancht last day, Mistresse Fond?

*Fond.* O God! and we cittizens should loose such a sight!

*Gaz.* I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water.

*Fond.* O shee's married to a most fine castle i' th' countrey, they say.

*Ga.* But there are no gyants in the castle, are there?

*Fond.* O no: they say her knight kild 'hem all, and therefore he was knighted.

*Gaz.* Would to God her ladiship would come away!

*Enter Gyr[tred], Mistris Tooch[stone], Synd[efy], Ham[let], Pot[kin].*

*Fond.* She comes, she comes, she comes!

*Gazer. Fond.* Pray heaven blesse your ladiship!

*Ger.* Thanke you, good people. My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoune else.

*Ham.* Coach, coach, my ladies coach! *Exit.*

*Gertrude.* As I am a lady, I thinke I am with child already, I long for a coach so. May one be with childe afore they are married, mother?

26 *i' th' countrey*, Qq. 'ith'.

*Mist. T.* I, by'r ladie, madam; a little thing does that; I have seene a little prick no bigger then a pins head swell bigger and bigger, til it has come to an ancome; and eene so tis in these cases.

*Enter Ham*[*let.*]

*Ham.* Your coach is comming, madam.

*Ger.* That's well said. Now, heaven! me thinks I am eene up to the knees in preferment.

*But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,*
*There, there, there lyes Cupids fire!*

*Mist. T.* But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way a foote?

*Ger.* I, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milke, as I have another servant does.

*Mist. T.* Ahlas! tis eene pittie, me thinks; for Gods sake, madam, buy him but a hobbie horse; let the poore youth have something betwixt his legges to ease 'hem. Ahlas! we must do as we would be done too.

*Ger.* Goe too, hold your peace, dame; you talke like an olde foole, I tell you!

*Enter Petr[onel] and Quicksilver.*

*Pet.* Wilt thou be gone, sweete honny suckle, before I can goe with thee?

*Ger.* I pray thee, sweete knight, let me; I do so long to dresse up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marle howe my modest sister occupies her selfe this morning, that shee cannot waite on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

*Quick.* Mary, madam, shee's married by this time to prentise Goulding. Your father, and some one more, stole to church with 'hem in all the haste, that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptiall table.

*Ger.* There's no base fellowe, my father, nowe; but hee's eene fit to father such a daughter: he must call me daughter no more now: but "madam," and "please you, madam;" and "please your worship, madam," indeede. Out upon him! marry his daughter to a base prentise!

*Mist. T.* What should one doe? Is there no lawe for one that marries a womans daughter against her will? Howe shall we punish him, madam?

*Ger.* As I am a lady, an't would snowe, wee'd so peble 'hem with snowe bals as they

89 *wee'd*, Q3 weele.

come from church; but, sirra Franck Quick- 90
silver,—

*Quick.* I, madam.

*Ger.* Dost remember since thou and I clapt what d'ye calts in the garrat?

*Quick.* I know not what you meane, madam. 95

*Ger.* *His head as white as mylke,*
*All flaxen was his haire;*
*But now he is dead,*
*And laid in his bedd,*
*And never will come againe.* 100

God be at your labour!

*Enter Touch[stone,] Gould[ing], Mild[red,] with rosemary.*

*Pet.* Was there ever such a lady?

*Quick.* See, madam, the bride and bridegrome!

*Ger.* Gods my precious! God give you joy, Mistresse What lacke you! Now out upon 105 thee, baggage! My sister married in a taffeta hat! Mary, hang you! Westward with a wanion te'yee! Nay, I have done we ye, minion, then, y'faith; never looke to have my countenance any more, nor anything I can do for 110 thee. Thou ride in my coach, or come downe to my castle! fie upon thee! I charge thee in my ladiships name, call me sister no more.

*Touchstone.* An't please your worship, this is not your sister: this is my daughter, and she 115

call[s] me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

*Mist. T.* No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldrie, because thou mak'st thy prentise thy sonne as wel as she. Ah, thou misproude prentise! dar'st thou presume to marry a ladies sister?

*Gold.* It pleas'd my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favour; and though I confesse my selfe farre unworthie so worthy a wife (beeing in part her servant, as I am your prentise) yet (since I may say it without boasting) I am borne a gentleman, and by the trade I have learn'd of my master (which I trust taints not my blood), able, with mine owne industrie and portion, to maintaine your daughter, my hope is, heaven will so blesse our humble beginning, that in the end I shalbe no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentise.

*Touch.* Master me no more, sonne, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

*Ger.* Sunne! Now, good Lord, how he shines! And you marke him, hee's a gentleman!

*Gold.* I, indeede, madam, a gentleman borne.

*Pet.* Never stand a' your gentrye, M[aster] Bridegrome; if your legges be no better then

115 *calls*, Q2 call, Q3 cals.
142 *Bridegrome*, Qq. Bridgegrome.

your armes, you'le be able to stand up on neither shortly.

*Touch.* An't please your good worshippe, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

*Pet.* What meane you, sir?

*Touch.* Bold to put off my hat to your worshippe——

*Pet.* Nay, pray forbeare, sir, and then foorth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

*Touch.* If your worship will have it so, I saye there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificiall, and a gentleman naturall. Now though your worship be a gentleman naturall—*Worke upon that now.*

*Quick.* Well said, olde Touch; I am proude to heare thee enter a set speech, yfaith; forth, I beseech thee.

*Touch.* Cry you mercie, sir, your worship's a gentleman I doe not know. If you bee one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguisde, sir.

*Quick.* Go too, old quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

*Touch.* What, sir, my speeches were ever in vaine to your gratious worship; and therefore, till I speake, to you—gallantry indeed!—I will save my breath for my broth anon. Come, my

157 *olde Touch* supplied from Q3; Q2 olde Touchstone.

poore sonne and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poore humilitie, and live safe. Ambition consumes it selfe with the very show. *Worke upon that now.*

[*Exeunt Touchstone, Golding and Mildred.*]

*Ger.* Let him goe, let him goe, for Gods sake! let him make his prentise his sonne, for Gods sake! give away his daughter, for Gods sake! and when they come a begging to us for Gods sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for Gods sake. Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

*Pet.* What shall I say? I would not have thee goe.

*Quick.* *Now, O now, I must depart,*
*Parting though it absence move.*

This dittie, knight, doe I see in thy lookes in capitall letters.

*What a grief tis to depart, and leave the flower that has my hart!*
*My sweete ladie, and alacke for woe, why, should we part so?*

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your paine lye on that side?

*Pet.* If it doe, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

*Quick.* Excellent easily. Divide your selfe in two halfes, just by the girdlestead; send one

halfe with your lady, and keepe the tother your-
selfe; or else doe as all true lovers doe, part
with your heart, and leave your bodie behinde.
I have seen't done a hundred times: tis as
easie a matter for a lover to part without a
heart from his sweete heart and he nere the
worse, as for a mouse to get from a trappe and
leave her taile behind him. See, here comes the
writings.

*Enter Securitie, with a Scrivener.*

*Sec.* Good morrow to my worshipfull ladie.
I present your ladishippe with this writing, to
which if you please to set your hand with your
knights, a velvet gowne shall attend your jour-
ney, a' my credite.

*Ger.* What writing is it, knight?

*Pet.* The sale, sweete heart, of the poore ten-
ement I tolde thee off, onely to make a little
money to sende thee downe furniture for my
castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

*Ger.* Very well. Now give me your pen, I
pray.

*Quick.* It goes downe without chewing,
yfaith.

*Scrivener.* Your worships deliver this as your
deede?

217 yfaith, Qq. y'faith.

*Ambo.* Wee doe. 220

*Ger.* So now, knight, farewell till I see thee.

*Pet.* All farewell to my sweet heart!

*Mist. T.* God-boye, sonne knight.

*Pet.* Farewell, my good mother.

*Ger.* Farewell, Francke; I would faine take 225 thee downe if I could.

*Quick.* I thanke your good ladiship; farewell, Mistris Syndifie.

*Exeunt* [*Gertrude and her party.*]

*Pet.* O tedious voyage, whereof there is no ende!
What will they thinke of me? 230

*Quick.* Thinke what they list. They long'd for a vagarie into the countrie, and now they are fitted. So a woman marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruine. Tis the great ende of many of their mariages. This is 235 not [the] first time a lady has ridde a false journie in her coach, I hope.

*Pet.* Nay, tis no matter, I care little what they thinke; hee that wayes mens thoughts has his handes full of nothing. A man, in the 240 course of this worlde, should bee like a surgeons instrument, worke in the woundes of others, and feele nothing himselfe. The sharper and subtler, the better.

221 *farewell*, Q3 farwell. 236 Qq. omit *the*.

*Quick.* As it falles out nowe, knight, you shall not neede to devise excuses, or endure her out-cryes, when shee returnes; wee shall now bee gone before where they can not reache us.

*Pet.* Well, my kinde compere, you have now th' assurance we both can make you; let mee now entreate you, the money wee agreed on may bee brought to the Blewe Ancor, nere to Billings-gate, by six a clocke; where I and my cheife friends, bound for this voyage, will with feastes attend you.

*Sec.* The money, my most honorable compere, shall without fayle observe your appointed howre.

*Pet.* Thankes, my deare gossip. I must now impart
To your approved love, a loving secret,
As one on whome my life doth more relie
In friendly trust then any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretarie
Of my affections for affection onely:
For I protest (if God blesse my returne)
To make you partner in my actions gaine
As deepely as if you had ventur'd with me
Halfe my expences. Know then, honest gossip,
I have injoyed with such divine contentment
A gentlewomans bedde whome you well knowe,
That I shall nere enjoy this tedious voiage,

Nor live the lest part of the time it asketh,
Without her presence; so *I thirst and hunger*
To taste the deare feast of her companie.
And if the hunger and the thirst you vow 275
As my sworne gossip, to my wished good
Be, as I knowe it is, unfainde and firme,
Doe mee an easie favour in your power.
*Sec.* Bee sure, brave gossip, all that I can doe,
To my best nerve, is wholly at your service: 280
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?
*Pet.* The woman is your learned cõunsailes wife,
The lawyer, Maister Bramble; whome would you
Bring out this even in honest neighbour-hood,
To take his leave with you, of me your gossip, 285
I, in the meane time, will send this my friende
Home to his house, to bring his wife disguis'd,
Before his face, into our companie;
For love hath made her looke for such a wile,
To free her from his tyranous jelosie. 290
And I would take this course before another,
In stealing her away, to make us sport,
And gull his circumspection the more grosely;
And I am sure that no man like your selfe
Hath credite with him to entice his jelosie 295
To so long staye abrode as may give time
To her enlardgment in such safe disguise.

*Sec.* A pretie, pithie, and most pleasant project!
Who would not straine a point of neighbourhood
For such a point de-vice? that, as the shippe 300
Of famous Draco went about the world,
Will wind about the lawyer, compassing
The world, him selfe; he hath it in his armes,
And that's enough for him, without his wife.
A lawyer is ambitious, and his head 305
Cannot bee prais'de nor rais'de too high,
With any forcke of highest knaverye.
Ile goe fetche her straight. *Exit Securitie.*

*Pet.* So, so. Now, Franke, goe thou home to his house,
Stead of his lawyers, and bring his wife hether, 310
Who, just like to the lawyers wife is prison'd
With his sterne usurous jelosie, which could never
Be over reacht thus but with over-reaching.

*Enter Securitie.*

*Sec.* And, M[aister] Francis, watch you th' instant time
To enter with his exit: 't wilbe rare, 315
Two fine horn'd beastes, a cammell and a lawyer!

312 *his sterne*, Q3 eyes sterne.
315 *'t wilbe*, Q2 t'wilbe, Q3 t'will be.

*Qu.* How the olde villaine joyes in villany!
[*Exit and re*]*enter Secur*[*itie.*]
*Sec.* And harke you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your bote ready, shippe her to your ship
With utmost haste, lest Maister Bramble stay you.
To o're reach that head that outreacheth all heads?
Tis a trick rampant!—tis a very quiblyn!
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
Their heads wil be so forked. *This slie tooche*
*Will get apes to invent a number such.* *Exit.*
*Quick.* Was ever rascall honied so with poyson?
*He that delights in slavish avarice,*
*Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.*
Wel, Ile go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyers.
*Pet.* But stay, Franck, lets thinke how we may disguise her upon this sodaine.
*Quick.* Gods me, there's the mischiefe! But harke you, here's an excellent device: fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a saylers gowne and cap, and cover her, and a players beard.
*Pet.* And what upon her head?
*Quick.* I tell you, a sailers cap! Slight, God

forgive mee! what kind of figent memorie have you?

*Pet.* Nay, then, what kinde of figent wit hast thou?

A saylers cap?—how shall she put it off 345
When thou presentst her to our companie?

*Quick.* Tush, man, for that, make her a sawcie sayler.

*Pet.* Tush, tush! tis no fit sawce for such sweete mutton. I know not what t' advise. 350

*Enter Secur[ity] with his wives gowne.*

*Sec.* Knight, knight, a rare devise!

*Pet.* Sownes, yet againe!

*Quick.* What stratagem have you now?

*Sec.* The best that ever—You talkt of disguising?

*Pet.* I, mary, gossip, thats our present care. 355

*Sec.* Cast care a way then; here's the best device
For plaine Security, (for I am no better),
I think, that ever liv'd: here's my wives gowne,
Which you may put upon the lawyers wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great 360 reasons;
One is, that Maister Bramble may take hold

354 *ever* — Qq. The best that ever. You talkt etc.

Of some suspition that it is my wife,
And gird me so perhaps with his law wit;
The other (which is pollicie indeede)
Is that my wife may now be tyed at home, 365
Having no more but her old gowne abroade,
And not showe me a quirck, while I fyrke others.
Is not this rare?

*Ambo.* The best that ever was.

*Sec.* Am I not borne to furnish gentlemen? 370

*Pet.* O my deare gossip!

*Sec.* Well hold, Maister Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in. And now I will go fetch him. *Exit.*

*Quick.* O my dad! he goes as twere the devill 375 to fetch the lawyer; and devill shall he be, if hornes wil make him.

[*Reenter Security.*]

*Pet.* Why, how now, gossip? why stay you there musing?

*Sec.* A toye, a toy runns in my head, yfaith. 380

*Quick.* A pox of that head! is there more toyes yet?

*Pet.* What is it, pray thee, gossip?

*Sec.* Why, sir, what if you should slip away now with my wives best gowne, I having no 385 securitie for it?

369 *was*, Q2 shas, Q3 was.

*Quick.* For that I hope, dad, you will take our words.

*Sec.* I, by th' masse, your word, thats a proper staffe
For wise Security to leane upon! 390
But tis no matter, once Ile trust my name
On your crackt credits; let it take no shame.
Fetch the wench, Franck. *Exit.*

*Quick.* Ile wait upon you, sir,
And fetch you over. [*Aside*] You were nere 395 so fetcht.
Go to the taverne, knight; your followers
Dare not be drunke, I thinke, before their captaine. *Exit.*

*Pet.* Would I might lead them to no hotter servise
Till our Virginian gould were in our purses! *Exit.*

## [Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.]

*Enter Seagull, Spendall, and Scapethrift, in the* [*Blue Anchor*] *Taverne, with a Drawer.*

*Seagull.* Come, drawer, pierce your neatest hogsheades, and lets have cheare, not fit for your Billingsgate taverne, but for our Virginian colonel; he wilbe here instantly.

3 *taverne but*, Q2 bnt.

*Drawer.* You shall have all things fit, sir; please you have any more wine?

*Spendall.* More wine, slave! Whether we drinke it or no, spill it, and drawe more.

*Scapethrift.* Fill all the pottes in your house with all sorts of licour, and let 'hem waite on us here like souldiers in their pewter coates; and though we doe not employe them now, yet wee will maintaine 'hem till we doe.

*Draw.* Said like an honourable captaine; you shall have all you can command, sir.

*Exit Drawer.*

*Sea.* Come, boyes, Virginia longs till we share the rest of her maiden-head.

*Spend.* Why, is she inhabited already with any English?

*Sea.* A whole country of English is there man, bred of those that were left there in 79; they have married with the Indians, and make 'hem bring forth as beautifull faces as any we have in England; and therefore the Indians are so in love with 'hem that all the treasure they have they lay at their feete.

*Scape.* But is there such treasure there, captaine, as I have heard?

*Sea.* I tell thee, golde is more plentifull there then copper is with us; and for as much redde copper as I can bring, Ile have thrice the waight

in golde. Why, man, all their dripping pans and their chamber pottes are pure gold; and all the chaines with which they chaine up their streetes are massie golde; all the prisoners they take are fetterd in gold; and for rubies and diamonds, they goe forth on holydayes and gather 'hem by the sea-shore, to hang on their childrens coates, and sticke in their capps, as commonly as our children weare saffron guilt brooches and groates with hoales in 'hem.

*Scape.* And is it a pleasant countrie withall?

*Sea.* As ever the sunne shinde on; temperate and full of all sorts of excellent viands: wilde boare is as common there as our tamest bacon is here; venison as mutton. And then you shall live freely there, without sargeants, or courtiers, or lawyers, or intelligencers, onely a few industrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are disperst over the face of the whole earth. But as for them, there are no greater friends to English men and England, when they are out an't, in the world, then they are. And for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'hem were there, for wee are all one countreymen now, yee know, and wee shoulde finde ten times more comfort of them there then wee doe heere. Then for your meanes to advancement, there it is simple,

48–57 *onely a few . . . doe heere.* Not in Q2 and Q3.

and not preposterously mixt. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavinger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar; to riches and fortune inough, and have never the more villanie nor the lesse wit. Besides, there we shall have no more law then conscience, and not too much of either; serve God inough, eate and drinke inough, and "inough is as good as a feast."

*Spend.* Gods me! and how farre is it thether?

*Sea.* Some six weekes sayle, no more, with any indifferent good winde. And if I get to any part of the coaste of Affrica, Ile saile thether with any winde; or when I come to Cape Finister, ther's a foreright winde continuall wafts us till we come at Virginia. See, our collonell's come.

*Enter Sir Petronell with his followers.*

*Pet.* Well mette, good Captaine Seagull, and my noble gentlemen! Nowe the sweete houre of our freedome is at hand. Come, drawer, fill us some carowses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be

61 *a nobleman*, the reading of Q1; Q2 and Q3, *any other officer*.
63 *fortune*, Q2 *furune*.
65–68 *Besides . . . as a feast.* Not found in Q1.

a prety wenche, gentlemen that will beare us company all our voyage.

*Sea.* Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonell, both with cap and knee. 85

*Pet.* Thankes, kinde Captaine Seagull, shee's one I love dearely and must not bee knowne till wee bee free from all that knowe us. And so, gentlemen, heer's to her health.

*Ambo.* Let it come, worthy collonell; *Wee* 90 *doe hunger and thirst for it.*

*Pet.* Afore heaven, you have hitte the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foote to the forehead, if ye knew it.

*Spend.* Why, then, we wil joyne his forehead 95 with her health, sir; and Captaine Scapethrift, here's to 'hem both.

*Enter Securitie and Bramble.*

*Security.* See, see, Maister Bramble, fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! they are o'their knees for successe to it! 100

*Bramble.* And they pray to god Bacchus.

*Sec.* God save my brave colonell, with all his tall captaines and corporalls. See, sir, my worshipfull learned counsaile, M[aster] Bramble, is come to take his leave of you. 105

*Pet.* Worshipfull M[aster] Bramble, how farre doe you drawe us into the sweete bryer of

your kindnesse! Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a pricke about him. 110

*Sea.* I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir. Come, Maister Securitie, bend your supporters, and pleadge this notorious health here.

*Sec.* Bend you yours likewise, M[aster] Bramble; for it is you shal pleadge me. 115

*Sea.* Not so, M[aster] Securitie; hee must not pleadge his owne health.

*Sec.* No, Maister Captaine?

*Enter Quickesilver, with Winny disguis'd.*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to doe him that honour. 120

*Quicksilver.* Here's the gentlewoman your cosin, sir, whom, with much entreatie, I have brought to take her leave of you in a taverne; asham'd whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her maske. 125

*Pet.* Pardon mee, sweete cosen; my kinde desire to see you before I went, made mee so importunate to entreat your presence here.

*Sec.* How now, M[aster] Frances, have you honour'd this presence with a faire gentlewo- 130 man?

*Quick.* Pray, sir, take you no notice of her, for she will not be knowne to you.

*Sec.* But my learn'd counsaile, M[aster] Bramble here, I hope may know her. 135

*Quick.* No more then you, sir, at this time; his learning must pardon her.

*Sec.* Well, God pardon her for my part, and I doe, Ile bee sworne; and so, Maister Francis, here's to all that are going eastward to night to- 140 wardes Cuckolds Haven; and so to the health of Maister Bramble.

*Quick.* I pledge it, sir. [*Kneels.*] Hath it gone rounde, Captaines?

*Sea.* It has, sweet Franck; and the rounde 145 closes with thee.

*Quick.* Wel, sir, here's to al eastward and toward cuckolds, and so to famouse Cuckolds Haven, so fatally remembred. *Surgit.*

*Pet.* Nay, pray thee, cuz, weepe not; gossip 150 Securitie.

*Sec.* I, my brave gossip.

*Pet.* A word, I beseech you, sir. Our friende, Mistresse Bramble here, is so dissolv'd in teares, that shee drownes the whole mirth of our meet- 155 ing. Sweete gossip, take her aside and comfort her.

*Sec.* Pittie of all true love, Mistresse Bramble; what, weepe you to enjoy your love? Whats the cause, ladie? Ist because your hus- 160 band is so neere, and your heart earnes to have

a litle abus'd him? Ahlas, ahlas! the offence is too common to be respected. So great a grace hath seldome chanc'd to so unthankfull a woman; to be rid of an old jelous dotard, to enjoy the armes of a loving young knight, that when your prick-lesse Bramble is withered with griefe of your losse, will make you floorish afresh in the bed of a ladie.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Drawer.* Sir Petronell, here's one of your water men come to tell you it wil be flood these three houres; and that t'will bee dangerous going against the tyde, for the skie is overcast, and there was a porcpisce even now seene at London bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests, he sayes.

*Pet.* A porcpisce!—whats that to th' purpose? Charge him, if he love his life, to attend us; can we not reach Blackewall (where my ship lyes) against the tide, and in spight of tempests? Captaines and gentlemen, wee'll begin a new ceremony at the beginning of our voyage, which I beleeve will be followd of all future adventurers.

*Sea.* Whats that, good colonell?

*Pet.* This, Captaine Seagull. Wee'll have our provided supper brought abord Sir Francis Drakes

ship, that hath compast the world; where, with full cupps and banquets, we wil doe sacrifice for a prosperous voyage. My minde gives me that some good spirits of the waters should hant the desart ribs of her, and be auspicious to all that honour her memorie, and will with like orgies enter their voyages.

*Sea.* Rarely conceipted! One health more to this motion, and aboard to performe it. He that wil not this night be drunke, may he never be sober.

*They compasse in Wynnifrid, daunce the dronken round, and drinke carowses.*

*Bram.* Sir Petronell and his honourable captaines, in these young services we olde servitors may bee spard. We onely came to take our leaves, and with one health to you all, Ile be bold to do so. Here, neighbour Securitie, to the health of Sir Petronell and all his captaines.

*Sec.* You must bend then, Maister Bramble; so now I am for you. I have one corner of my braine, I hope, fit to beare one carouse more. Here, lady, to you that are encompast there, and are asham'd of our company. Ha, ha, ha! by my troth, my learn'd counsaile, Maister Bramble, my minde runnes so of Cuckolds-haven to night, that my head runnes over with admiration.

*Bram.* But is not that your wife, neighbour?

*Sec.* No, by my troth, Maister Bramble. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckolds-havens, I say!

*Bram.* A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wives.

*Sec.* *Cucullus non facit monachum*, my learned counsaile; all are not cuckolds that seeme so, nor all seeme not that are so. Give me your hand, my learn'd counsaile; you and I will supp some where else then at Sir Frances Drakes shipp to night. Adue, my noble gossip.

*Bram.* Good fortune, brave captaines; faire skies God send yee!

*Omnes.* Farewell, my harts, farewell!

*Pet.* Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckolds-haven, gossip.

*Sec.* I have done, I have done, sir; will you leade Maister Bramble? Ha, ha, ha! *Exit.*

*Pet.* Captaine Seagull, charge a boate.

*Omnes.* A boate, a boate, a boate!

*Exeunt* [*all except Drawer.*]

*Draw.* Y'are in a proper taking indeed, to take a boate, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, "drunken men never take harme." This night will trie the truth of that proverbe. *Exit.*

[Actus Tertius. Scena Quarta.

*Outside Security's House.*]

*Enter Securitie.*

*Security.* What, Winnie!—wife, I say! out dores at this time! where should I seeke the gad-flye?—Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! Shee's gone with the knight, shee's gone with the knight; woe be to thee, Billingsgate! A boate! a boate! a boate! a full hunderd markes for a boate! *Exit.*

# ACTUS QUARTUS.

## SCENA PRIMA.

*Enter Slitgut, with a paire of oxe hornes, discovering Cuckolds-Haven above.*

*Slitgut.* All haile, faire haven of married men onely! for there are none but married men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here, but in my maisters behalfe (a poore butcher of East-cheape), who sends me to set up (in honour of Saint Luke) these necessarie ensignes of his homage. And up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the toppe of this famous tree, that is all fruite and no leaves, to advance this crest of my maisters occupation. Up then; heaven and Saint Luke blesse me, that I be not blowne into the Thames as I clime, with this furious tempest. Slight! I thinke the devill be abroade, in likenesse of a storme, to rob me of my hornes! Harke how he roares! Lord! what a coyle the Thames keepes! she beares some unjust burthen, I beleeve, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven blesse all honest passengers that are upon her back now;

for the bitte is out of her mouth, I see, and shee will runne away with 'hem! So, so, I thinke I have made it looke the right way. It runnes against London-Bridge, as it were, even full butt. And now let mee discover from this loftie prospect, what pranckes the rude Thames playes in her desperate lunacie. O me! here's a boate has beene cast away hard by. Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labouring for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me. Hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee. Tis a man; take a mans heart to thee; yet a little further, get up a thy legges, man; now tis shallowe enough. So, so, so! Alas! hee's downe againe. Hold thy winde, father: tis a man in a night-cappe. So! now hee's got up againe; now hee's past the worst: yet, thankes be to heaven, he comes toward me pretie and strongly.

*Enter Securitie without his hat, in a night-cap, wett band, &c.*

*Security.* Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! where am I cast ashore nowe, that I may goe a righter way home by land? Let

34 *shallowe enough*, Q3 enought.
36 *a night-cappe*, Qq. an.

me see; O I am scarce able to looke about me: where is there any sea-marke that I am acquainted withall? 45

*Slit.* Looke up, father; are you acquainted with this marke?

*Sec.* What! landed at Cuckolds Haven! Hell and damnation! I will runne backe and drowne my selfe. *He falles downe.* 50

*Slit.* Poore man, how weake hee is! the weake water has washt away his strength.

*Sec.* Landed at Cuckolds Haven! If it had not bin to die twentie times alive, I should never have scapt death! I will never arise more; I 55 will grovell here and eate durt till I be choak't; I will make the gentle earth doe that which the cruell water has denied me!

*Slit.* Alas, good father, be not so desperate! Rise man; if you will, Ile come presently and 60 lead you home.

*Sec.* Home! shall I make any know my home that has knowne me thus abrode? How lowe shall I crouch away, that no eye may see mee? I will creepe on the earth while I live, and never 65 looke heaven in the face more.

*Exit creep[ing.]*

*Slit.* What yong planet raignes now, troe, that olde men are so foolish? What desperate

52, 58 *has*, Q2 ha's.

yong swaggerer would have bin abroad such a wether as this, upon the water? Ay me, see another remnant of this unfortunate ship-wrack! or some other. A woman, yfaith, a woman; though it be almost at S[aint] Kath'rins, I discerne it to be a woman, for al her bodie is above the water, and her clothes swim about her most handsomely. O, they beare her up most bravely! Has not a woman reason to love the taking up of her cloathes the better while she lives, for this? Alas, how busie the rude Thames is about her! A pox a' that wave! it wil drowne her, yfaith, twill drowne her! Crye God mercie, shee has scapt it! I thanke heaven she has scapt it! O how she swimmes like a mermaide! Some vigilant body looke out and save her. That's well said; just where the priest fell in, there's one sets downe a ladder, and goes to take her up. Gods blessing a thy heart, boy! Now take her up in thy armes and to bedde with her. Shee's up, shee's up! Shee's a beautifull woman, I warrant her; the billowes durst not devoure her.

*Enter the Drawer in the Taverne before, with Wynnyfrid.*

*Drawer.* How fare you now, lady?

*Winifred.* Much better, my good friende, then

I wishe; as one desperate of her fame, now my life is preserv'd. 95

*Draw.* Comfort your selfe: that Power that preserved you from death can likewise defend you from infamie, howsoever you deserve it. Were not you one that tooke bote late this night, with a knight and other gentlemen at Billings-100 gate?

*Win.* Unhappy that I am, I was.

*Draw.* I am glad it was my good happe to come downe thus farre after you, to a house of my friends heere in S[aint] Kath'rines, since I 105 am now happily made a meane to your rescue from the ruthlesse tempest, which (when you tooke bote) was so extreame, and the gentleman that brought you forth so desperate and unsober, that I fear'd long ere this I should heare of your 110 ship-wracke, and therefore (with little other reason) made thus farre this way. And this I must tell you, since perhappes you may make use of it, there was left behinde you at our taverne, brought by a porter (hyr'd by the yong gentle-115 man that brought you), a gentlewomans gowne, hat, stockings, and shooes; which if they be yours, and you please to shift you, taking a hard bed here in this house of my friend, I will presently goe fetch you. 120

*Win.* Thanks, my good friend, for your more

then good newes. The gowne with all things bounde with it are myne; which if you please to fetch as you have promist, I will bouldly receive the kinde favour you have offered till your returne; intreating you, by all the good you have done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favour you doe me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incurre mee much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleasure in preserving my life.

*Draw.* Come in, lady, and shift your selfe; resolve that nothing but your owne pleasure shall bee usde in your discovery.

*Win.* Thanck you, good friende; the time may come, I shall requite you. *Exeunt.*

*Slit.* See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a taking up at Wapping now! Looke, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth it is so. O me! a fine yong gentleman! What, and taken up at the gallowes! Heaven graunt he be not one day taken downe there! A my life, it is omenous! Well, hee is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keepe my prospect awhile, to see if any more have bin shipwrackt.

*Enter Quick [silver] bareheade.*

*Quicksilver.* Accurs't that ever I was sav'd or borne!
How fatall is my sad arrivall here!
As if the starres and Providence spake to mee, 150
And sayd, "The drift of all unlawfull courses
(What ever ende they dare propose themselves,
In frame of their licentious policyes),
In the firme order of just Destinie,
They are the ready highwayes to our ruines." 155
I know not what to doe; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torne up by the rootes.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steppes,
In which unsufferable shame and miserie
Will not attend them? I will walke this banck, 160
And see if I can meete the other reliques
Of our poore ship-wrackt crew, or heare of them.
The knight, alas! was so farre gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refus'de their bote,
And tooke the haplesse woman in another, 165
Who cannot but be suncke, whatever Fortune
Hath wrought upon the others desperate lives.
[*Exit.*]

*Enter Petronel, and Seagul, bareheaded.*

*Petronel.* Zounds! Captaine, I tell thee we are cast up o'the coast of France. Sfoote! I am

*Enter Quicksilver,* Q2 Euter.

not drunke still, I hope. Dost remember where we were last night?

*Seagull.* No, by my troth, knight, not I; but me thinkes wee have bin a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

*Pet.* Aye me! we are undone for ever! Hast any money about thee?

*Sea.* Not a pennie, by Heaven!

*Pet.* Not a pennie betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

*Sea.* Faith, I cannot tell that; my braines nor mine eyes are not mine owne yet.

*Enter 2 Gentlemen.*

*Pet.* Sfoote! wilt not beleeve me? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a coople of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchyfied, that a man knowes not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'hem? What shal we doe? We must eene to 'hem, and intreat some reliefe of 'hem. Life is sweete, and we have no other meanes to relieve our lives now but their charities.

*Sea.* Pray you, do you beg on 'hem then; you can speak French.

*Pet. Monsieur, plaist il davoir pitie de nostre*

*grande infortunes. Je suis un povre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a souffri l'infortune de naufrage.*

*1 Gent. Un povre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

[*Pet.*] *Oui, monsieur, il est trop vraye; mais vous scaves bien nous somes toutes subject à fortune.*

*2 Gent.* A poore knight of England?—a poore knight of Windsore, are you not? Why speake you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coaste are you, thinke you?

*Pet.* On the coast of France, sir.

*1 Gent.* On the cost of Doggs, sir; y'are ith Ile a Doggs, I tell you. I see y'ave bene washt in the Thames here, and I beleeve ye were drownd in a taverne before, or els you would never have tooke bote in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we wil not know you for shaming of you. I ken the man weel; hee's one of my thirty pound knights.

*2 Gent.* No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o'the grand day for foure pound given to a page; all the money in's purse, I wot well. *Exeunt.*

*Sea.* Death! Collonell, I knew you were over shot.

*Pet.* Sure I thinke now, indeede, Captaine Seagull, we were something overshot.

198 *Angleterre*, Qq, Angliterre.
217 *given to a page*, Qq. *giving*.

*Enter Quicksilver.*

What! my sweete Franck Quicksilver! dost thou survive to rejoyce me? But what! no bodie at thy heels, Franck? Ay me! what is become of poore Mistresse Securitie?

*Quicksilver.* Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I thinke; I left her to the mercie of the water.

*Sea.* Let her goe, let her goe! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

*Pet.* Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rotte upon us, and let us rotte in them; twentie to one our ship is attacht by this time. If we set her not under saile this last tide, I never lookt for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make, the greedy Thams has devourde; and if our ship be attach't, there is no hope can relieve us.

*Quick.* Sfoot, knight! what an un-knightly faintnesse transports thee! Let our ship sinck, and all the world thats without us be taken from us, I hope I have some tricks in this braine of mine shall not let us perish.

*Sea.* Well said, Francke, yfaith. O my nimble-spirited Quicksilver! Fore God, would thou hadst beene our colonell!

*Pet.* I like his spirit rarely; but I see no meanes he has to support that spirit.

*Quick.* Go to, knight! I have more meanes then thou art aware off. I have not liv'd amongst gould-smiths and gould-makers all this while but I have learned something worthy of my time with 'hem. And not to let thee stinck where thou standst, knight, Ile let thee know some of my skill presently.

*Sea.* Doe, good Francke, I beseech thee.

*Quick.* I will blanche copper so cunningly that it shall endure all proofes but the test: it shall endure malleation, it shal have the ponderositie of Luna, and the tenacitie of Luna, by no meanes friable.

*Pet.* Slight! where learn'st thou these tearmes, tro?

*Quick.* Tush, knight! the tearmes of this arte every ignorant quack-salver is perfect in; but Ile tell you how your selfe shal blanche copper thus cunningly. Take arsnicke, otherwise called realga (which indeede is plaine ratsbane); sublime 'hem three or foure times, then take the sublimate of this realga and put 'hem into a glasse, into chymia, and let 'hem have a convenient decoction naturall, foure and twentie houres, and he will become perfectly fixt; then take this fixed powder, and project him upon wel-purgd copper, *et habebis magisterium.*

*Ambo.* Excellent Francke, let us hugge thee!

*Quick.* Nay, this I will do besides. Ile take you off twelvepence from every angell, with a kind of *aqua fortis*, and never deface any part of the image.

*Pet.* But then it will want weight?

*Quick.* You shall restore that thus: take your *sal achyme* prepar'd, and your distild urine, and let your angels lie in it but foure and twenty howres, and they shall have their perfect weight againe. Come on, now; I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; Ile infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud ayre long enough with our bare skonces. Now will I have you to a wenches house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and after, take such fortunes as the stars shal assigne us.

*Ambo.* Notable Franck, we will ever adore thee! *Exeunt.*

*Enter Drawer, with Wynifrid new attird.*

*Winifred.* Nowe, sweete friende, you have brought me nere enough your taverne, which I desired I might with some colour be seene neare, enquiring for my husband, who (I must tel you) stale thither last night with my wet gowne we have left at your friends,—which, to

301 *stale thither*, Q3 stole.

continue your former honest kindnes, let me pray you to keepe close from the knowledge of any: and so, with all vow of your requitall, let 305 me now entreate you to leave me to my womans wit and fortune.

*Drawer.* All shall be done you desire; and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you.

*Exit Draw[er].*

*Enter Securitie.*

*Security.* I wil once more to this unhappy tav- 310 erne before I shift one ragge of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what newes of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a litle leave staring at 315 my night-cap.

*Win.* O, my deare husband! where have you bin to night? Al night abroade at tavernes! Rob me of my garments! and fare as one run away from me! Ahlas! is this seemely for a 320 man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

*Sec.* What should I say? how miraculously sorts this! was not I at home, and cald thee last night? 325

*Win.* Yes, sir, the harmelesse sleepe you broke; and my answer to you would have wit-

nest it, if you had had the pacience to have staid and answered me; but your so sodaine retreate made me imagine you were gone to Maister Brambles, and so rested patient and hopefull of your comming againe, till this your unbeleeved absence brought me abroade with no lesse then wonder, to seeke you where the false knight had carried you.

*Sec.* Villaine and monster that I was! Howe have I abus'd thee! I was sodainly gone indeede; for my sodaine jelousie transferred me. I will say no more but this, deare wife, I suspected thee.

*Win.* Did you suspect me?

*Sec.* Talke not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees aske thee hartely forgivenes. *Exeunt.*

[*Slitgut.*] Nowe will I descend my honourable prospect; the farthest seeing sea marke of the world: noe marvaile, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the redde tempests anger be nowe over blowne, which sure, I thinke, Heaven sent as a punishment for prophaning holy Saint Lukes memorie with so ridiculous a custome. Thou dishonest satyre!

329 *retreate*, Q3 retrait.
347 *farthest*, Q2 farthiest; Q3 farthyest.

Farewel to honest married men, farewel to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewel thou horne of hunger, that calst th' inns a court to their manger! Farewel, thou horne of aboundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horne of direction, that is the cittie lanthorne! Farewell, thou horne of pleasure, the ensigne of the huntsman! Farewell, thou horne of destinie, th' ensigne of the married man! Farewell, thou horne tree, that bearest nothing but stone fruite! *Exit.*

[Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

*A Room in Touchstone's House.*]

*Enter Touchstone.*

*Touchstone.* Ha, sirah! thinkes my knight adventurer we can no point of our compasse? Doe wee not knowe north-north-east, north-east and by east, east and by north, nor plaine eastward? Ha! have we never heard of Virginia, nor the Cavallaria, nor the Colonoria? Can we discover no discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash, and my runnagate Quicksilver, you may drinke dronke, crack cannes, hurle away a browne dozen of Monmouth capps or so, in seaceremonie to your *boon voyage;* but for reaching

6 *nor the Colonoria,* Q2 not.

any coast, save the coast of Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with this fleete, Ile be your warrant for a Gravesend tost. There's that gone afore wil stay your admiral and vice-admirall and rere-admirall, were they al (as they are) but one pinnace, and under saile, as wel as a remora, doubt it not; and from this sconce, without eyther pouder or shot. *Worke upon that now.* Nay, and you'll shew trickes, wee'l vie with you a little. My daughter, his lady, was sent eastward by land to a castle of his i' the ayre (in what region I knowe not), and, as I heare, was glad to take up her lodging in her coach, she and her two waiting women, her maide, and her mother, like three snailes in a shell, and the coachman a top on 'hem, I thinke. Since they have all found the way back againe by Weeping Crosse; but Ile not see 'hem. And for two on 'hem, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William, as the poore horses have done al this while that hurried 'hem, or else go graze o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has bene my crosse these thirty yeares, and Ile now keepe her to fright away sprights, ifaith. I wonder I heare no news of my sonne Goulding. He was sent for to the Guild-hall this morning betimes, and I marvaile at the matter; if I had not layd

up comfort and hope in him, I should grow 40
desperate of al. See, he is come i' my thought!
How now, sonne? What newes at the Court
of Aldermen?

*Enter Goulding.*

*Golding.* Troth, sir, an accident somewhat
strange, els it hath litle in it worth the reporting. 45

*Touch.* What? It is not borrowing of money
then?

*Gold.* No, sir; it hath pleasd the worshipful
commoners of the citty to take me one i' their
number at presentation of the inquest—— 50

*Touch.* Ha!

*Gold.* And the alderman of the warde wherein
I dwel to appoint me his deputy——

*Touch.* Howe?

*Gold.* In which place I have had an oath 55
ministred me, since I went.

*Touch.* Now, my deare and happy sonne, let
me kisse thy new worship, and a litle boast
mine own happines in thee. What a fortune
was it (or rather my judgment, indeed), for me, 60
first to see that in his disposition which a whole
citty so conspires to second! Tane into the
livory of his company the first day of his free-
dome! Now (not a weeke maried), chosen

57, 58 *let me kisse*, Q2 let we.

commoner and aldermans deputie in a day! Note but the reward of a thrifty course! The wonder of his time! Wel, I will honour M[aster] Alderman for this act (as becomes me), and shall think the better of the Common Councels wisdome and worship, while I live, for thus meeting, or but comming after me, in the opinion of his desert. Forward, my sufficient sonne! and as this is the first, so esteeme it the least step to that high and prime honour that expects thee.

*Gold.* Sir, as I was not ambitious of this, so I covet no higher place; it hath dignity enough, if it will but save me from contempt; and I had rather my bearing in this or any other office should adde worth to it then the place give the least opinion to me.

*Touch.* Excellently spoken! This modest answer of thine blushes, as if it said, I will weare scarlet shortly. Worshipfull sonne! I cannot containe my selfe, I must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' the monuments of our citty, and reckon'd among her worthies, to be remembred the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham, when the famous fable of Whittington and his pusse shalbe forgotten, and thou and thy actes become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon

conduits, and thy deeds plaid i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be call'd their get-peny. This I divine; this I prophecie. 95

*Gold.* Sir, engage not your expectation farder then my abilities will answere; I, that know mine owne strengths, feare 'hem; and there is so seldome a losse in promising the least that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceipt. 100 I have other newes for you, sir.

*Touch.* None more welcome, I am sure?

*Gold.* They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirme. The colonell and all his company, this morning putting forth drunke from 105 Belinsgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to towne like so many masterlesse men, i' their doublets and hose, without hatte, or cloake, or any 110 other——

*Touch.* A miracle! the justice of Heaven! Where are they? Lets goe presently and lay for 'hem.

*Gold.* I have done that already, sir, both by 115 constables and other officers, who shall take 'hem at their old Anchor, and with lesse tumult or suspition then if your selfe were seene in't, under coulour of a great presse that is now abroad, and they shall here be brought afore me. 120

*Touch.* Prudent and politique sonne! Disgrace 'hem all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out that thou hast the place of a justicer upon 'hem! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou maist punish it. Be severe i' thy place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You heare how our lady is come back with her traine from the invisible castle?

*Gold.* No, where is she?

*Touch.* Within; but I ha' not seene her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undub'd, they say, and that she had walkd a foot-pase with her sister. Here they come; stand back.

*Touchstone, Mistresse Touchstone, Gyrtrude, Goulding, Mildred, Syndefie.*

God save your ladiship; save your good ladiship! Your ladiship is welcome from your inchanted castell, so are your beautious retinew. I heare your knight errant is travayld on strange adventures. Surely, in my minde, your ladiship hath *fish'd faire, and caught a frog*, as the saying is.

*Mistress Touchstone.* Speake to your father, madam, and kneele downe.

126 *i'thy*, Q3 ithy.

*Gertrude.* Kneele? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady stil.

*Touch.* Your ladiship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum, that I should curtsie to you that are a knights wife, and a lady, then you be brought a' your knees to me, who am a poore cullion and your father.

*Ger.* Law! my father knowes his duty.

*Mist. T.* O child!

*Touch.* And therefore I doe desire your ladiship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and returne in quest of your bright and most transparent castell, *how ever presently conceald to mortall eyes.* And as for one poore woman of your traine here, I will take that order, she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor helpe to spend your ladiship; she shall stay at home with me, and not goe abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odde coach horse or three wheeles, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lacke, we wil not complaine to your ladiship. And so, good madam, with your damoselle here, please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roust for such chickens as

you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladiship.

*Ger.* Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse! I thought as much. Come away, Sinne, we shall as soone get a fart from a dead man, as a far- 17
thing of court'sie here.

*Mildred.* O, good sister!

*Ger.* Sister, Sir Reverence! Come away, I say, hunger drops out at his nose.

*Gold.* O, madam, *Faire words never hurt the* 18
*tongue.*

*Ger.* How say you by that? You come out with your golde ends now!

*Mist. T.* Stay, lady-daughter; good husband!

*Touch.* Wife, no man loves his fetters, be 18
they made of gold. I list not ha' my head fastned under my childs girdle; as she has brew'd, so let her drinke, a Gods name. She went witlesse to wedding, now she may goe wisely a begging. It's but honymoone yet with her ladiship; 19
she has coach horses, apparell, jewels, yet left; she needs care for no friends, nor take knowledge of father, mother, brother, sister, or any body. When those are pawn'd or spent, perhaps we shall returne into the list of her acquaint- 19
ance.

*Ger.* I scorne it, ifaith. Come, Sinne.

*Exit Gyrt* [*rude, and Sindefy.*]

*Mist. T.* O madam, why do you provoke your father thus?

*Touch.* Nay, nay; eene let pride goe afore, shame wil follow after, I warrant you. Come, why doost thou weepe now? Thou art not the first good cow hast had an ill calfe, I trust. [*Exit Mistress Touchstone.*] What's the newes with that fellow?

*Enter Constable.*

*Constable.* Sir, the knight and your man Quickesilver are without; will you ha 'hem brought in?

*Touch.* O, by any meanes. [*Exit Constable.*] And, sonne, here's a chaire; appeare terrible unto 'hem on the first enterview. Let them behold the melancholy of a magistrate, and taste the fury of a citizen in office.

*Gold.* Why, sir, I can do nothing to 'hem, except you charge 'hem with somwhat.

*Touch.* I will charge 'hem and recharge 'hem, rather then authority should want foyle to set it of. [*Offers Golding a chair.*]

*Gold.* No, good sir, I will not.

*Touch.* Sonne, it is your place; by any meanes——

*Gold.* Beleeve it, I will not, sir.

*Enter Knight Petronell, Quickesilver, Constable, Officers.*

*Petronel.* How misfortune pursues us still in our misery!

*Quicksilver.* Would it had beene my fortune to have beene trust up at Wapping rather then ever ha' come here!

*Pet.* Or mine to have famisht in the Iland!

*Quick.* Must Goulding sit upon us?

*Constable.* You might carry an M. under your girdle to Maister Deputis worship.

*Gold.* What are those, Maister Constable?

*Con.* And't please your worship, a couple of maisterlesse men I prest for the Low-Countries, sir.

*Gold.* Why do you not cary 'hem to Bridewell, according to your order, they may be shipt away?

*Con.* An't please your worship, one of 'hem sayes he is a knight; and we thought good to shew him to your worship, for our discharge.

*Gold.* Which is he?

*Con.* This, sir.

*Gold.* And what's the other?

*Con.* A knights fellow, sir, an't please you.

*Gold.* What! a knight and his fellow thus accoutred? Where are their hattes and feathers, their rapiers and their cloakes?

*Quick.* O, they mock us.

*Con.* Nay, truely, sir, they had cast both their feathers and hattes too, before wee see 'hem. Here's all their furniture, an't please you, that we found. They say knights are now to be knowne without feathers, like cockrels by their spurres, sir.

*Gold.* What are their names, say they?

*Touch.* Very well this. He should not take knowledge of 'hem in his place, indeed.

*Con.* This is Sir Petronell Flash.

*Touch.* How!

*Con.* And this, Francis Quickesilver.

*Touch.* Is't possible? I thought your worship had beene gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick returne, it seemes, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be cover'd, sir. How did your bisquet hold out, sir? Me thought I had seene this gentleman afore. Good Maister Quickesilver, how a degree to the southward has chang'd you!

*Gold.* Doe you know 'hem, father? Forbeare your offers a litle, you shall be heard anon.

*Touch.* Yes, Maister Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage—a thing cald a sonne in lawe, or so. Officers, you may let 'hem stand alone, they will not runne away; Ile

give my word for them. A couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'hem was my prentise, M[aster] Quicksilver here; and when he had 2 yeare to serve, kept his whore and his hunting 280 nag, would play his 100. pound at gresco, or primero, as familiarly (and al a' my purse) as any bright peice of crimson on 'hem all; had his changable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his chest of perfumd linnen, 285 and his bathing tubbs, which when I told him off, why he,—he was a gentleman, and I a poore Cheapeside groome! The remedie was, we must part. Since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the 290 value of 500. pound, disperst among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chiefe, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter of mine, ladefied her, turn'd two-thousand poundes worth of good land 295 of hers into cash within the first weeke, bought her a new gowne and a coach; sent her to seeke her fortune by land, whilst himselfe prepared for his fortune by sea; tooke in fresh flesh at Belingsgate, for his owne diet, to serve him the 300 whole voyage—the wife of a certaine usurer cald Securitie, who hath bene the broker for 'hem in all this businesse. Please, Maister Deputy, *worke upon that now.*

*Gold.* If my worshipfull father have ended. 305

*Touch.* I have, it shall please M[aster] Deputy.

*Gold.* Well then, under correction——

*Touch.* Now, sonne, come over 'hem with some fine guird, as thus, " Knight, you shall be 310 encountred," that is, had to the Counter; or, " Quicksilver, I will put you in a crucible," or so.

*Gold.* Sir Petronell Flash, I am sory to see such flashes as these proceede from a gentleman 315 of your quality and rancke; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not winke at offenders. Take him aside; I wil heare you anone, sir. 320

*Touch.* I like this wel, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left, he cries.

*Gold.* Francis Quick-silver, would God thou hadst turnd quack-salver, rather then run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great 325 pitty; thou art a proper yong man, of an honest and cleane face, somewhat neere a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou haste made too much, and beene to proud of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of 330 which in neate and garish attire, onely to be look'd upon by some light housewifes, thou hast

prodigally consumed much of thy masters estate; and being by him gently admonish'd at several times, hast returnd thy selfe haughty and rebel- 335 lious in thine answers, thundring out uncivill comparisons, requiting al his kindnes with a course and harsh behaviour; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had bin debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tel 340 thee, Francis, these are manifest signes of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* with scorne and infamy, which is the worst of misfortune. My worshipfull father, what do you please to charge them with- 345 all? From the presse I wil free 'hem, Maister Constable.

*Con.* Then Ile leave your worship, sir.

*Gold.* No, you may stay; there will be other matters against 'hem. 350

*Touch.* Sir, I do charge this gallant, Maister Quicksilver, on suspicion of felony; and the knight as being accessary in the receipt of my goods.

*Quick.* O God, sir! 355

*Touch.* Hold thy peace, impudent varlot, hold thy peace! With what forehead or face dost thou offer to choppe logick with me, having run such a race of riot as thou hast done? Do's not the sight of this worshipful mans fortune 360

and temper confound thee, that was thy yonger fellow in houshold, and now come to have the place of a judge upon thee? Dost not observe this? Which of al thy gallants and gamsters, thy swearers and thy swaggerers, will come now 365 to mone thy misfortune, or pitty thy penurie? They'le looke out at a window, as thou rid'st in triumph to Tiborne, and crye, "Yonder goes honest Franck, mad Quicksilver!" "He was a free boone companion, when hee had 370 money," sayes one; "Hang him, foole!" saies another; "he could not keepe it when he had it!" "A pox o'the cullion, his Master," sais a third, "he has brought him to this;" when their pox of pleasure, and their piles of perdition, 375 would have bene better bestowed upon thee, that hast ventred for 'hem with the best, and by the clew of thy knavery brought thyselfe weeping to the cart of calamity.

*Quick.* Worshipfull maister! 380

*Touch.* Offer not to speake, crocodile; I will not heare a sound come from thee. Thou hast learnt to whine at the play yonder. Maister Deputy, pray you commit 'hem both to safe custody, till I be able farther to charge 'hem. 385

*Quick.* O me! what an infortunate thing am I!

372 *keepe it*, Q2 keeepe.
373 *o'the cullion*, Q3 oth; *his Master*, Qq. his Mr.

*Pet.* Will you not take security, sir?

*Touch.* Yes, mary, will I, Sir Flash, if I can find him, and charge him as deepe as the best on you. He has beene the plotter of all this; he is your inginer, I heare. Maister Deputy, you'll dispose of these. In the meane time, Ile to my Lo[rd] Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that serpent Securitie into my hands, and seale up both house and goods to the kings use or my satisfaction.

*Gold.* Officers, take 'hem to the Counter.

*Quick., Pet.* O God!

*Touch.* Nay, on, on; you see the issue of your sloth. Of sloth commeth pleasure, of pleasure commeth riot, of ryot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes theft, of theft comes hanging; and there is my Quickesilver fixt.

*Exeunt.*

# ACTUS QUINTUS.

## Scena Prima.

[*Gertrude's Lodging.*]

[*Enter*] *Gertrude* [*and*] *Syndefie.*

*Gertrude.* Ah, Sinne! hast thou ever read i'the chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that we are, Sinne?

*Sindefy.* Not I, truely, madam; and if I had, it were but colde comfort should come out of bookes, now.

*Ger.* Why, good faith, Sinne, I could dine with a lamentable storie, now. *O hone, hone, o no nera! &c.* Canst thou tell nere a one, Synne?

*Sin.* None but mine owne, madam, which is lamentable inough: first to be stolne from my friends, which were worshipfull and of good accompt, by a prentise in the habite and disguise of a gentleman, and here brought up to London, and promis'd mariage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hangd!

*Ger.* Nay, weepe not, good Sinne; my Pe-

tronell is in as good possibilitie as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sinne; I was more than promis'd marriage, Sinne; I had it, Sinne; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Sin; which is now as good as no knight, Sin. And I was borne in London, which is more then brought up, Sin; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin; and instead of land i' the countrey, all my knights living lies i' the counter, Syn; there's his castle now!

*Sin.* Which hee cannot be forc't out off, madam.

*Ger.* Yes, if he would live hungry a weeke or two. *Hunger*, they say, *breakes stone wals.* But he is eene wel inough serv'd, Sin, that so soone as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had bene his punke, God blesse us! Would the knight o' the sunne, or Palmerin of England, have usd their ladies so, Syn? or Sir Lancelot, or Sir Tristram?

*Sin.* I doe not know, madam.

*Ger.* Then thou know'st nothing, Syn. Thou art a foole, Syn. The knighthood now a daies are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a horseback; ours goe a foote. They were attended by their squires; ours by their

41 *Ger.* Q2 *Gry.* 45 *Ours,* Q2 our.

lacquaies. They went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travaild wildernesses and desarts; ours dare scarce walke the streets. They were stil prest to engage their honour; ours stil ready to paune their cloaths. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a serjeant. They would helpe poore ladies; ours make poore ladies.

*Sin.* I, madam, they were knights of the Round-Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard.

*Ger.* True, Syn; let him vanish. And tel me, what shal we pawne next?

*Sin.* I, mary, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostes (prophane woman!) has sworne by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meale.

*Ger.* Let it stinke in her hand then. Ile not be beholding to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gownes, and my red velvet petticote that I was maried in, and my wedding silke stockings, and al thy best apparel, poore Syn! Good faith, rather then thou shouldest pawne a ragge more, Il'd lay my ladiship in lavender—if I knew where.

59 *True, Syn,* Q3 Trie. 71 *Il'd lay,* Q3 Il'e lay.

*Sin.* Alas, madam, your ladiship!

*Ger.* I, why? You do not scorne my ladiship, though it is in a wastcoate? Gods my life! you are a peate indeed! Do I offer to morgage my ladiship for you and for your availe, and do you turne the lip and the alas to my ladiship?

*Sin.* No, madam; but I make question who will lend any thing upon it?

*Ger.* Who? Marry, inow, I warrant you, if you'le seeke 'hem out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had had it) to have bin a ladie; and I hope I was not bred and borne with that appetite alone: some other gentle-borne o' the citie have the same longing, I trust. And for my part, I would afford 'hem a peny'rth; my ladiship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deale of the summe. I would lend it (let me see) for 40 li. in hand, Syn; that would apparell us; and ten pound a yeare; that would keepe me and you, Syn (with our needles); and wee should never need to be beholding to our scirvy parents. Good Lord! that there are no fayries now adayes, Syn.

*Sin.* Why, madame?

*Ger.* To doe miracles, and bring ladyes money. Sure, if wee lay in a cleanly house, they would

haunt it, Synne? Ile trie. Ile sweepe the chamber soone at night, and set a dish of water o' the hearth. A fayrie may come, and bring a pearle, or a diamonde. Wee do not know, Syn. Or, there may be a pot of gold hid o' the backe-side, 105 if we had tooles to digge for't? Why may not wee two rise early i' the morning, Syn, afore any body is up, and find a jewell i' the streets worth a 100 li? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, looke 110 out of her coach as 'tis running, and loose such a jewell, and wee finde it? Ha?

*Sin.* They are prettie waking dreames, these.

*Ger.* Or may not some olde usurer bee drunke over-night, with a bagge of money, and leave it 115 behinde him on a stall? For God-sake, Syn, let's rise to morrow by breake of day, and see. I protest, law, if I had as much money as an alderman, I would scatter some on't i'th' streetes for poore ladyes to finde, when their knights 120 were layd up. And, nowe I remember my song o' the Golden Showre, why may not I have such a fortune? Ile sing it, and try what luck I shall have after it.

*Fond fables tell of olde,* 125
*How Jove in Danaes lappe*
*Fell in a showre of gold,*
*By which shee caught a clappe;*

*O, had it been my hap,*
*(How ere the blow doth threaten)* 130
*So well I like the play,*
*That I could wish all day*
*And night to be so beaten.*

*Enter Mistris Touchstone.*

O heer's my mother! Good lucke, I hope. Ha' you brought any money, mother? Pray you, 135 mother, your blessing. Nay, sweet mother, doe not weepe.

*Mistris Touchstone.* God blesse you! I would I were in my grave.

*Ger.* Nay, deare mother, can you steale no 140 more money from my father? Dry your eyes, and comfort me. Alas! it is my knights fault, and not mine, that I am in a wast-coate, and attyred thus simply.

*Mist. T.* Simply? Tis better then thou de- 145 serv'st. Never whimper for the matter. *Thou should'st have look'd before thou hadst leap't.* Thou wert a fire to be a lady, and now your ladishippe and you may both *blowe at the cole*, for ought I know. *Selfe doe, selfe have. The hastie person* 150 *never wants woe*, they say.

*Ger.* Nay then mother, you should ha look'd to it. A bodie would thinke you were the

147 *look'd*, Q2 loook't.

older! I did but my kinde, I. He was a knight, and I was fit to be a lady. Tis not lacke of liking, but lacke of living, that severs us. And you talke like your selfe and a cittiner in this, yfaith. You shew what husband you come on, i-wys. You smell the Touch-stone—he that will doe more for his daughter that he has mar-ryed [to] a scirvie gold-end man and his prentise, then he will for his t'other daughter, that has wedded a knight and his customer. By this light, I thinke hee is not my legittimate father.

*Sin.* O good madam, doe not take up your mother so!

*Mist. T.* Nay, nay, let her eene alone. Let her ladishippe grieve me still, with her bitter taunts and termes. I have not dole inough to see her in this miserable case, I, without her velvet gownes, without ribbands, without jewels, without French-wires, or cheat bread, or quailes, or a little dog, or a genttleman usher, or anything, indeed, that's fit for a lady—

*Sin.* [*aside*] Except her tongue.

*Mist. T.* And I not able to releive her, neither, being kept so short by my husband. Well, God knowes my heart. I did little thinke that ever shee should have had need of her sister Golding!

*Ger.* Why mother, I ha not yet. Alas! good mother, bee not intoxicate for mee; I am

161 [*to*] *a scirvie*, Qq. omit *to*.

well inough; I would not change husbands with my sister, I. *The legge of a larke is better then the body of a kight.*

*Mist. T.* I know that, but—— 18

*Ger.* What, sweete mother, what?

*Mist. T.* It's but ill food, when nothing's left but the claw.

*Ger.* That's true, mother. Aye me.

*Mist. T.* Nay, sweete lady-bird, sigh not. 19 Child, madame; why doe you weepe thus? Bee of good cheere; I shall die if you crye, and marre your complexion thus.

*Ger.* Alas mother, what should I doe?

*Mist. T.* Goe to thy sister's, childe; shee'le 19 be proude thy lady-ship will come under her roofe. Shee'le winne thy father to release thy knight, and redeeme thy gownes, and thy coach and thy horses, and set thee up againe.

*Ger.* But will shee get him to set my knight 20 up too?

*Mist. T.* That shee will, or anything else thou'lt aske her.

*Ger.* I will begin to love her if I thought she would doe this. 20

*Mist. T.* Try her, good chucke; I warrant thee.

*Ger.* Doost thou thinke shee'le doo't?

*Sin.* I, madame, and be glad you will receive it. 21

*Mist. T.* That's a good mayden, shee tells you trew. Come, Ile take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

*Ger.* Goe, Syn, and pray for thy Franck, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt.*] 215

[Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

*Goldsmith's Row.*]

*Enter Touchstone, Goulding, Woolfe.*

*Touchstone.* I will receive no letters, M[aster] Woolf, you shal pardon me.

*Golding.* Good father let me entreat you.

*Touch.* Sonne Goulding, I will not be tempted; I finde mine owne easie nature, and I 5 know not what a well-pend, subtile letter may worke upon it; there may be tricks, packing, doe you see? Returne with your packet, sir.

*Wolf.* Beleeve it sir, you need feare no packing here; these are but letters of submission 10 all.

*Touch.* Sir, I doe looke for no submission. I will beare my selfe in this like blinde Justice. *Worke upon that now.* When the sessions come, they shall heare from me. 15

*Gold.* From whom come your letters, M[aster] Woolfe?

*Wolf.* And't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronell, another from Francis Quickesilver, and a third from old Securitie, who is almost madde in prison. There are two to your worship; one from M[aster] Francis, sir, another from the knight.

*Touch.* I doe wonder, M[aster] Woolfe, why you should travaile thus, in a businesse so contrarie to kinde, or the nature o' your place; that you, beeing the keeper of a prison, should labour the release of your prisoners; whereas, mee thinkes, it were farre more naturall and kindely in you to be ranging about for more, and not let these scape you have alreadie under the tooth. But they say, you wolves, when you ha' suck't the blood, once that they are drie, you ha' done.

*Wolf.* Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any mens discourse or behaviour in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdome under my keyes; and almost of all religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritane, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Famely o' Love, Jewe, Turke, Infidell, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.

*Gold.* And which of all these, thinkes M[aster] Woolfe, was the best religion?

*Wolf.* Troth, M[aster] Deputie, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farder.

*Gold.* I beleeve you, M[aster] Woolfe. Good faith, sir, here's a great deale of humilitie i' these letters! 50

*Wolf.* Humilitie, sir? I. Were your worshippe an eye-witnesse of it you would say so. The knight will i' the Knights-Ward, doe what we can, sir; and Maister Quickesilver would 55 be i' the Hole if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent, or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing of psalmes, and ædifying the whole prison; onely Securitie sings a note to high sometimes, be- 60 cause he lyes i' the Two-penny Ward, farre of, and can not take his tune. The neighbours can not rest for him, but come every morning to aske what godly prisoners we have.

*Touch.* Which on 'hem is't is so devout, the 65 knight or the t'other?

*Wolf.* Both, sir; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hayre too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. Hee can tell you, almost all the 70 stories of the Booke of Martyrs, and speake you all the Sicke-Mans Salve without booke.

66 *t'other*, Qq. to'ther.

*Touch.* I, if he had had grace—he was brought up where it grew, iwis. On, Maister Wolfe.

*Wolf.* And he has converted one Fangs, a serjeant, a fellow could neither write nor read; he was call'd the Bandog o' the Counter; and he has brought him already to pare his nailes and say his prayers; and 'tis hop'd, he will sell his place shortly, and become an intelligencer.

*Touch.* No more; I am comming allready. If I should give any farder eare, I were taken. Adue, good Maister Wolfe. Sonne, I doe feele mine owne weakenesses; do not importune me. Pity is a rheume that I am subject too; but I will resist it. Maister Wolfe, *Fish is cast away that is cast in drye pooles.* Tell Hypocrisie, it will not do; I have touchd and tried too often; I am yet proofe, and I will remaine so. When the sessions come, they shall heare from me. In the meane time, to all suites, to all intreaties, to all letters, to all trickes, I will be deafe as an adder and blind as a beetle, lay mine eare to the ground, and lock mine eyes i' my hand against all temptations. *Exit.*

*Gold.* You see, Maister Wolfe, how inexorable he is. There is no hope to recover him. Pray you commend me to my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis; present 'hem with this small token of my love; tell 'hem, I wish

I could do 'hem any worthier office; but in this, 'tis desperate: yet I will not faile to trie the uttermost of my power for 'hem. And sir, as farre as I have any credit with you, pray you let 'hem want nothing; though I am not ambi- 105 tious they should know so much.

*Wolf.* Sir, both your actions and words speake you to be a true gentleman. They shall know onely what is fit, and no more. *Exeunt.*

## [Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

*The Counter. Enter Bramble to Holdfast.*]

*Holdfast.* Who would you speake with, sir?

*Bramble.* I would speake with one Securitie that is prisoner here.

*Hold.* You are welcome, sir. Stay there, Ile call him to you. Maister Securitie! 5

[*Enter Security.*]

*Security.* Who call's?

*Hold.* Here's a gentleman would speake with you.

*Sec.* What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see 10 how the hornes shoote up and prosper?

*Hold.* You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little craz'd with his imprisonment.

*Enter Bramble*, etc., Qq. *Holdfast, Bramble, Securitie.*

*Sec.* What say you to me, sir? Looke you here, my learned counsaile, M[aster] Bramble! Crye you mercie, sir! When sawe you my wife?

*Bram.* Shee is now at my house, sir; and desir'd mee that I would come to visite you, and inquire of you your case, that we might worke some meanes to get you foorth.

*Sec.* My case, M[aster] Bramble, is stone walles and yron grates; you see it, this is the weakest part on 't. And for getting me forth, no meanes but hang my selfe, and so to be carryed foorth, from which they have here bound me in intollerable bands.

*Bram.* Why, but what is 't you are in for, sir?

*Sec.* For my sinnes, for my sinnes, sir, whereof mariage is the greatest. O, had I never marryed, I had never knowne this purgatorie, to which hell is a kinde of coole bathe in respect; my wives confederacie, sir, with olde Touchstone, that shee might keepe her jubilæe and the feast of her new-moone. Doe you understand me, sir?

*Enter Quickesilver.*

*Quicksilver.* Good sir, goe in and talke with him. The light dos him harme, and his example will bee hurtfull to the weake prisoners. Fie,

Father Securitie, that you'le bee still so prophane! 40
Will nothing humble you?

[*Exeunt Security, Bramble, Holdfast and Quicksilver.*]

*Enter two Prisoners, with a friend.*

*Friend.* What's he?

*Prisoner 1.* O, hee is a rare yong man! Doe you not know him?

*Friend.* Not I. I never saw him, I can remember. 45

*Prisoner 2.* Why, it is he that was the gallant prentise of London—M[aster] Touchstones man.

*Friend.* Who?—Quickesilver? 50

*Pris. 1.* I, this is hee.

*Friend.* Is this hee? They say he has beene a gallant indeede.

*Pris.* [*1.*] O, the royallest fellow that ever was bred up i' the citie. He would play you his 55 thousand pound a night at dice; keepe knights and lords companie; go with them to baudie houses; had his sixe men in a liverie; kept a stable of hunting horses and his wench in her velvet gowne and her cloth of silver. Heres one 60 knight with him here in prison.

*Friend.* And how miserably he is chaung'd!

*Pris. 1.* O, that's voluntary in him: he gave

away all his rich clothes, assoone as ever hee came in here, among the prisoners; and will eate o' the basket, for humilitie.

*Friend.* Why will he doe so?

[*Pris. 1.*] Alas, hee has no hope of life! Hee mortifies himselfe. He dos but linger on till the sessions.

*Pris. 2.* O, he has pen'd the best thing, that hee calles his *Repentance* or his *Last Fare-well*, that ever you heard. Hee is a pretie poet; and for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has help't out, with penning petitions for 'hem, and not take a penny. Looke! this is the knight, in the rugge gowne. Stand by.

*Enter Petronel, Bramble, Quickesilver.*

*Bramble.* Sir, for Securities case, I have told him: say he should be condemned to be carted or whipt for a bawde, or so, why, Ile lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgement, he shal do it in halfe an howre; they shal not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

*Petronel.* But can we not be bay'ld, M[aster] Bramble?

*Bram.* Hardly; there are none of the judges

68 [*Pris. 1.*] *Alas*, Qq. *Pris. 2.*
*Enter Petronel, Quickesilver*, Qq. add *Woolfe.*

in towne, else you should remove your selfe (in spight of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the towne, that hee may have feeling of it (doe you see), you may be bayl'd; for as I understand the case, tis onely done *in terrorem;* and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costes.

*Enter* M[*aster*] *Woolfe.*

*Quicksilver.* How now, M[aster] Woolfe? what newes? what returne?

*Wolf.* Faith, bad all: yonder will bee no letters received. He sayes the sessions shall determine it. Onely, M[aster] Deputie Golding commends him to you, and with this token wishes he could doe you other good.

*Quick.* I thanke him. Good M[aster] Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; doe not molest us in prison thus, with your winding devises; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to him that can succour mee; let God worke his will. M[aster] Woolfe, I pray you let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'hem to pray for us.

[*Exit Bramble.*]

107 *my part*, Q2 pat; Q3 port.

*Wolf.* It shall bee done, M[aster] Francis.

*Pris. 1.* An excellent temper!

*Pris. 2.* Nowe God send him good-lucke!

*Exeunt* [*two Prisoners and Friend.*]

*Pet.* But what said my father in lawe, M[aster] Woolfe?

*Enter Hold*[*fast.*]

*Holdfast.* Here's one would speake with you, sir.

*Wolf.* Ile tell you anon, Sir Petronell; [*Exit Petronell.*] who is't?

*Hold.* A gentleman, sir, that will not be seene.

*Enter Gold*[*ing*].

*Wolf.* Where is he? M[aster] Deputie! your wor[ship] is wel-come.——

*Golding.* Peace!

*Wolf.* Away, srah! [*Exit Holdfast.*]

*Gold.* Good faith, M[aster] Woolfe, the estate of these gentlemen, for whome you were so late and willing a sutor, doth much affect mee; and because I am desirous to doe them some faire office, and find there is no meanes to make my father relent so likely as to bring him to be a spectator of their miseries; I have ventur'd on a device, which is, to make my selfe your pris-

oner: entreating, you will presently goe report 135
it to my father, and (fayning an action, at sute
of some third person) pray him by this token,
[*giving a ring*] that he will presently, and with
all secrecie, come hether for my bayle; which
trayne, if any I know, will bring him abroad; 140
and then, having him here, I doubt not but we
shall be all fortunate in the event.

*Wolf.* Sir, I wil put on my best speede to
effect it. Please you come in.

*Gold.* Yes; and let me rest conceal'd, I pray 145
you.

*Wolf.* See here a benefit truely done, when it
is done timely, freely, and to no ambition.

[*Exeunt.*]

## [Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

*Touchstone's House.*]

*Enter Touchstone, Wife, Daughters, Syn*[*defie*], *Winyfred.*

*Touchstone.* I will sayle by you, and not heare
you, like the wise Ulisses.

*Mildred.* Deare father!

*Mistress Touchstone.* Husband!

*Gertrude.* Father! 5

*Exeunt*, Qq. *Exit.*

*Winifred and Sindefy.* M[aster] Touchstone!

*Touch.* Away, syrens, I wil inmure my selfe against your cryes, and locke my selfe up to your lamentations.

*Mist T.* Gentle husband, heare me!

*Ger.* Father, it is I, father; my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

*Mild.* Good father!

*Win.* Be not hardned, good M[aster] Touchstone!

*Sin.* I pray you, sir, be mercifull!

*Touch.* I am deafe; I doe not heare you; I have stopt mine eares with shoomakers waxe, and drunke Lethe and mandragora to forget you. All you speake to mee I commit to the ayre.

*Enter Woolfe.*

*Mild.* How now, M[aster] Woolfe?

*Wolf.* Where's M[aster] Touchstone? I must speake with him presently; I have lost my breath for hast.

*Mild.* What's the matter sir? Pray all be well.

*Wolf.* Maister Deputy Goulding is arrested upon an execution, and desires him presently to come to him forthwith.

10 *your lamentations*, Qq *our*.

*Mild.* Aye me! doe you heare, father?

*Touch.* Tricks, tricks, confederacie, tricks! I have 'hem in my nose—I sent 'hem!

*Wolf.* Who's that? Maister Touchstone?

*Mist. T.* Why it is M[aster] Wolfe himselfe, husband.

*Mild.* Father!

*Touch.* I am deafe still, I say. I will neither yeeld to the song of the syren nor the voice of the hyena, the teares of the crocodile nor the howling o' the Wolfe: avoid my habitation, monsters!

*Wolf.* Why, you are not mad, sir? I pray you looke forth, and see the token I have brought you, sir.

*Touch.* Ha! what token is it?

*Wolf.* Do you know it, sir?

*Touch.* My sonne Gouldings ring! Are you in earnest Mai[ster] Wolfe?

*Wolf.* I, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and requir'd me to use all speed and secrecie to you.

*Touch.* My cloake there (pray you be patient). I am plagu'd for my austeritie. My cloake! At whose suite, Maister Wolfe?

*Wolf.* Ile tell you as we goe sir. *Exeunt.*

[ACTUS QUINTUS. SCENA QUINTA.

*The Counter.*]

*Enter Friend, Prisoners.*

*Friend.* Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

*Prisoner 1.* Troth, it should seeme so; and 'tis a great pity, for he is exceeding penitent.

*Friend.* They say he is charg'd but on suspicion of felony yet. 5

*Prisoner 2.* I, but his maister is a shrewd fellow; heele prove great matter against him.

*Friend.* I'de as live as anything I could see his *Farewell.* 10

*Pris. 1.* O, tis rarely written: why Tobie may get him to sing it to you; hee's not curious to any body.

*Pris. 2.* O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and 15 thinkes he merits in't, the more shame he suffers.

*Pris. 1.* Pray thee, try what thou canst doe.

*Pris. 2.* I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarce with the often repeating of 20 it. *Exit.*

*Pris. 1.* You never saw a more courteous

creature then he is; and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'hem. You shall heare a thing admirably pend.

*Friend.* Is the knight any scholler too?

*Pris. 1.* No, but he will speake verie well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friers, and against baudes, and of cocks; and talke as loude as a hunter, but is none.

*Enter Wolfe and Touchstone.*

*Wolf.* Please you stay here, sir, Ile cal his worship downe to you.

[*Exit Wolf; Touchstone stands apart, right.*]

*Pris. 1.* See, he has brought him, and the knight too. Salute him.

[*Re*]*enter* [*Prisoner 2 with*] *Quick*[*silver*], *Pet*[*ronel and Security; Golding following, stands apart, left.*]

[*Pris. 1.*] I pray, Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to heare some piece of your *Repentance.*

*Quick.* Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told M[aster] Tobie, I shall be glad to have any man a witnesse of it. And the more openly I

[*Re*]*enter* [*Prisoner*]. In the Qq. the stage direction follows *repentance*, and the speech of *Prisoner 1* is not broken.

professe it, I hope it will appeare the hartier, and the more unfained.

*Touchstone* [*aside.*] Who is this?—my man Francis, and my sonne in lawe? 45

*Quicksilver.* Sir, it is all the testimonie I shall leave behind me to the world, and my master that I have so offended.

*Friend.* Good sir!

*Quick.* I writ it when my spirits were op- 50 prest.

*Petronel.* I, Ile be sworne for you, Francis.

*Quick.* It is in imitation of Maningtons, he that was hangd at Cambridge, that cut of the horses head at a blow. 55

*Friend.* So, sir!

*Quick.* To the tune of *I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.*

*Pet.* An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune. 60

*Quick.* *In Cheapside famous for gold and plate,*
*Quicksilver, I did dwel of late;*
*I had a master good and kind,*
*That would have wrought me to his mind.*
*He bad me still, Worke upon that,* 65
*But, alas! I wrought I knew not what.*
*He was a Touchstone black, but true;*
*And told me still what would ensue;*

*Yet woe is me! I would not learne;*
*I saw, alas! but could not discerne!* 70

*Friend.* Excellent, excellent well.

*Gold.* [*aside*] O let him alone. Hee is taken already.

*Quick. I cast my coat and cap away,*
*I went in silkes and sattens gay,* 75
*False mettall of good manners I*
*Did dayly coine unlawfully.*
*I scornd my master, being drunke;*
*I kept my gelding and my punke;*
*And with a knight, Sir Flash, by name,* 80
*Who now is sory for the same—*

*Pet.* I thanke you, Francis.

*Quick. I thought by sea to runne away,*
*But Thames and tempest did me stay.*

*Touch.* [*aside*] This cannot be fained sure. 85 Heaven pardon my severity! *The ragged colt, may proove a good horse.*

*Gold.* [*aside*] How he listens! and is transported! He has forgot me.

*Quick. Still Eastward hoe was all my word:* 90
*But westward I had no regard,*
*Nor never thought what would come after,*
*As did, alas! his youngest daughter.*
*At last the black oxe trode o' my foote,*
*And I saw then what longd untoo 't;* 95

*Now cry I, "Touchstone, touch me stil,*
*And make me currant by thy skill."*

*Touch.* And I will do it, Francis.

*Wolf.* Stay him, M[aster] Deputie; now is the time: we shall loose the song else.

*Friend.* I protest it is the best that ever I heard.

*Quick.* How like you it, gentlemen?

*All.* O admirable, sir!

*Quick.* This stanze now following alludes to the story of Mannington, from whence I tooke my project for my invention.

*Friend.* Pray you goe on, sir.

*Quick.* *O Mannington, thy stories shew,*
*Thou cutst a horse-head off at a blow.*
*But I confesse, I have not the force*
*For to cut off the head of a horse;*
*Yet I desire this grace to winne,*
*That I may cut off the horse-head of Sin,*
*And leave his body in the dust*
*Of sinnes high way and bogges of lust,*
*Wherby I may take Vertues purse,*
*And live with her for better, for worse.*

*Friend.* Admirable, sir, and excellently conceited!

*Quick.* Alas, sir!

*Touch.* Sonne Goulding and M[aster] Wolfe I thank you: the deceipt is welcome, especially from thee, whose charitable soule in this hath shewne a high point of wisedome and honesty. Listen, I am ravished with his repentance, and could stand here a whole prentiship to heare him.

*Friend.* Forth, good sir.

*Quick.* This is the last, and the *Farewell.*

*Farewel, Cheapside, farewel sweet trade*
*Of Goldsmithes all, that never shall fade;*
*Farewell, deare fellow prentises all,*
*And be you warned by my fall:*
*Shun usurers, bauds, and dice, and drabs,*
*Avoide them as you would French scabs.*
*Seeke not to goe beyonde your tether,*
*But cut your thongs unto your lether;*
*So shall you thrive by little and little,*
*Scape Tiborne, Counters, and the Spitle.*

*Touch.* And scape them shalt thou my penitent and deare Frances!

*Quick.* Master!

*Pet.* Father!

*Touch.* I can no longer forbeare to doe your humility right. Arise, and let me honour your repentance with the hearty and joyfull embraces

of a father and friends love. Quicksilver, thou hast eate into my breast, Quicksilver, with the dropps of thy sorrow, and kild the desperate opinion I had of thy reclaime.

*Quick.* O, sir, I am not worthy to see your worshipfull face!

*Pet.* Forgive me father.

*Touch.* Speake no more; all former passages are forgotten; and here my word shall release you. Thanke this worthy brother, and kind friend, Francis.—M[aster] Wolfe, I am their bayle. *A shoute in the prison.*

*Security.* Maister Touchstone! Maister Touchstone!

*Touch.* Who's that?

*Wolf.* Securitie, sir.

*Sec.* Pray you, sir, if youle be wonne with a song, heare my lamentable tune too:

Song.

*O Maister Touchstone,*
*My heart is full of woe:*
*Alasse, I am a cuckold!*
*And why should it be so?*
*Because I was a usurer*
*And bawd, as all you know,*
*For which, again I tell you,*
*My heart is full of woe.*

*Touch.* Bring him forth, Maister Wolfe and release his bands. This day shalbe sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter.—See, we are encountred with more suters!

*Enter Mist[ress] Touchst[one], Gyr[tred], Mil[dred], Synd[efy and] Winnif[red].*

Save your breath, save your breath! All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartely satisfied in their events.

*Gertrude.* Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poore knight done all this while?

*Petronel.* Deare lady-wife, forgive me!

*Ger.* As heartely as I would be forgiven, knight. Deare father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' bene proud and lascivious, father; and a foole, father; and being raisd to the state of a wanton coy thing, calld a lady, father; have scorn'd you, father, and my sister, and my sisters velvet cap, too; and would make a mouth at the citty as I ridde through it; and stop mine eares at Bow-bell: I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you look'd like Twierpipe, the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife.

*Mistress Touchstone.* Now, God forgi' you, child, madame!

*Touch.* No more repetitions. What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

*Golding.* Only this, sir, that my fellow Fraun-cis make amends to Mistresse Syndefie with mariage.

*Quick.* With all my heart.

*Gold.* And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge masse he hath so unlawfully gotten.

*Touch.* Excellently devisd! a good motion! What sayes Maister Securitie?

*Sec.* I say anything, sir, what you'll ha me say. Would I were no cuckold!

*Win.* Cuckold, husband? Why, I thinke this wearing of yellow has infected you.

*Touch.* Why, Maister Securitie, that should rather be a comfort to you then a corasive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautifull woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want mony; you shall be easd of much o' your wedlock paine; others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer (and likely to goe to hell), the devills will never tor-ment you: they'll take you for one o their owne race. Againe, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

*Secur.* I am resolv'd sir. Come hether, Winny.

*Touch.* Well then, all are pleasd; or shall be anone. Maister Wolfe you looke hungry, me thinkes. Have you no apparell to lend Fraun-cis to shift him? 230

*Quick.* No sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my sute, that I may goe home, through the streetes, in these, as a spectacle, or rather an example to the children of Cheapeside. 235

*Touch.* Thou hast thy wish. Now London, looke about,
And in this morrall see thy glasse runne out:
Behold the carefull father, thrifty sonne, 240
The solemne deedes, which each of us have done;
The usurer punisht, and from fall so steepe
The prodigall child reclaimd, and the lost sheepe.

## EPILOGUS

[*Quick.*] Stay, sir, I perceive the multitude are gatherd together to view our comming out at the Counter. See if the streets and the fronts of the houses be not stucke with people, and the windowes fild with ladies, as on the solemne day of the pageant!

*O may you find in this our pageant, here,*
*The same contentment which you came to seeke;*
*And as that Shew but drawes you once a yeare,*
*May this attract you hether once a weeke.*

*Exeunt.*

[*Quick.*] In the Qq. the Epilogue is not assigned.
*Exeunt.* Qq. place this after l. 243, p. 141.

# Notes

# Notes to Eastward Hoe

*Single words will be found in the Glossary.*

## The Three Quartos of Eastward Hoe.

THREE quarto versions of *Eastward Hoe* appeared in the year 1605, all "printed for William Aspley" and showing title-pages practically identical. Only one of these versions contains the passage against the Scotch which cast two of the authors into prison. It is plain that the version containing the cancelled passage preceded the other two: we may call it the first quarto (Q1). One of the two other quartos is entirely reset. The play has here been crowded into a smaller space, and appears from the many misprints to be a hasty and inferior version. This quarto we may regard as the third (Q3), because it differs most widely from the first, and because it displays an evident attempt to correct slips of the other versions, despite its own generous crop of additional errors. As between Q2 and Q3, there is a tendency, on the part of the latter, to use many abbreviations (& for *and*, a dash over the preceding letter to indicate *n*, briefer forms and shortenings of proper names, for example). There is a closer setting of type and snugger spacing, and verse is more frequently set in double column. As a result Q3 runs in fours from A to H, and ends with H 4 *verso*; while Q2 runs A to I in fours, ending in I 4 *verso*. Lastly, many printer's errors of Q2, most of them trivial, are corrected (*e. g.* *'t were* for *t'were*, *trade* for *ttade*, *madam* for *medam*).

Save for some trifling changes about that part of the play in which alterations were probably made when the passage libelling the Scotch was suppressed, Q1 and Q2 appear to have been printed from the same setting. The printer, ordered to excise the objectionable words, would naturally make corrections only on the pages containing those words, and would endeavor to use the other signatures of his copies which might be yet unsold in making up the revised edi-

tion. The libellous passage occurs near the bottom of page E 3 *verso*, and must have run some three or four lines over on page E 4. Hence two pages were affected, and unless the type was still standing when the order came to excise (a coincidence not impossible), E 3 and E 4 *verso* would have had to be reprinted as well. The passage from Q1, omitted in Q2 and Q3, contains seventy-nine words; and at the end of the speech which contained the omitted words there is an added passage of thirty-one words in both the other quartos. Moreover in Q2 (but not in Q3) the added passage occurs on page E 4. We have thus to account in Q2 (on pages E 3 *verso* and E 4), for a spacing sufficient to contain forty-eight words, the difference between the omitted passage (seventy-nine words) of Q1 and the added passage (thirty-one words) of Q2.

As a rule, Q2 runs thirty-eight or thirty-nine lines to the page, (there are thirty-eight lines on E 3, and thirty-seven on E 4 *verso*, the pages to either side of the two on which the corrections would have to be made). But on E 3 *verso* there are but thirty-seven lines; and on E 4 but thirty-five, owing to the unusually wide spacing above and below a stage direction. Thus on E 3 *verso* at least one line has been saved; and on E 4 two or, if need be, three. We have thus some four or five lines saved in the setting of these two pages. The lines of Q2 contain from nine to twelve words, and therefore the difference in number of words between the omitted passage of Q1 and the added passage of Q2 could readily have been contained in the blank space exhibited by Q2.

We may thus infer that Aspley had already finished the printing of *Eastward Hoe* and sold some copies in its early, complete form when the order came to suppress the libellous passage. This Aspley accomplished by resetting and reprinting the two pages of Q1 which contained the objectionable words, and by making up the rest of the new issue with the unsold parts of the old. The scandal of the libel and the imprisonment of the two authors quickly exhausted Q2; and to take advantage of this fortuitous and momentary interest in his book, Aspley hurriedly set the play again in Q3, economising space to expedite publication and to increase his profits. There are thus really but two editions of *Eastward Hoe*: Q1 and Q2, constituting the *editio princeps*; Q3, the second.

The courtesy of Mr. Beverley Chew and Mr. W. A. White,

both of New York and owners respectively of a Q2 and a Q3 of *Eastward Hoe*, has enabled the present editor to work with both editions before him. Mr. Chew's copy of Q2, employed for this edition, exhibits a misplacement of two leaves (E 3 and E 4). They precede instead of following E 1 and E 2. The copy of this quarto in the Bodleian Library at Oxford shows, according to the acting librarian, Dr. Madan, fragments of the old E 3 and E 4 following the new pages. It seems unlikely that any other changes were made save those explained above.

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**Eastward Hoe, Westward Hoe,** were cries of the watermen who plied on the Thames, in 1605 the main thoroughfare to different parts of London.

**Prologus.** Bullen attributes this prologue to Jonson from its "tone of arrogant assumption."

4, 5. **Opposde to ours in title.** The comedy of *Westward Hoe*, by Webster and Dekker, not printed until 1607.

6, 23. **Heyday! Ruffins** (*i. e. ruffians'*) **Hall.** "West Smithfield was formerly called Ruffians' Hall where ruffians met casually and otherwise to try masteries with sword and buckler." Ray's *Proverbs*, ed 1678, p. 328.

6, 30. **A justice of peace and of quorum** is one whose presence is necessary to constitute a bench. The phrase is derived from the words of the Latin commission reading *quorum unum A. B. esse volumus.*

6, 35. **I am intertaind among gallants, true;** etc. Mr. Bullen compares "the turn of this sentence" with a passage in Marston's *Fawn*. Bullen's *Works of Marston*, 1887, II. 181.

8, 68. **The devise of the horne . . . the buckall.** In *Notes and Queries* (Series VII. vol. IV. 323) may be found the description of a painting on a panel belonging to the sixteenth century, and representing a huge horn, the curved end upward. Two personages are engaged in thrusting an unfortunate wretch into

the horn at the big end, while at "the buckall" or small end a head and arm appear, and near by stands a previous victim in ragged garments, wringing his hands. The picture is inscribed: "This horne embleme here doth showe of suertishipp what harme doth growe:" and the whole is entitled "The Sea of Trubble." A later correspondent (same Series, VII. 376) refers this picture to the present passage.

8, 91. **Crackling bavins.** Literally a *bavin* is a bundle of brushwood easily ignited, and hence used for lighting fires. It is here employed of the upstart Quicksilver and his sudden flash into notoriety; and is prophetic of the brevity of his career. Cf. Shakespeare's "rash bavin wits," *1 Henry IV*, III. 2. 61.

9, 109. **Court-cut and long tayle.** *Court-cut* is equally a garment of courtly fashion and a bob-tailed or curtail dog, so maimed to show its owner a person qualified under the forest laws to hunt. *Long tayle* correspondingly alludes to a kind of garment and to the contrasted hunting dog.

10, 128. **Give armes,** show armorial bearings.

10, 134. **Let the welkin roare,** scraps of the rant of Ancient Pistol. See *2 Henry IV*, II. 4.

11, 145. **Christ-church,** a parish of London, including Newgate. Gingerbread was a favorite at Bartholomew Fair held in the neighborhood.

11, 156. **Who calls Jeronimo?** A line from *The Spanish Tragedy*, II. 5. 4.

12, 171. **Moore fieldes,** a favorite haunt of sturdy beggars and highwaymen.

13. **Bettrice leading a monkey.** The note of the late Dr. Nicholson that this dumb character, introduced here only in the play, was intended to ridicule "Beatrice (of *Much Ado About Nothing*) leading apes in hell, and the dumb Hero's Mother" in the same play, must be pronounced fanciful. See *Shakespeare's Centurie of Praise, New Shakspere Society's Publications*, 1879, p. 70.

13, 9. **In any hand,** under any circumstances. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, III. 6. 45: Let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

13, 10. **Thus whilst shee sleepes.** A line from a song

in John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Airs*, 1597, beginning "Sleep, wayward thoughts and rest you with my love."

14, 37. **Boe-bell!** In allusion to the popular definition of a cockney as one born within hearing of the bells of the church of St. Mary le Bow in Cheapside.

14, 44. **Ulisses . . . yoakt cattes.** Mildred's variation of the old fable is pardonable. Cf. Hyginus, *Fabula XCV*.

15, 61. **A right Scot.** Evidently a hit at the aping of Scotch costume and manners due to the incoming of a foreign prince. A Scotch farthingale is mentioned as a new fashion in *Westward Hoe*, I. 1.

18, 150. **Chittizens**, an affected pronunciation of *citizens*. Cf. *Blurt, Master Constable*, 1602, III. 3.

20, 178. **His castle on his backe.** Gallants often impoverished their estates by the costliness of their garments.

20, 201. **Wel parted**, of good parts. Bullen remarks that this is a Jonsonian expression, and refers to "The Characters of the Persons" prefixed to *Every Man Out of his Humour*, "a person well parted."

21, 214. **Tis honest times expence**, etc. It is worth the expenditure of my time (an honest man's) when seeming lightness (a grave man's making a match) bears a moral sense (*i. e.* contains a deeper purpose than the mere bringing together of two lovers).

26, 106. **Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!** Tamburlaine's extravagant words to the four captive kings drawing him in his chariot. (Part II, IV. 4.) The later dramatists never wearied in their ridicule of the old melodramas, *Tamburlaine* and *The Spanish Tragedy*.

26, 110. **Showse quot the caliver.** Perhaps no more than bang went the gun.

27, 134. **Hast thou not Hyren here?** One of Pistol's favorite quotations (*2 Henry IV*, II. 4. 165), supposed to be from Peele's lost play, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*.

27, 138. **Who cries on murther?** Evidently another reminiscence of *The Spanish Tragedy*. Cf. II. 5. 1; and see Jonson's *Poetaster*, III. 1, where nearly the same words are employed, though these words differ from the text as we have it.

28, 151. **Go westward ho,** *i. e.* westward in a cart to Tyburn, the place of execution. Cf. Greene's *The Second Part of Conny-catching*, 1591, Grosart's *Works of Greene*, X. 105.

28, 160. **Rente, flye with a duck in thy mouth.** Cf. the proverbs: "Throw it to the ducks," throw it away; and "To make ducks and drakes of a thing," to skim it carelessly on the surface of the water as boys do stones. See *Notes and Queries*, Series I. V. 42 and Series VII. I. 257.

28, 164. **When this eternall substance,** etc. This and the next two quotations are the opening lines of *The Spanish Tragedy*.

31. **Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.** Bullen marks a third scene at the close of this soliloquy of Security.

32, 20. **K. me, K. thee.** One good turn deserves another. *K.* was pronounced Kay. Ray's *Proverbs*, 1678, p. 163.

32, 31. **A scrappe to the nette of villanie.** Virtue is as nothing to the powerful and successful wiles of villainy.

32, 32. **They that use.** They that use it (virtue) simplie (merely), thrive simply (like fools).

32, 38. **Let my truncks shoote.** Trunck was also a term for a pea-shooter.

33, 41. **Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia.** The final catastrophe of *Mulleasses the Turke* (Act V, Scene 3), by John Mason and printed in 1608, takes place in this wise: Borgias is supposed slain, but haunts his court in the shape of a ghost. He enters, followed by two gentlemen, to Mulleasses, who discovers that Borgias is not an apparition, runs at him, and each gives the other his death wound. Doubtless Borgias entered behind a thin curtain or glided in the shadow of one, and hence the allusion.

33, 46. **When Sampson,** etc. A parody of an old ballad, see Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 1855–59, p. 241.

34, 78. **Under the wide hazzard.** The *hazzard* in tennis is the court into which the ball is served; to strike a ball into the hazzard is to win a point. The ship is here likened to a tennis ball tossed by the waves and driven not only into the wide hazzard *i e.*, into the open sea, but *under* its surface.

34, 81. **Well, Francke, well: the seas,** etc. This, and the next speech of Syndefy, are unmistakably in Jonson's moralizing vein. Cf. *Discoveries*, ed. 1892, pp. 20 and 46.

35, 103. **A prentise, quoth you?** You say that a prentice dare enter, can make way against "my worshipfull rascall," etc., how preposterous!

42, 20. **Westward to hange himself.** Cf. above, note p. 150.

43, 41. **Commoditie.** This alludes to a practice among the usurers of the day by which young spendthrifts were compelled to take a part of the sum advanced in goods more or less damaged, for which the usurer could charge what he pleased. Cf. *The Alchemist*, III. 4.

43, 49. **Fortie pound in rosted beefe.** Bullen refers to Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1609 (*Dekker's Works*, ed. Grosart, III. 231), where a hundred pounds' worth of "this extraordinary commodity" is mentioned.

43, 57. **God's me,** a mincing oath, possibly cut down from *God's my life*. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, II. 3. 96.

44, 87. **Turne-spit dog bound to his wheele.** Topsel mentions a dog, "in kitchin service excellent," that turns the spit by treading a wheel and "whom the popular sort hereupon call turnspits." *History of Four-footed Beasts*, 1658, p. 139.

47, 170. **Draw all my servants in my bowe.** Bend them all to my will. Cf. Foxe, *Book of Martyrs*, ed. 1631, III. 12. 880–882.

47, 172. **Read on a booke.** See *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 180; and cf. *Hamlet*, III. 1. 44.

54. **Enter Hamlet, a footeman, in haste.** (*Hamlet* had been on the stage three or four years at this time, and was the greatest dramatic success of its day.) This scene contains several jocular allusions to Shakespeare's tragedy, but the notion of Feis and some others that it contains a malicious attack on Shakespeare may be dismissed as unworthy of serious consideration. Ophelia calls for her coach (IV. 5. 71), an anachronism to which Jonson alone among the dramatists of his day would have given a moment's thought. Mr. Feis discovers in Gertrude's like call for her coach "the most shameless indecency" (*Shakespeare and Montaigne*,

1884, p. 197). *Hamlet are you madde*, needs no gloss. *In all the haste that the cold meat left at your wedding might serve to furnish their nuptiall table* (57, 74, below) alludes to "the funeral baked meats" that "coldly furnished forth the marriage tables" of Hamlet's mother and uncle (*Hamlet*, I. 2. 180); and, besides, one of the brides in each case was named Gertrude. (See, too, a further reference to *Hamlet* in Gertrude's song below, 58, 96.)

54, 11. **Blew cote,** the blue coat was the livery of the serving-man.

56, 50. **But a little higher,** the refrain of a song in Campion's *A Booke of Ayres*, 1601; Bullen's *Campion*, p. 19.

56, 55. **Gives no other milke,** is of no other use.

57, 74. **All the haste.** Cf. *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 91; and *at the length*, *North's Plutarch*, 1656, p. 592.

58, 96. **His head as white,** a variation of one of mad Ophelia's snatches of song. *Hamlet*, IV. 5. 190.

58. **Rosemary,** the herb of remembrance, used at weddings and funerals.

58, 105. **Mistresse What lacke you.** From the favorite cry, What lack you, of London shopkeepers to passers by.

60, 154. **Naturall,** the sense of this word, meaning a fool, breaks into Touchstone's thought and throws him back upon his favorite catch phrase.

60, 161. **A gentleman I doe not know,** etc. Your worship is a kind of gentleman with which I am unacquainted, being neither a gentleman by birth nor by nature. If you are a person that I have ever known you are now so disguised that I cannot recognize you.

60, 168. **Gallantry,** gallants, young bloods. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. 1. 149: All the gallantry of Troy.

61, 183. **Now, O now, I must depart,** a misquotation of a popular song in John Dowland's *First Book of Airs*, 1597.

65, 280. **To my best nerve,** to the best of my strength.

66, 299. **Who would not straine . . . a point-device?** Who would not be unneighborly to play a trick so appropriate? Security first puns on *point* of neighborhood (*i. e.* his duty as a neighbor) and *point-devise*, and then makes the latter word do double service for *point point-devise*, *i. e.* a trick just the

thing. Cf. above (line 284): whome would you Bring out this even in honest neighbour-hood, *i. e.* neighborliness.

66, 301. **Famous Draco.** By order of the queen the ship in which Sir Francis Drake had sailed round the world was laid up at Deptford, whither many sightseers were in consequence attracted. Mr. Swinburne notes in this allusion a betrayal of Chapman's hand.

70, 395. **Fetch you over** (to the tavern, accompany you). And then aside, You were nere so fetcht (gulled, as I shall fetch you).

71, 21. **There in 79.** The earliest colony in Virginia was that of Sir Richard Grenville in 1585; Hakluyt, *Voyages*, ed. 1600, III. 254. Professor Edward Channing suggests that this allusion refers to the expedition of 1587, known as "the lost colony," by some still believed to have found refuge with the Indians of the southern end of Pamlico Sound.

72, 32. **Their dripping pans . . . hoales in them.** This whole passage is imitated from Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*, ed. 1886, p. 98: "Of golde and sylver they make commonly chaumber pottes and other vesselles . . . of the same mettalles they make greate chaines, fetters and gieves wherin the[y] tie their bondmen. . . . They gather also pearles by the sea side, and diamondes . . . and therwith thei deck their yonge infauntes."

72, 48. **Onely a few industrious Scots . . . preposterously mixt.** This passage occurs only in a few copies, perhaps all that remain of a first quarto ordered to be destroyed. As to the relation of the various early editions of this play, see the note, p. 145. On the authors' difficulties in consequence, see the *Introduction*.

74, 85. **With cap and knee.** "These cups proceed either in order or out. In order when no person transgresseth or drinkes out of course, but the cup goes round according to the manner of setting: and this we call an health cup, because in our wishing or confirming any ones health bare-headed and standing, it is performed by all the company." *The Law of Drinking*, 1617, p. 9.

74, 100. **O' their knees.** There are many allusions in the plays of the time to this extravagant Bacchanal rite. A disconsolate lover sings (*Oxford Drollery*, 1671, p. 124): —

"I will no more her servant be,
The wiser I, the wiser I,
Nor pledge her health upon my knee," etc.

We are told in *Cynthia's Revels* (II. 1.), that the character, Anaides, who is supposed to represent Marston, "never kneels but to pledge healths."

77, 179. **Blackewall,** a place of shipping and docks on the Thames below Deptford.

80, 6. **A boate! a boate! a boate! a full hunderd markes for a boate!** Cf. *Richard III*, V. 4. 7, 13: A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

81. **Cuckolds' Haven** or **Cuckolds' Point** was a spot on the Surrey side of the Thames a little below Rotherhithe Church and near to the present Thames Railway Tunnel. The place was formerly distinguished by a tall pole with a pair of horns at the top. It was under this title that *Eastward Hoe* was revived and acted in 1685. The comments of Slitgut in this act are evidently made from the balcony at the back of the stage, whence — to imagination's inward eye — he can view the storm-tossed Thames from London Bridge, rather more than a mile by the river westward, to the Isle of Dogs, the nearest point of which can not be less than the same distance in an easterly and southeasterly direction.

81, 6. **In honour of Saint Luke.** A horn-fair was held at Charlton on St. Luke's day, October 18, traditionally commemorative of an exploit of King John.

84, 73. **S. Kath'rins,** an old royal hospital near to the Tower, used as a reformatory for fallen women; as appropriate a place for the landing of Winifred as is the Haven for her husband, and the gallows at Wapping for Quicksilver.

84. **Enter the Drawer in the Taverne,** *i. e.* the Drawer who was in the Tavern named before.

89, 201. **A poore knight of Windsore.** The Military Knights of Windsor lived on a benefaction for retired soldiers founded in 1349. In later times they were known as "alms knights" or "poor knights," doubtless from the insufficiency of the foundation by which they were supported; and the term be-

came synonymous with pauper. See *Notes and Queries*, Series V. vol. V. 209 and 252.

89, 201. **Ile a Doggs,** a low marshy tract along the Thames on the London side, forming a peninsula bounded by Lime House, Greenwich, and Blackwall reaches of the river.

89, 213. **I ken the man weel;** etc. Plainly a sneer at King James's carpet knights. Bullen suggests that "as he spoke the words the actor mimick'd James's Scotch accent."

91, 258. **Blanche copper,** etc. These devices of Quicksilver to live by his wits are suggestive of that lively prentice's younger and abler brother, Face of *The Alchemist*. Surely we have here the hand of Jonson.

91, 276. **Et habebis magisterium,** and thou will't have the philosopher's stone. See *Notes to the Alchemist*, p. 380.

94, 348. **No marvaile, then, if I could see two miles about me,** a jocular attempt to account for the change of scene from the place of "the shipwreck" to the neighborhood of the tavern at Billingsgate where Security meets his wife.

95, 355–364. **Farewel thou horne . . . stone fruite.** The *horne of hunger* is plainly that used as a summons to meals; the *horne of aboundance* or plenty becoming to the richer citizens or headsmen is here turned also to a sinister meaning; the *horne of direction* is the sign-post, with a pun on *lant* (*horne*), *land* (*horne*); the huntsman's *horne of pleasure* is obvious; as is the *horne of destinie*, that is, the cuckold's horn. Lastly the *horne tree* is the pole, surmounted with a pair of horns, whence Slitgut has just descended.

95, 6. **Cavallaria . . . Colonoria.** Latin law terms signifying the landholding of a knight and of an ordinary colonist-derived from the colonial deeds of the day.

95, 10. **Monmouth capps,** sailors' caps.

96, 28. **Weeping Crosse.** Nares notes three places of this title. To return by Weeping Crosse is obviously to repent an undertaking.

96, 31. **Bite o' the bridle for William.** Probably a hostler's proverb meaning, these horses are likely to get little feeding for anything that I'll do for them.

97, 49, **Presentation of the inquest,** as we would

say, report of the nominating committee. *Inquest* is simply *inquiry*.

98, 87. **Lady Ramsey**, wife of a lord mayor of London and benefactress of Christ's Hospital and other institutions; she died in 1596.

98, 88. **Grave Gresham**, Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, and chief financier of his day, lived between 1519 and 1579.

99, 92. **Thy deeds plaid i' thy life time.** This actually happened to Sir Thomas Gresham in the Latin play *Byrsa Basilica*, 1570. The allusions of the text are to Heywood's play in two parts, *If You Know Not Me You Know Nobody*, 1605, 1606, in the second one of which Gresham and Lady Ramsey appear as characters.

100, 126. **A new officer o' the first quarter**, in the first term of his service

102, 173. **Mary, fyste o' your kindnesse.** On this and the coarse proverb which follows, see Cotgrave.

102, 179. **Hunger drops out at his nose.** A vulgar proverb. Cf. *Upon English Proverbes*, *The Scourge of Folly*, 1611, Grosart's *Works of John Davies of Hereford*, 1878, p. 42.

104, 226. **Trust up at Wapping**, where pirates were hanged.

104, 230. **You might carry an M. under your girdle.** You might have the civility to use the term, Master.

106, 281. **Gresco** (or **Cresco**) **and primero** were both fashionable gambling games at cards. As to both, see the Glossary.

106, 283. **Bright piece of crimson**, gaily clad gallant.

106, 284. **Changeable trunks of apparel**, trunks full of changeable apparel.

111, 8. **O hone, hone**, etc. An Irish refrain or burden of lamentation.

112, 37. **Knight o' the Sunne**, a hero of *The Mirror of Knighthood*, published in seven parts between 1583 and 1601; *Palmerin of England*, Munday's translation of Hurtado's romance, was first published about 1581. The heroes of the *Morte Darthur* need no word here.

**113, 71. Lay . . . in lavender,** *i. e.* pawn.

**114, 96. Fayries now adayes.** For these popular superstitions see Bishop Corbet's *The Faeryes Farewell*, Chalmer's *English Poets*, V. 582.

**116, 153. A bodie would thinke you were the older.** Any one would know that you were the older, and hence would have expected sound advice of you.

**118, 183. The legge of a larke,** translated by Howell among English Proverbs, p. 7, *Lexicon Tettraglotton*, 1660.

**120, 42. Famely o' Love,** a religious association founded in Holland a few years before the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the chief tenet of which appears to have been that "the essence of religion consists in the feelings of Divine love, and that all other theological tennets . . . are of no importance." This sect was attacked, misunderstood, and abused by Middleton in his comedy, *The Family of Love*.

**121, 54–61. Knights-Ward, Hole, Two-penny Ward** are the names of different parts of the prison. The humility of the penitents causes them to choose inferior lodgings within the prison for discipline's sake. From his rank Sir Petronel might have claimed lodgment "of the Master's side." Cf. *Westward Hoe*, III. 2. See Fenner's *Compter's Commonwealth*, 1617.

**121, 72. Sicke-Mans Salve,** a popular book of devotion by Thomas Becon, published in 1561.

**123. The Counter** or Compter, on St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, was the prison of the Borough of the City of London in which debtors and those guilty of mere misdemeanors were imprisoned. Minsheu explains the word: "Because whosoever slippeth in there must be sure to account, and pay well too, ere he get out again." The Counter was situated opposite the Tabard Inn, and was destroyed by fire in 1676.

**126, 65. Eate o' the basket,** containing broken victuals collected for the poorer prisoners.

**128, 126. Away, srah!** evidently addressed to Wolf's assistant turnkey, Holdfast, who lingers after conducting Golding to Wolf. Bullen supplies here instead and "at a venture," "*Exit Bramble.*"

**131, 42. Voice of the hyena.** The hyena was supposed

to be able to counterfeit a man's voice to lure him tc destruction. Topsell, *The History of Four-footed Beasts*, 1658, p. 341.

134, 53. **Maningtons.** *A woeful Ballad made by Mr. George Mannynton, an houre before he suffered at Cambridge-castell* was entered on the Stationers' Register Nov. 7. 1576. See Ritson, *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ed. 1877, p. 188.

134, 57. **I waile in woe.** The first line of Mannington's ballad. Quicksilver's song is a satirical take-off of the "neck verses" actually written by criminals, or for them, and often sung or recited by them on their way to Tyburn.

135, 72. **O let him** (Quicksilver) **alone,** don't interrupt his song. **Hee** (Touchstone) **is taken already.**

135, 94. **The black oxe trode o' my foote,** a proverbial expression, meaning trouble came upon me.

140, 216. **Wearing of yellow.** This was alike the color of Security's prison dress and of jealousy.

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## LETTERS OF CHAPMAN AND JONSON CONCERNING *EASTWARD HOE*

THE following letters are reprinted from the *Athenæum* of March 30, 1901. They were communicated to that journal by Mr. Bertram Dobell, who took them from a quarto manuscript commonplace book of ninety leaves into which they had been copied together with other letters, petitions, and documents dating between 1580 and 1613. All are written in the old court hand. Mr. Dobell is of opinion that "the writer or collector of the documents can have been no other than George Chapman." The manuscript contains ten documents, apparently relating to the misfortunes of the poets in the

matter of *Eastward Hoe.* One of these was printed by Gifford, from a copy among the Hatfield Papers, in his *Memoir of Ben Jonson.*[1] Mr. Dobell reprints six others, three of them Chapman's, three Jonson's. All of these are reprinted here.

TO HIS MOST GRATIOUS MAJESTIE.

Vouchsafe most Excellent Soveraigne to take mercifull notice of the submissive and amendfull sorrowes of your two most humble and prostrated subjects for your highnes displeasure: Geo: Chapman and Ben Jhonson; whose chief offences are but two clawses, and both of them not our owne; much less the unnaturall issue of our offenceles intents: I hope your Majestie's universall knowledge will daigne to remember: That all Authoritie in execution of Justice especiallie respects the manners and lives of men commanded before it; And accordinge to their generall actions censures anythinge that hath scapt them in perticular; which cannot be so disproportionable that one being actuallie good, the other should be intentionallie ill; if not intentionallie (howsoever it may lie subject to construction) where the whole founte of our actions may be justified from beinge in this kind offensive; I hope the integrall partes will taste of the same loyall and dutifull order: which to aspire from your most Cesar-like Bountie (who conquered still to spare the conquered, and was glad of offences that he might forgive). In all dijection of never-inough itterated sorrowe for your high displeasure, and vowe of as much future delight as of your present anger; we cast our best parts at your highnes feete, and our worst to hell.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

MOST WORTHELY HONORD.

Of all the oversights for which I suffer none repents me so much as that our unhappie booke was presented without your Lordshippes allowance, for which we can plead nothinge by way of pardon: but your Person so farr removed from our requirde attendance; our

[1] Cunningham's *Jonson*, I. cxvii.

play so much importun'de, and our cleere opinions, that nothinge it contain'd could worthely be held offensive; and had your good Lordshippe vouchsafte this addition of grace to your late free bounties, to have heard our reasons for our well wayd Opinions; And the wordes truly related on which both they and our enemies Complaints were grounded; I make no question but your Impartial Justice, wolde have stoode much further from their clamor then from our acquittall; which indifferent favoure, if yet your no less than Princelye respect of vertue shall please to bestowe on her poore observant, and commaunde my Appearaunce; I doubt not but the Tempest that hath dryven me into this wrackfull harbor will cleere with my Innocence; And withall the most sorrow inflicting wrath of his Excellent Majestie: which to my most humble and zealous affection is so much the more stormye, by how much some of my obscured laboures have striv'd to aspire in stead therof his illustrate favoure: And shall not be the least honor to his most Royall vertues.

To the most worthy and honorable Protector of vertue: The Lord Chamberlain.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

## [TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.]

Notwithstandinge your lordshipps infinite free bountie hath pardon'd and grac't when it might justlie have punisht; and remembered our poore reputations when our acknowledged dewties to your lordshippe might worthely seeme forgotten; yet since true honor delightes to encrease with encrease of goodness; & that our habilities and healths fainte under our yrcksome burthens; we are with all humilitie enforc't to solicite the propagation of your most noble favours to our present freedome; And the rather since we heare from the Lord Dawbney, that his highnes hath remitted one of us wholie to your Lo: favoure; And that the other had still youre Lo: passinge noble remembrance for his jointe libertie; which his highnes selfe would not be displeas'd to allow; And thus with all gratitude admyringe youre no lesse then sacred respect to the poore estate of vertue, never were our soules more appropriate to the powers of our lives, then our utmost lives are consecrate to your noblest service.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

MOST HONORABLE LORD:

Although I cannot but know your Lo: to be busied with far greater and higher affaires than to have leysure to discend sodainelye on an estate so low and remov'd as myne; yet since the cause is in us wholie mistaken (at least misconstrued) and that every noble and just man is bound to defend the innocent, I doubt not but to finde your Lordshipp full of that woonted vertue and favoure wherewith you have ever abounded toward the truth. And though the imprisonment itselfe can not but grieve mee (in respect of his Majesties high displeasure, from whence it proceedes) yet the manner of it afflicts me more being commytted hether, unexamyned, nay unheard (a Rite not commonlie denyed to the greatest offenders) and I made a guiltie man longe before I am one, or ever thought to bee: God, I call to testimonye what my thoughts are, and ever have bene of his Majestie; & so may I thrive when he comes to be my Judge & my Kinges as they are most sincere: And I appeale to posteritie that will hereafter read and judge my writings (though now neglected) whether it be possible I should speak of his Majestie as I have done without the affection of a most zealous and good subject. It hath ever bene my destinye to be misreported and condemn'd on first tale; but I hope there is an eare left for mee, and by your honor I hope it, who have alwaies bene frend to Justice; a vertue that Crownes youre Nobilitie. So with my most humble prayer of your Pardon, and all advanced wishes for your honor, I begin to know my dutie, which is to forbeare to trouble your Lo: till my languishinge estate may drawe free breath from your Comfortable worde.

BEN JOHNSON.

MOST NOBLE EARLE [OF PEMBROKE]:

Neither am I or my cause so much unknowne to your Lordshippe as it should drive mee to seeke a second meanes, or dispaire of this to your favoure. You have ever been free and noble to mee, and I doubt not the same proportion of your Bounties, if I can but answere it with preservation of my vertue and innocence; when I faile of those let me not onlye be abandon'd of you, but of men. The Anger of the Kinge is death (saith the wise man) and in truth it is little lesse with mee and my frend, for it hath buried us

quick. And though we know it onlie the propertie of men guiltie, and worthy of punishment to invoke Mercye; yet now it might relieve us, who have onlie our Fortunes made our fault; and are indeede vexed for other men's licence. Most honor'd Earle, be hastie to our succoure; And it shall be our care and studye not to have you repent the tymely benefit you do us; which we will ever gratefully receive and multiplye in our acknowledgment.

BEN JOHNSON.

EXCELLENTEST OF LADIES, [COUNTESS OF RUTLAND?]

And most honord of the Graces, Muses, and mee; if it be not a sinne to prophane your free hand with prison polluted paper, I wolde entreate some little of youre ayde to the defence of my innocence which is as cleare as this leafe was (before I staind it) of any thinge halfe-worthye of this violent infliction; I am commytted and with mee a worthy Friend, one Mr. Chapman, a man, I can not say how known to your Ladishipp, but I am sure knowne to mee to honor you: and our offence a Play, so mistaken, so misconstrued, so misapplied, as I do wonder whether their Ignorance or Impudence be most, who are our adversaries. It is now not disputable for we stand on uneven bases, and our cause so unequally carried, as we are without examininge, without hearinge, or without any proofe but malicious Rumor, horried to bondage and fetters; The cause we understand to be the Kinges indignation, for which we are hartelye sorie, and the more by how much the less we have deserv'd it. What our sute is, the worthy employde Soliciter and equall Adorer of youre vertues, can best enforme you.

BEN JONSON.

For comparison, the letter of Jonson first printed by Gifford is added.

MOST TRULY HONOURABLE,

It hath still been the tyranny of my fortune so to oppress my endeavours that before I can shew myself grateful in the least for former benefits, I am enforced to provoke your bounties for more. May

it not seem grievous to your lordship, that now my innocence calls upon you (next the deity) to her defence. God himself is not averted at just men's cries; and you that approach that divine goodness and supply it here on earth in your places and honours, cannot employ your aid more worthily than to the common succour of honesty and virtue, how humbly soever it be placed.

I am here, my most honoured lord, unexamined and unheard, committed to a vile prison, and with me a gentleman, (whose name may, perhaps, have come to your lordship) one Mr. George Chapman, a learned and honest man. The cause (would I could name some worthier, though I wish we had none worthy our imprisonment,) is (the words irk me that our fortune hath necessitated us to so despised a course,) a play, my lord; whereof we hope there is no man can justly complain that hath the virtue to think but favourably of himself, if our judge bring an equal ear: marry, if with prejudice we be made guilty afore our time, we must embrace the asinine virtue, patience. My noble lord, they deal not charitably who are witty in another man's works, and utter sometimes their own malicious meanings under our words. I protest to your honour, and call God to testimony, (since my first error[1] which, yet, is punished in me more with my shame than it was then with my bondage,) I have so attempered my style, that I have given no cause to any good man of grief; and if to any ill, by touching at any general vice, it hath always been with a regard and sparing of particular persons. I may be otherwise reported; but if all that be accused should be presently guilty, there are few men would stand in the state of innocence.

I beseech your most honourable lordship, suffer not other men's errors or faults past to be made my crimes; but let me be examined both by all my works past and this present; and not trust to rumour but my books (for she is an unjust deliverer both of great and of small actions) whether I have ever (many things I have written private or public) given offence to a nation, to a public

[1] "Northampton was his mortall enemie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders. He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus (1603, acted), and accused of poperie and treason by him." *Conversations with Drummond, Shaks. So.* 1842, p. 22. Perhaps this shows what *error* is meant.

order or state, or any person of honour or authority; but have equally laboured to keep their dignity as mine own person, safe. If others have transgressed, let me not be entitled to their follies. But lest in being too diligent for my excuse, I may incur the suspicion of being guilty, I become a most humble suitor to your lordship that with the honourable lord Chamberlain, (to whom I have in like manner petitioned) you will be pleased to be the grateful means of our coming to answer; or if in your wisdoms it shall be thought necessary, that your lordship will be the most honoured cause of our liberty, where freeing us from one prison you will remove us to another; which is eternally to bind us and our muses to the thankful honouring of you and yours to posterity, as your own virtues have by many descents of ancestors ennobled you to time.

Your honour's most devoted in heart as words,

BEN JONSON.

To the most worthy virtuous and thrice honour'd earl of Salisbury.

1605.

# The Alchemist

# TEXT OF THE ALCHEMIST

*The Alchemist* was first acted in the year 1610 by the King's players, the company of Shakespeare; and gained an immediate success. The play was entered in the Register of the Stationers' Company in October of that year, but was not published until 1612, when it appeared in quarto. The text here followed is that of the first collective edition of Jonson's works, the folio of 1616, which received the author's careful revision. A few mistakes of the folio have been corrected by reference to the quarto and the 1640 folio. Later folios add nothing. All the variants between the 1640 folio and Q, save those of mere spelling, have been noted. The text of *The Alchemist* is remarkably free from difficulty and error; for Jonson, unlike the majority of his contemporaries, was careful in the revision of his proofs and consistent in spelling, punctuation, and other niceties of printing. In recognition of all this, Jonson's punctuation, as well as his spelling and marking of intended elisions, has been preserved. Jonson punctuated highly, marking off with commas every break in the rhetorical continuity of his sentences, and especially so distinguishing all adverbs and adverbial clauses. The mark of interrogation is often employed where we should use an exclamation point. And the parenthesis generally denotes — though not always — an aside.

The return of this edition to the original text has involved not only the restoration of these things, but also the retention of Jonson's own stage directions and divisions of scene. Gifford, after the manner of his time, tampered not a little with the old versions, changing scene where no change was originally intended, and adding many stage directions, some of which make for clearness, though others are unnecessary or misleading. The first have been retained in square brackets; the latter have been relegated to the Notes, where the curious may consult them.

By the return in this text to Jonson's own arrangement of scene it will be observed that *The Alchemist* is restored to that small class of English plays in which unity of time and place are carefully preserved. The time of action is obviously continuous and not longer than the events depicted might have taken in actual life. The scene is Lovewit's house within and without.

# THE ALCHEMIST.

*A Comœdie.*

Acted in the yeere 1610. By the Kings MAIESTIES Seruants.

The Author B. I.

LVCRET.

*——petere inde coronam,*
*Vnde priùs nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

---

LONDON,

Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY

M. DC. XVI.

## SOURCES OF THE ALCHEMIST

THE suggestion of a house misused in the master's absence, with the situation resulting from his unexpected return, Jonson found in the *Mostellaria* of Plautus; and the spirited exposition of *The Alchemist*, a quarrel between two scoundrels in which the truth concerning both unconsciously comes forth, owes much to the not dissimilar opening scene of the same Latin comedy. Again, a parallel has been noted between an episode of the *Poenulus* of the same Roman poet and Jonson's amusing scene (IV. 3.) in which Surly is introduced in the disguise of a Spanish grandee unable to speak English; and Face, in ignorance of the Spanish tongue, comments on the grandee's words. A fanciful resemblance, too, has been thought to subsist between Jonson's three "sharks" and certain alchemists, alleged adventurers, who exploited their magical profession at the court of "that impartial patron of useful, useless and pernicious arts, Rudolph II" of Germany. And lastly, the destruction of the elixir in *The Alchemist* (IV 5.) has been thought reminiscent of *The Chanouns Yemannes Tale* in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Dryden's notion (see his prologue to *Albumazar*, Dryden's Works, ed. Scott-Saintsbury, 1882–88, X. 417), that Jonson modelled *The Alchemist* on the academic play, *Albumazar*, is refuted by the fact that the latter was first acted in 1614, four years after *The Alchemist* had become well known to the stage.

# TO THE LADY, MOST
## DESERVING HER NAME
### AND Bloud:
### Mary.
### La. Wroth.

MADAME,

In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not in the greatnesse, and fat of the offrings, but in the devotion, and zeale of the sacrificers: else, what could a handfull of gummes have done in the sight of a hecatombe? or, how might I appeare at this altar, except with those affections, that no lesse love the light and wit- 5 nesse, then they have the conscience of your vertue? If what I offer beare an acceptable odour, and hold the first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers, where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that thing, so full of authoritie or example, but by assiduitie and 10 custome, growes lesse, and looses. This, yet, safe in your judgement (which is a Sidneys) is forbidden to speake more; lest it talke, or looke like one of the ambitious faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the lesse themselves.

Your La:
true honorer,
BEN. JONSON.

*Most Deserving.* The Quarto reads: most aequall with vertue, and her blood: The Grace and Glory of women. Mary, etc.

4 *Or, how might I.* After *hecatombe* Q reads: "Or how, yet, might a gratefull minde be furnish'd against the iniquitie of Fortune; except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart it selfe? A way found out, to overcome even those, whom Fortune hath enabled to returne most, since they, yet leave themselves more. In this assurance am I planted; and stand with those affections at this Altar, as shall no more avoide the light and witnesse, then they doe the conscience of your vertue. If what I offer," etc. Jonson may have omitted this passage because he felt that the thought interfered with the sequence of his metaphor.

8 *your value.* Q your valew, that remembers etc.

9 *as the times are.* Q in these times.

10 *assiduitie.* Q daylinesse. 11 *This, yet.* Q But this.

## [TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st thy commoditie; for thou wert never more fair in the way to be cos'ned then in this age, in poetry, especially in playes: wherein, now, the concupiscence of jigges, and daunces so raigneth, as to runne away from nature, and be afraid of her, is the onely point of art that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose, and place, doe I name art? when the professors are growne so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their owne naturalls, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the termes, when they understand not the things, thinke to get of wittily with their ignorance. Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgement. For they commend writers, as they doe fencers, or wrastlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deale of violence, are receiv'd for the braver fellowes: when many times their owne rudenesse is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foyle. I deny not, but that these men, who alwaies seeke to doe more then inough, may some time happen on some thing that is

[*To the Reader.* Printed only in the Quarto.

6 *jigges, and daunces.* Some copies read Daunces and Antikes. (Hathaway.) 16 *multitude.* Some copies read many. (*Ibid.*)

good, and great; but very seldome: and when it comes 25
it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordide, and vile about it: as lights are more discern'd in a thick darknesse, then a faint shadow. I speake not this, out of hope to doe good on any man, against his will; for I 30
know, if it were put to the question of theirs, and mine, the worse would finde more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference betweene those, that (to gain the opinion of copie) utter all they can, how ever 35
unfitly; and those that use election, and a meane. For it is onely the disease of the unskilfull, to thinke rude things greater then polish'd: or scatter'd more numerous then compos'd.]

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[TO MY FRIEND M^r. BEN JONSON. UPON HIS ALCHEMIST.

A master, read in flatteries great skill,
Could not passe truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his art, then you out of yours doe raise.
Nor can full truth be uttered of your worth,
Unlesse you your owne praises doe set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you have written well,
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

GEORGE LUCY.]

*To my friend.* Printed in the Q; and in F2 with the collected encomia preceding the plays.

## THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SUBTLE, the Alchemist.
FACE, the house-keeper.
DOL COMMON, their colleague.
DAPPER, a clarke.
DRUGGER, a tobacco-man.
LOVE-WIT, master of the house.
EPICURE MAMMON, a knight.
SURLEY, a gamster.
TRIBULATION, a pastor of Amsterdam.
ANANIAS, a deacon there.
KASTRILL, the angry boy.
DA[ME] PLIANT, his sister: a widdow.

NEIGHBOURS.
OFFICERS.
MUTES.

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## THE SCENE

# LONDON.

*Play*. Q Comodie.
*The Scene London*, omitted in Q.

## THE ARGUMENT

*T he sicknesse hot, a master quit, for feare,*
*H is house in towne: and left one servant there.*
*E ase him corrupted, and gave meanes to know*
*A cheater, and his punque; who, now brought low,*
*L eaving their narrow practise, were become* 5
*C os'ners at large: and, onely wanting some*
*H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,*
*E ach for a share, and all begin to act.*
*M uch company they draw, and much abuse,*
*I n casting figures, telling fortunes, newes,* 10
*S elling of flyes, flat bawdry, with the stone:*
*T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.*

# PROLOGUE

*Fortune, that favours fooles, these two short houres*
*We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,*
*Judging Spectators: and desire in place,*
*To th' author justice, to our selves but grace.*
*Our scene is London, 'cause we would make knowne,* 5
*No countries mirth is better then our owne.*
*No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,*
*Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,*
*Whose manners, now call'd humors, feed the stage:*
*And which have still beene subject, for the rage* 10
*Or spleene of comick-writers. Though this pen*
*Did never aime to grieve, but better men;*
*How e'er the age, he lives in, doth endure*
*The vices that shee breeds, above their cure.*
*But when the wholsome remedies are sweet,* 15
*And, in their working, gaine, and profit meet,*
*He hopes to find no spirit so much diseas'd*
*But will, with such faire correctives be pleas'd.*
*For here, he doth not feare, who can apply.*
*If there be any, that will sit so nigh* 20
*Unto the streame, to looke what it doth run,*
*They shall find things, they'ld thinke, or wish,*
*were done;*
*They are so naturall follies, but so showne,*
*As even the doers may see, and yet not owne.*

*Prologue.* Q The Prologue. 10 *for.* Q to.

# The Alchemist

## Act I. Scene I.

[*A Room in Love-wit's House.*

*Enter*] *Face*, [*in a captain's uniform*] *Subtle*, [*with a vial*, *quarrelling*, *and followed by*] *Dol Common.*

[*Face.*] Beleev 't, I will.
*Subtle.* Thy worst. I fart at thee.
*Dol.* Ha' you your wits? Why gentlemen! for love——
*Fac.* Sirrah, I'll strip you——
*Sub.* What to doe? Lick figs
Out at my——
*Fac.* Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.
*Dol.* Nay, looke yee! soveraigne, generall, are you mad-men?
*Sub.* O, let the wild sheepe loose. Ile gumme your silkes
With good strong water, an' you come.
*Dol.* Will you have
The neighbours heare you? will you betray all?
Harke, I heare some body.

*Fac.* Sirrah——
*Sub.* I shall marre
All that the taylor has made, if you approch. 10
*Fac.* You most notorious whelpe, you insolent slave.
Dare you doe this?
*Sub.* Yes faith, yes faith.
*Fac.* Why! who
Am I, my mungrill? Who am I?
*Sub.* I'll tell you,
Since you know not your selfe——
*Fac.* Speake lower, rogue.
*Sub.* Yes. You were once (time's not long past) the good, 15
Honest, plaine, livery-three-pound-thrum; that kept
Your masters worships house, here, in the Friers,
For the vacations——
*Fac.* Will you be so lowd?
*Sub.* Since, by my meanes, translated suburb-captayne.
*Fac.* By your meanes, Doctor dog!
*Sub.* Within mans memorie, 20
All this, I speake of.
*Fac.* Why, I pray you, have I
Beene countenanc'd by you? or you, by me?
Doe but collect, sir, where I met you first.
*Sub.* I doe not heare well.

*Fac.* Not of this, I thinke it.
But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie-corner, 25
Taking your meale of steeme in, from cookes stalls,
Where, like the father of hunger, you did walke
Piteously costive, with your pinch'd-horne-nose,
And your complexion, of the Romane wash,
Stuck full of black, and melancholique wormes, 30
Like poulder-cornes, shot, at th' Artillerie-yard.
*Sub.* I wish you could advance your voice, a little.
*Fac.* When you went pinn'd up, in the severall rags,
Yo' had rak'd, and pick'd from dung-hills, before day,
Your feet in mouldie slippers, for your kibes, 35
A felt of rugg, and a thin thredden cloake,
That scarce would cover your no-buttocks——
*Sub.* So, sir!
*Fac.* When all your alchemy and your algebra,
Your mineralls, vegetalls, and animalls,
Your conjuring, cosning, and your dosen of trades, 40
Could not relieve your corps, with so much linnen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga' you count'nance, credit for your coales,

25 F1 and F2 place a period after *Pie-corner*.

Your stills, your glasses, your materialls,
Built you a fornace, drew you customers, 45
Advanc'd all your black arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in——
*Sub.* Your masters house?
*Fac.* Where you have studied the more thriving skill
Of bawdrie, since.
*Sub.* Yes, in your masters house.
You, and the rats, here, kept possession. 50
Make it not strange. I know, yo' were one, could keepe
The buttry-hatch still lock'd, and save the chippings,
Sell the dole-beere to aqua-vitæ-men,
The which, together with your Christ-masse vailes,
At post and paire, your letting out of counters, 55
Made you a pretty stock, some twentie markes,
And gave you credit to converse with cob-webs,
Here, since your mistris death hath broke up house.
*Fac.* You might talke softlier, raskall.
*Sub.* No, you scarabe,
I'll thunder you, in peeces. I will teach you 60
How to beware, to tempt a Furie againe
That carries tempest in his hand, and voice.
*Fac.* The place has made you valiant.

*Sub.* No, your clothes.
Thou vermine, have I tane thee out of dung,
So poore, so wretched, when no living thing 65
Would keepe thee companie, but a spider, or worse?
Rais'd thee from broomes, and dust, and watring pots?
Sublim'd thee, and exalted thee, and fix'd thee
I' the third region, call'd our state of grace?
Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with paines 70
Would twise have won me the philosophers worke?
Put thee in words, and fashion? made thee fit
For more then ordinarie fellowships?
Giv'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimensions?
Thy rules, to cheat at horse-race, cock-pit, cardes, 75
Dice, or what ever gallant tincture, else?
Made thee a second, in mine owne great art?
And have I this for thanke? Doe you rebell?
Doe you flie out, i' the projection?
Would you be gone, now?
*Dol.* Gentlemen, what meane you? 80
Will you marre all?
*Sub.* Slave, thou hadst had no name——
*Dol.* Will you un-doe your selves, with civill warre?

69 *call'd our.* Q the high. 78 *thanke.* F2 thanks.

*Sub.* Never beene knowne, past *equi clibanum*,
The heat of horse-dung, under ground, in cellars,
Or an ale-house, darker then deafe John's: beene lost
To all mankind, but laundresses, and tapsters,
Had not I beene.
*Dol.* Do' you know who heares you, soveraigne?
*Fac.* Sirrah——
*Dol.* Nay, generall, I thought you were civill.
*Fac.* I shall turne desperate, if you grow thus lowd.
*Sub.* And hang thy selfe, I care not.
*Fac.* Hang thee, colliar,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture I will,
Since thou hast mov'd me.——
*Dol.* (O, this'll ore-throw all.)
*Fac.* Write thee up bawd, in Paules; have all thy tricks
Of cosning with a hollow cole, dust, scrapings,
Searching for things lost, with a sive, and sheeres,
Erecting figures, in your rowes of houses,
And taking in of shaddowes, with a glasse,
Told in red letters: and a face, cut for thee
Worse then Gamaliel Ratsey's.
*Dol.* Are you sound?
Ha' you your senses, masters?

*Fac.* I will have 100
A booke, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
Shall prove a true philosophers stone, to printers.
*Sub.* Away, you trencher-raskall.
*Fac.* Out, you dog-leach,
The vomit of all prisons——
*Dol.* Will you be
Your owne destructions, gentlemen?
*Fac.* Still spew'd out 105
For lying too heavy o' the basket.
*Sub.* Cheater.
*Fac.* Bawd.
*Sub.* Cow-herd.
*Fac.* Conjurer.
*Sub.* Cut-purse.
*Fac.* Witch.
*Dol.* O me!
We are ruin'd! lost! Ha' you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your judgement?
S'light,
Have yet, some care of me, o' your republique—— 110
*Fac.* Away this brach. I'll bring thee, rogue, within
The statute of sorcerie, *tricesimo tertio*
Of Harry the Eight: I, and (perhaps) thy necke
Within a nooze, for laundring gold, and barbing it.

112 F1 period after *tertio*. 114 Q omits *it*.

*Dol.* You'll bring your head within a cocks-
combe, will you? *She catcheth out Face his sword:*
And you, sir, with your menstrue, *and breakes Subtles glasse.*
gather it up.
S'death, you abominable paire of stinkards,
Leave off your barking, and grow one againe,
Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
I'll not be made a prey unto the marshall, 120
For ne're a snarling dog-bolt o' you both.
Ha' you together cossen'd all this while,
And all the world, and shall it now be said
Yo' have made most courteous shift, to cosen
your selves?
You will accuse him? You will bring him
in [*To Face.*] 125
Within the statute? Who shall take your
word?
A whore-sonne, upstart, apocryphall captayne,
Whom not a Puritane, in Black-friers, will trust
So much, as for a feather! And you, too,
[*To Subtle.*]
Will give the cause, forsooth? You will insult, 130
And claime a primacie, in the divisions?
You must be chiefe? as if you, onely, had
The pouider to project with? and the worke
Were not begun out of equalitie?
The venter tripartite? All things in common? 135
Without prioritie? S'death, you perpetuall curres,

*She catcheth*, etc. This and all marginal stage directions omitted in Q.

Fall to your couples againe, and cossen kindly,
And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
And loose not the beginning of a terme,
Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, 140
And, take my part, and quit you.
*Fac.* 'Tis his fault,
He ever murmures, and objects his paines,
And sayes, the weight of all lyes upon him.
*Sub.* Why, so it do's.
*Dol.* How does it? Doe not we
Sustaine our parts?
*Sub.* Yes, but they are not equall. 145
*Dol.* Why, if your part exceed to day, I hope
Ours may, to morrow, match it.
*Sub.* I, they may.
*Dol.* May, murmuring mastiffe! I, and doe.
Death on me!
Helpe me to thrattell him.
[*Seizes Subtle by the throat.*]
*Sub.* Dorothee, Mistris Dorothee,
O'ds precious, I'll doe any thing. What doe you
meane? 150
*Dol.* Because o' your fermentation and cibation?
*Sub.* Not I, by heaven——
*Dol.* Your Sol, and Luna——helpe me.
*Sub.* Would I were hang'd then. I'll conforme my selfe.

148 *Death on me!* omitted in Q.

*Dol.* Will you, sir? doe so then, and quickly: sweare.
*Sub.* What should I sweare?
*Dol.* To leave your faction, sir, 155
And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.
*Sub.* Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beside.
I onely us'd those speeches, as a spurre
To him.
*Dol.* I hope we need no spurres, sir. Doe we?
*Fac.* 'Slid, prove to day, who shall sharke best.
*Sub.* Agreed. 160
*Dol.* Yes, and worke close, and friendly.
*Sub.* 'Slight, the knot
Shall grow the stronger, for this breach, with me.
[*They shake hands.*]
*Dol.* Why so, my good babounes! Shall we goe make
A sort of sober, scirvy, precise neighbours,
(That scarce have smil'd twise, sin' the king came in) 165
A feast of laughter, at our follies? raskalls,
Would runne themselves from breath, to see me ride,
Or you t' have but a hole, to thrust your heads in,

157 *Breath.* So Q and F. F2 breathe.

For which you should pay eare-rent? No, agree.
And may Don Provost ride a feasting, long, 170
In his old velvet jerken, and stayn'd scarfes,
(My noble soveraigne, and worthy generall,)
Ere we contribute a new crewell garter
To his most worsted worship.

*Sub.* Royall Dol!
Spoken like Claridiana, and thy selfe. 175

*Fac.* For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
And not be stil'd Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
Dol Singular: the longest cut, at night,
Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.

[*Bell rings without.*]

*Sub.* Who's that? One rings. To the windo', Dol. Pray heav'n 180
The master doe not trouble us, this quarter.

*Fac.* O, feare not him. While there dyes one, a weeke,
O' the plague, hee's safe, from thinking toward London.
Beside, hee's busie at his hop-yards, now:
I had a letter from him. If he doe, 185
Hee'll send such word, for ayring o' the house
As you shall have sufficient time, to quit it:
Though we breake up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

[*Dol returns from the window.*]

*Sub.* Who is it, Dol?

*Dol.* A fine young quodling.
*Fac.* O,
My lawyers clarke, I lighted on, last night, 190
In Hol'bourne, at the Dagger. He would have
(I told you of him) a familiar,
To rifle with, at horses, and winne cups.
*Dol.* O, let him in.
*Sub.* Stay. Who shall doo 't ?
*Fac.* Get you
Your robes on. I will meet him, as going out. 195
*Dol.* And what shall I doe ?
*Fac.* Not be seene, away. [*Exit Dol.*]
Seeme you very reserv'd.
*Sub.* Inough.
*Fac.* [*Aloud and retiring.*] God b' w' you, sir,
I pray you, let him know that I was here.
His name is Dapper. I would gladly have
staid, but——

## Act I. Scene II.

[*Enter*] *Dapper* [*to*] *Face* [*and*] *Subtle*, [*who has hastily put on his velvet cap and gown.*]

[*Dapper.*] Captaine, I am here.
*Face.* Who's that ? He's come, I think, Doctor.
Good faith, sir, I was going away.

*Dap.* In truth,
I' am very sorry, Captaine.
*Fac.* But I thought
Sure, I should meet you.
*Dap.* I, I'm very glad.
I' had a scirvy writ, or two, to make, 5
And I had lent my watch last night, to one
That dines, to-day, at the shrieffs: and so was rob'd
Of my passe-time. Is this the cunning-man?
*Fac.* This is his worship.
*Dap.* Is he a doctor?
*Fac.* Yes.
*Dap.* And ha' you broke with him, Captain?
*Fac.* I.
*Dap.* And how? 10
*Fac.* Faith, he do's make the matter, sir, so daintie,
I know not what to say——
*Dap.* Not so, good Captaine.
*Fac.* Would I were fairely rid on't, beleeve me.
*Dap.* Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you. I'll not be ungratefull. 15
*Fac.* I cannot thinke you will, sir. But the law

3 *I' am.* This illustrates Jonson's marking of intended elisions.
4 *I, I'm.* Q I'm, etc.

Is such a thing—And then, he sayes, Reade's matter
Falling so lately——
*Dap.* Reade? He was an asse,
And dealt, sir, with a foole.
*Fac.* It was a clarke, sir.
*Dap.* A clarke?
*Fac.* Nay, heare me, sir, you know the law 20
Better, I thinke——
*Dap.* I should, sir, and the danger.
You know I shew'd the statute to you?
*Fac.* You did so.
*Dap.* And will I tell, then? By this hand, of flesh,
Would it might never wright good court-hand, more,
If I discover. What doe you thinke of me, 25
That I am a Chiause?
*Fac.* What's that?
*Dap.* The Turke was, here——
As one would say, doe you thinke I am a Turke?
*Fac.* I'll tell the Doctor so.
*Dap.* Doe, good sweet Captaine.
*Fac.* Come, noble Doctor, 'pray thee, let's prevaile;
This is the gentleman, and he is no Chiause. 30
*Subtle.* Captaine, I have return'd you all my answere.

I would doe much, sir, for your love—But this
I neither may, nor can.
*Fac.* Tut, doe not say so.
You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thanke you, richly, and h' is no Chiause.
Let that, sir, move you.
*Sub.* Pray you, forbeare——
*Fac.* He has
Foure angels, here——
*Sub.* You doe me wrong, good sir.
*Fac.* Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these spirits?
*Sub.* To tempt my art, and love, sir, to my perill.
'Fore heav'n, I scarce can thinke you are my friend,
That so would draw me to apparant danger.
*Fac.* I draw you? A horse draw you, and a halter,
You, and your flies together——
*Dap.* Nay, good Captayne.
*Fac.* That know no difference of men.
*Sub.* Good wordes, sir.
*Fac.* Good deeds, sir, Doctor dogs-meate. 'Slight, I bring you
No cheating Clim-o'-the-Cloughs, or Claribels,

45 *dogs-meate*, Q dogges-mouth.

That looke as bigge as five-and-fiftie, and flush,
And spit out secrets, like hot custard——
*Dap.* Captayne.
*Fac.* Nor any melancholike under-scribe,
Shall tell the Vicar: but, a speciall gentle, 50
That is the heire to fortie markes, a yeere,
Consorts with the small poets of the time,
Is the sole hope of his old grand-mother,
That knowes the law, and writes you sixe faire hands,
Is a fine clarke, and has his cyphring perfect, 55
Will take his oath, o' the Greeke Xenophon,
If need be, in his pocket: and can court
His mistris, out of Ovid.
*Dap.* Nay, deare Captayne.
*Fac.* Did you not tell me so?
*Dap.* Yes; but I'ld ha' you
Use Master Doctor, with some more respect. 60
*Fac.* Hang him, proud stagge, with his broad velvet head.
But, for your sake, I'ld choake, ere I would change
An article of breath, with such a puck-fist——
Come, let's be gone. [*Going.*]
*Sub.* Pray you, le' me speake with you.
*Dap.* His worship calls you, Captayne.

56 *Xenophon*, Q Testament.

*Fac.* I am sorry, 65
I e'er imbarqu'd my selfe, in such a businesse.
*Dap.* Nay, good sir. He did call you.
*Fac.* Will he take, then?
*Sub.* First, heare me——
*Fac.* Not a syllable, 'lesse you take.
*Sub.* Pray ye', sir——
*Fac.* Upon no termes, but an *assumpsit.* *He takes the money.*
*Sub.* Your humor must be law.
*Fac.* Why, now, sir, talke. 70
Now, I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake.
So may this gentleman too.
*Sub.* Why, sir——
[*Offering to whisper Face.*]
*Fac.* No whispring.
*Sub.* 'Fore heav'n, you doe not apprehend the losse
You doe your selfe, in this.
*Fac.* Wherein? for what?
*Sub.* Mary, to be so' importunate for one, 75
That, when he has it, will un-doe you all:
He'll winne up all the money i' the towne.
*Fac.* How!
*Sub.* Yes. And blow up gamster, after gamster,
As they doe crackers, in a puppit-play.

If I doe give him a familiar, 80
Give you him all you play for; never set him:
For he will have it.
*Fac.* Y' are mistaken, Doctor.
Why, he do's aske one but for cups, and horses,
A rifling flye: none o' your great familiars.
*Dap.* Yes, Captayne, I would have it, for all games. 85
*Sub.* I told you so.
*Fac.* [*Taking Dapper aside.*] 'Slight, that's a new businesse!
I understood you, a tame bird, to flie
Twise in a terme, or so; on Friday-nights,
When you had left the office: for a nagge,
Of fortie, or fiftie shillings.
*Dap.* I, 'tis true, sir, 90
But I doe thinke, now, I shall leave the law,
And therefore——
*Fac.* Why, this changes quite the case!
Do' you thinke, that I dare move him?
*Dap.* If you please, sir,
All's one to him, I see.
*Fac.* What! for that money?
I cannot with my conscience. Nor should you 95
Make the request, me thinkes.
*Dap.* No, sir, I meane
To adde consideration.

*Fac.* Why, then, sir,
I'll trie. [*Goes to Subtle.*] Say that it were for all games, Doctor?
*Sub.* I say, then, not a mouth shall eate for him
At any ordinarie, but o' the score, 100
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me.
*Fac.* Indeed!
*Sub.* Hee'll draw you all the treasure of the realme,
If it be set him.
*Fac.* Speake you this from art?
*Sub.* I, sir, and reason too: the ground of art.
H'is o' the onely best complexion, 105
The Queene of Fairy loves.
*Fac.* What! is he!
*Sub.* Peace.
Hee'll over-heare you. Sir, should shee but see him——
*Fac.* What?
*Sub.* Do not you tell him.
*Fac.* Will he win at cards too?
*Sub.* The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'ld sweare, were in him: such a vigorous luck 110

98 *Say.* F and Q misprint Say, that it.

As cannot be resisted. 'Slight hee'll put
Sixe o' your gallants, to a cloke, indeed.

*Fac.* A strange successe, that some man shall be borne too!

*Sub.* He heares you, man——

*Dap.* Sir, Ile not be ingratefull.

*Fac.* Faith, I have confidence in his good nature: 115

You heare, he sayes he will not be ingratefull.

*Sub.* Why, as you please, my venture followes yours.

*Fac.* Troth, doe it, Doctor. Thinke him trustie, and make him.

He may make us both happy in an houre:
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two on't. 120

*Dap.* Beleeve it, and I will, sir.

*Fac.* And you shall, sir. *Face takes him aside.*

You have heard all?

*Dap.* No, what was't? nothing, I sir.

*Fac.* Nothing?

*Dap.* A little, sir.

*Fac.* Well, a rare starre
Raign'd at your birth.

*Dap.* At mine, sir? No.

*Fac.* The Doctor
Sweares that you are——

*Sub.* Nay, Captaine, yo'll tell all, now. 125
*Fac.* Allyed to the Queene of Faerie.
*Dap.* Who? that I am?
Beleeve it, no such matter——
*Fac.* Yes, and that
Yo' were borne with a caule o' your head.
*Dap.* Who saies so?
*Fac.* Come,
You know it well inough, though you dissemble it.
*Dap.* I-fac, I doe not. You are mistaken.
*Fac.* How! 130
Sweare by your fac? and in a thing so knowne
Unto the Doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
I' the other matter? Can we ever thinke,
When you have wonne five, or sixe thousand pound,
You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
*Dap.* By Jove, sir, 135
I'll winne ten thousand pound, and send you halfe.
~~I-fac's no oath~~.
*Sub.* ~~No, no, he did but jest.~~
*Fac.* Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He's your friend
To take it so.
*Dap.* I thanke his worship.

135 *Jove*, Q Gad. 137 *I-fac's*, Q I fac is.

*Fac.* So?
Another angell.
*Dap.* Must I?
*Fac.* Must you? 'Slight, 140
What else is thankes? Will you be triviall?
Doctor, [*Dapper gives him the money.*]
When must he come, for his familiar?
*Dap.* Shall I not ha' it with me?
*Sub.* O, good sir!
There must a world of ceremonies passe,
You must be bath'd and fumigated, first; 145
Besides, the Queene of Faerie do's not rise,
Till it be noone.
*Fac.* Not, if she daunc'd, to night.
*Sub.* And she must blesse it.
*Fac.* Did you never see
Her royall grace, yet?
*Dap.* Whom?
*Fac.* Your aunt of Faerie?
*Sub.* Not, since she kist him, in the cradle,
Captayne, 150
I can resolve you that.
*Fac.* Well, see her grace,
What ere it cost you, for a thing that I know!
It will be somewhat hard to compasse: but,
How ever, see her. You are made, beleeve it,
If you can see her. Her grace is a lone woman, 155
And very rich, and if she take a phant'sye,

She will doe strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!
It is the Doctors feare.
*Dap.* How will't be done, then?
*Fac.* Let me alone, take you no thought. Doe you 160
But say to me, Captayne, I'll see her grace.
*Dap.* Captain, I'll see her grace.
*Fac.* Inough.
*Sub.* Who's there? *One knocks without.*
Anone. [*Aside to Face.*] (Conduct him forth by the back-way.)
Sir, against one a clock, prepare your selfe,
Till when you must be fasting; onely take 165
Three drops of vinegar, in, at your nose;
Two at your mouth; and one, at either eare;
Then, bath your fingers endes; and wash your eyes;
To sharpen your five senses; and cry, *hum*,
Thrise; and then *buz*, as often; and then, come. 170
*Fac.* Can you remember this?
*Dap.* I warrant you.
*Fac.* Well, then, away. 'Tis, but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles, 'mong her graces servants;
And, put on a cleane shirt: You doe not know
What grace her grace may doe you in cleane linnen. [*Exeunt Face and Dapper.*] 175

## Act I. Scene III.

*Subtle*, [*later*] *Drugger*, [*and*] *Face*.

[*Subtle.*] Come in. [*Enter Drugger.*] (Good wives, I pray you forbeare me, now.
Troth I can doe you no good, till after-noone.)
What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?
*Drugger.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* A seller of tabacco?
*Dru.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* 'Umh.
Free of the Grocers?
*Dru.* I, and't please you.
*Sub.* Well——
Your businesse, Abel?
*Dru.* This, and't please your worship,
I'am a yong beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, and't like your worship; just,
At corner of a street: (Here's the plot on't.)
And I would know, by art, sir, of your worship,
Which way I should make my dore, by necromancie.
And, where my shelves. And which should be for boxes.
And, which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

1 *Good wives*, etc. Q omits in most cases the parentheses of F1 denoting asides.

And, I was wish'd to your worship, by a gentleman,
One Captaine Face, that say's you know mens planets,
And their good angels, and their bad.
*Sub.* I doe,
If I doe see 'hem——

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Face.* What! my honest Abel?
Thou art well met, here!
*Dru.* Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just, as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you, speake for me to Master Doctor.
*Fac.* He shall doe any thing. Doctor, doe you heare?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,
He lets me have good tabacco, and he do's not
Sophisticate it, with sack-lees, or oyle,
Nor washes it in muscadell, and graines,
Nor buries it, in gravell, under ground,
Wrap'd up in greasie leather, or piss'd clouts:
But keeps it in fine lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beanes.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.
A neate, spruce-honest-fellow, and no goldsmith.

*Sub.* H' is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on——
*Fac.* Alreadie, sir, ha' you found it? Lo'thee, Abel!
*Sub.* And, in right way to'ward riches——
*Fac.* Sir.
*Sub.* This summer, 35
He will be of the clothing of his companie:
And, next spring, call'd to the scarlet. Spend what he can.
*Fac.* What, and so little beard?
*Sub.* Sir, you must thinke,
He may have a receipt, to make haire come.
But hee'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't: 40
His fortune lookes for him, another way.
*Fac.* 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soone?
I' am amus'd, at that!
*Sub.* By a rule, Captaine,
In metaposcopie, which I doe worke by,
A certaine starre i' the fore-head, which you see not. 45
Your chest-nut, or your olive-colour'd face
Do's never faile: and your long eare doth promise.
I knew't, by certaine spots too, in his teeth,
And on the naile of his mercuriall finger.

*Fac.* Which finger's that?
*Sub.* His little finger. Looke. 50
Yo' were borne upon a Wensday?
*Dru.* Yes, indeed, sir.
*Sub.* The thumbe, in chiromantie, we give Venus;
The fore-finger to Jove; the midst, to Saturne;
The ring to Sol; the least, to Mercurie:
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, 55
His house of life being Libra, which foreshew'd,
He should be a merchant, and should trade with ballance.
*Fac.* Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab?
*Sub.* There is a ship now, comming from Ormus,
That shall yeeld him, such a commoditie 60
Of drugs—This is the west, and this the south?
[*Pointing to the plan.*]
*Dru.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* And those are your two sides?
*Dru.* I, sir.
*Sub.* Make me your dore, then, south; your broad side, west:
And, on the east-side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; 65
Upon the north-part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.

They are the names of those mercurial spirits,
That doe fright flyes from boxes.
*Dru.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a load-stone
To draw in gallants, that weare spurres: the rest,
They'll seeme to follow.
*Fac.* That's a secret, Nab!
*Sub.* And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus, to call city-dames.
You shall deale much, with mineralls.
*Dru.* Sir, I have,
At home, alreadie——
*Sub.* I, I know, you 'have arsnike,
Vitriol, sal-tartre, argaile, alkaly,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captaine,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly,
But very faire) at the philosophers stone.
*Fac.* Why, how now, Abel! is this true?
*Dru.* Good Captaine,
What must I give? [*Aside to Face.*]
*Fac.* Nay, Ile not counsell thee.
Thou hearst, what wealth (he sayes, spend what thou canst)
Th'art like to come too.

67 *mercurial*, Q mercurian.

*Dru.* I would gi' him a crowne.
*Fac.* A crowne! and toward such a fortune? Hart,
Thou shalt rather gi' him thy shop. No gold about thee?
*Dru.* Yes, I have a portague, I ha' kept this halfe yeere.
*Fac.* Out on thee, Nab; 'slight, there was such an offer——
'Shalt keepe't no longer, I'll gi'it him for thee.
Doctor, Nab prayes your worship, to drinke this: and sweares
He will appeare more gratefull, as your skill
Do's raise him in the world.
*Dru.* I would intreat
Another favour of his worship.
*Fac.* What is't, Nab?
*Dru.* But, to looke over, sir, my almanack,
And crosse out my ill-dayes, that I may neither
Bargaine, nor trust upon them.
*Fac.* That he shall, Nab.
Leave it, it shall be done, 'gainst after-noone.
*Sub.* And a direction for his shelves.
*Fac.* Now, Nab?
Art thou well pleas'd, Nab?
*Dru.* Thanke, sir, both your worships.
*Fac.* Away. [*Exit Drugger.*]

85 *And toward,* F 'nd toward.

Why, now, you smoky persecuter of nature! 100
Now, doe you see, that some-thing's to be done,
Beside your beech-coale and your cor'sive waters,
Your crosse-lets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
You must have stuffe, brought home to you, to worke on?
And, yet you thinke, I am at no expence, 105
In searching out these veines, then following 'hem,
Then trying 'hem out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Costs me more money, then my share oft comes too,
In these rare workes.
*Sub.* You' are pleasant, sir. How now?

## Act I. Scene IV.

*Face*, [*enter*] *Dol* [*to*] *Subtle.*

[*Subtle.*] What say's, my daintie Dolkin?
*Dol.* Yonder fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your giantesse,
The bawd of Lambeth.
*Sub.* Hart, I cannot speake with 'hem.
*Dol.* Not, afore night, I have told 'hem, in a voice,

107 *God.* F1 god, and so throughout.

Thorough the trunke, like one of your familiars. 5
But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon——
*Sub.* Where?
*Dol.* Comming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue
To one, that's with him.
*Sub.* Face, goe you, and shift. [*Exit Face.*]
Dol, you must presently make readie, too—— 10
*Dol.* Why, what's the matter?
*Sub.* O, I did looke for him
With the sunnes rising: 'marvaile, he could sleepe!
This is the day, I am to perfect for him
The magisterium, our great worke, the stone;
And yeeld it, made, into his hands: of which, 15
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were possess'd.
And, now, hee's dealing peeces on't, away.
Me thinkes, I see him, entring ordinaries,
Dispensing for the poxe; and plaguy-houses,
Reaching his dose; walking More-fields for lepers; 20
And offring citizens-wives pomander-bracelets,
As his preservative, made of the elixir;
Searching the spittle, to make old bawdes yong;

16 *possess'd.* Q possess'd on't.

And the high-waies, for beggars, to make rich:
I see no end of his labours. He will make 25
Nature asham'd, of her long sleepe: when art,
Who's but a step-dame, shall doe more, then shee,
In her best love to man-kind, ever could.
If his dreame last, hee'll turne the age, to gold.
[*Exeunt.*]

## Act II. Scene I.

[*Enter*] *Mammon*, *Surly*.

[*Mammon*.] Come on, sir. Now, you set your foot on shore
In *Novo Orbe*; here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Salomon's Ophir! He was sayling to't,
Three yeeres, but we have reach'd it in ten months. 5
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *be rich*.
This day, you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deale with the hollow die,
Or the fraile card. No more be at charge of keeping 10
The livery-punke, for the yong heire, that must
Seale, at all houres, in his shirt. No more
If he denie, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commoditie. No more
Shall thirst of satten, or the covetous hunger 15
Of velvet entrailes, for a rude-spun cloke,
To be displaid at Madame Augusta's, make
The sonnes of sword, and hazzard fall before

11 *the*, Q my.

The golden calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit idolatrie with wine, and trumpets: 20
Or goe a feasting, after drum and ensigne.
No more of this. You shall start up yong vice-royes,
And have your punques and punquettees, my Surly.
And unto thee, I speake it first, *be rich.*
Where is my Subtle, there? Within hough? 25
[*Face.*] (*Within.*) Sir.
Hee'll come to you, by and by.
*Mam.* That's his fire-drake,
His lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffes his coales,
Till he firke nature up, in her owne center.
You are not faithfull, sir. This night, I'll change
All, that is mettall, in my house, to gold. 30
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
And buy their tin, and lead up: and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.
*Surly.* What, and turne that too?
*Mam.* Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and Cornwaile, 35
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

30 *my*, F1 and F2 thy.

*Sur.* No faith.
*Mam.* But when you see th'effects of the great med'cine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercurie, or Venus, or the Moone,
Shall turne it, to as many of the Sunne; 40
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will beleeve me.
*Sur.* Yes, when I see't, I will.
But, if my eyes do cossen me so (and I
Giving 'hem no occasion) sure, I'll have
A whore, shall piss 'hem out, next day.
*Mam.* Ha! Why? 45
Doe you thinke, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the sunne
The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
Not onely can doe that, but by it's vertue,
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life, 50
Give safetie, valure: yea, and victorie,
To whom he will. In eight, and twentie dayes,
I'll make an old man, of fourescore, a childe.
*Sur.* No doubt hee's that alreadie.
*Mam.* Nay, I meane,
Restore his yeeres, renew him, like an eagle, 55
To the fifth age; make him get sonnes, and daughters,
Yong giants; as our philosophers have done,

49 *It's.* So Q and F.

(The antient patriarckes afore the floud),
But taking, once a weeke, on a knives point,
The quantitie of a graine of mustard, of it: 6
Become stout Marses, and beget yong Cupids.
*Sur.* The decay'd vestalls of Pickt-hatch would thanke you,
That keepe the fire a-live, there.
*Mam.* 'Tis the secret
Of nature, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, comming of all causes, 6
A month's griefe, in a day; a yeeres, in twelve:
And, of what age soever, in a month.
Past all the doses, of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake, withall, to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdome, in three months.
*Sur.* And I'll 7
Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
*Mam.* Sir, I'll doo't. Meane time,
I'll give away so much, unto my man,
Shall serve th' whole citie, with preservative,
Weekely, each house his dose, and at the rate—— 7
*Sur.* As he that built the water-worke, do's with water?
*Mam.* You are incredulous.

58 F and Q omit the comma. 62 *vestalls.* Q and F1 vestall's.

*Sur.* Faith, I have a humor,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your stone
Cannot transmute me.
*Mam.* Pertinax, Surly.
Will you beleeve antiquitie? recordes? 80
I'll shew you a booke, where Moses, and his sister,
And Salomon have written, of the art;
I, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.
*Sur.* How!
*Mam.* O' the philosophers stone, and in High-Dutch.
*Sur.* Did Adam write, sir, in High-Dutch?
*Mam.* He did: 85
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
*Sur.* What paper?
*Mam.* On cedar board.
*Sur.* O that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst wormes.
*Mam.* 'Tis like your Irish wood,
'Gainst cob-webs. I have a piece of Jasons fleece, too,
Which was no other, then a booke of alchemie, 90
Writ in large sheepe-skin, a good fat ram-vellam.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
And, all that fable of Medeas charmes,
The manner of our worke: the bulls, our fornace,

92 *Pythagoras'*, Q and F Pythagora's.

Still breathing fire; our *argent-vive*, the dragon: 95
The dragons teeth, mercury sublimate,
That keepes the whitenesse, hardnesse, and the biting;
And they are gather'd, into Jason's helme,
(Th' alembeke) and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And, thence, sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd. 100
Both this, th' Hesperian garden, Cadmus storie,
Jove's shower, the boone of Midas, Argus eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our stone.

[*Enter Face as a Servant.*]

How now?

## Act II. Scene II.

*Mammon, Face, Surly.*

[*Mammon.*] Doe wee succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?

*Face.* The evening will set red, upon you, sir;
You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment
Has done his office. Three houres hence, prepare you
To see projection.

*Mam.* Pertinax, my Surly, 5

Againe, I say to thee, aloud: *be rich.*
This day, thou shalt have ingots: and, to morrow,
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolts-head?
*Fac.* Like a wench with child, sir,
That were, but now, discover'd to her master. 10
*Mam.* Excellent wittie Lungs! My onely care is,
Where to get stuffe, inough now, to project on,
This towne will not halfe serve me.
*Fac.* No, sir? Buy
The covering of o' churches.
*Mam.* That's true.
*Fac.* Yes.
Let 'hem stand bare, as doe their auditorie. 15
Or cap 'hem, new, with shingles.
*Mam.* No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the fornace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers; and repaire this braine, 20
Hurt wi' the fume o' the mettalls.
*Fac.* I have blowne, sir,
Hard, for your worship; throwne by many a coale
When 'twas not beech; weigh'd those I put in, just,

13 *Buy*, Q Take. 21 *wi'*, Q with.

To keepe your heat, still even; these bleard-eyes
Have wak'd, to reade your severall colours, sir, 25
Of the pale citron, the greene lyon, the crow,
The peacocks taile, the plumed swan.
*Mam.* And, lastly,
Thou hast descryed the flower, the *sanguis agni?*
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Mam.* Where's master?
*Fac.* At's praiers, sir, he,
Good man, hee's doing his devotions, 30
For the successe.
*Mam.* Lungs, I will set a period,
To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglia.
*Fac.* Good, sir.
*Mam.* But, doe you heare?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Mam.* For I doe meane
To have a list of wives, and concubines, 35
Equall with Salomon; who had the stone
Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fiftie a night.
Th'art sure, thou saw'st it bloud?
*Fac.* Both bloud, and spirit, sir. 40

*Mam.* I will have all my beds, blowne up; not stuft:
Downe is too hard. And then, mine oval roome,
Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius tooke
From Elephantis: and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses, 45
Cut in more subtill angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures, as I walke
Naked betweene my *succubæ*. My mists
I'le have of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits 50
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
And rowle us drie in gossamour, and roses.
(Is it arrived at ruby?)—Where I spie
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow 55
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.
*Fac.* And I shall carry it?
*Mam.* No. I'll ha' no bawds,
But fathers, and mothers. They will doe it best.
Best of all others. And, my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines, 60
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertaine, still, for that subject.

58, 59 *They will doe . . others*, omitted in Q. 60 *pure*, Q best.

The few, that would give out themselves, to be 65
Court, and towne-stallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are knowne most innocent, for them;
Those will I begge, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tailes
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind. 70
We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the med'-cine.
My meat, shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded,
With emeralds, saphyres, hiacynths, and rubies.
The tongues of carpes, dormise, and camels heeles, 75
Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolv'd pearle,
(Apicius diet, 'gainst the epilepsie)
And I will eate these broaths, with spoones of amber,
Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eate phesants, calverd sal-mons, 80
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my selfe will have
The beards of barbels, serv'd, in stead of sallades;
Oild mushromes; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce; 85

81 *lampreys*, F1 and F2 lamprey's.

For which, Ile say unto my cooke, there's gold,
Goe forth, and be a knight.
*Fac.* Sir, I'll goe looke
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*]
*Mam.* Doe. My shirts
I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft, and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other rayment 90
It shall be such, as might provoke the Persian;
Were he to teach the world riot, a new.
My gloves of fishes, and birds-skins, perfum'd
With gummes of paradise, and easterne aire——
*Surly.* And do' you thinke to have the stone, with this? 95
*Mam.* No, I doe thinke, t' have all this, with the stone.
*Sur.* Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortall sinne, a very virgin.
*Mam.* That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it. 100
My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soule,
Has worne his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer, and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do' it alone, for me, still. Here he comes, 105
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poyson.

## Act II. Scene III.

*Mammon, Subtle* [*enters*], *Surly*; [*later*] *Face.*

[*Mammon.*] Good morrow, father.
*Subtle.* Gentle sonne, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
*Mam.* An heretique, that I did bring along,
I hope, sir, to convert him.
*Sub.* Sonne, I doubt
Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a feare
Of importune, and carnall appetite.
Take heed, you doe not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd hast. I should be sorry,
To see my labours, now e'ene at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love, and zeale hath plac'd 'hem.
Which (heaven I call to witnesse, with your selfe,
To whom, I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publique good,
To pious uses, and deere charitie,
Now growne a prodigie with men. Wherein

18 *Now*, F1 and Q No. F2 corrects.

If you, my sonne, should now prevaricate,
And, to your owne particular lusts, employ 20
So great, and catholique a blisse: be sure,
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle, and most secret wayes.
*Mam.* I know, sir,
You shall not need to feare me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman.
*Surly.* Who is, 25
Indeed, sir, somewhat caustive of beliefe
Toward your stone: would not be gull'd.
*Sub.* Well, sonne,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The worke is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soule, 30
The glorified spirit. Thankes be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel.
*Face* [*within*]. Anone, sir.
*Sub.* Looke well to the register,
And let your heat, still, lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.
*Fac.* [*within*]. Yes, sir.
*Sub.* Did you looke 35
O' the bolts-head yet?
*Fac.* [*within*]. Which, on D. sir?
*Sub.* I.
What's the complexion?

25 *Surly.* F *Sur*; Q *Sub.* 36 F and Q omit comma after *Which.*

*Fac.* [*within*]. Whitish.
*Sub.* Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:
And let the water in glasse E. be feltred,
And put into the gripes egge. Lute him well; 40
And leave him clos'd *in balneo.*
*Fac.* [*within*]. I will, sir.
*Sur.* What a brave language here is? next to canting?
*Sub.* I' have another worke; you never saw, sonne,
That, three dayes since, past the philosophers wheele,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become 45
Sulphur o' nature.
*Mam.* But 'tis for me?
*Sub.* What need you?
You have inough, in that is, perfect.
*Mam.* O, but——
*Sub.* Why, this is covetise!
*Mam.* No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all, in pious uses,
Founding of colledges, and grammar schooles, 50
Marrying yong virgins, building hospitalls,
And now, and then, a church.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Sub.* How now?

*Fac.* Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre?
*Sub.* Mary, yes.
And bring me the complexion of glasse B.
[*Exit Face.*]
*Mam.* Ha' you another?
*Sub.* Yes, sonne, were I assur'd
Your pietie were firme, we would not want
The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the best:
I meane to tinct C. in sand-heat, to morrow,
And give him imbibition.
*Mam.* Of white oile?
*Sub.* No, sir, of red. F. is come over the helme too,
I thanke my Maker, in S. Maries bath,
And shewes *lac virginis.* Blessed be heaven.
I sent you of his fæces there, calcin'd:
Out of that calx, I' ha' wonne the salt of mercury.
*Mam.* By powring on your rectified water?
*Sub.* Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

How now? What colour saies it?
*Fac.* The ground black, sir.
*Mam.* That's your crowes-head?
*Sur.* Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

*Sub.* No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That worke wants some-thing.
*Sur.* (O, I look'd for this.
The hay is a pitching.)
*Sub.* Are you sure, you loos'd 'hem
I' their owne menstrue?
*Fac.* Yes, sir, and then married 'hem,
And put 'hem in a bolts-head, nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bad me; when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation,
In the same heat.
*Sub.* The processe, then, was right.
*Fac.* Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd, was put into the pellicane,
And sign'd with Hermes seale.
*Sub.* I thinke 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
*Sur.* (O, this ferret
Is ranke as any pole-cat.)
*Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'ene die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H. ha's his white shirt on?
*Fac.* Yes, sir,
Hee's ripe for inceration: he stands warme,
In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let
Any die now, if I might counsell, sir,
For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.

70, 80 F1 includes *Sur.* in parenthesis. Q omits it.

*Mam.* He saies right.
*Sur.* I, are you bolted?
*Fac.* Nay, I know't, sir,
I' have seene th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materialls?
*Mam.* Is't no more?
*Fac.* No more, sir, 90
Of gold, t' amalgame, with some sixe of mercurie.
*Mam.* Away, here's money. What will serve?
*Fac.* Aske him, sir.
*Mam.* How much?
*Sub.* Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.
*Sur.* Yes, twentie, and be cossend, doe.
*Mam.* There 'tis. [*Gives Face the money.*]
*Sub.* This needs not. But that you will have it, so, 95
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour workes, are at fixation.
A third is in ascension. Goe your waies.
Ha' you set the oile of Luna in kemia?
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* And the philosophers vinegar?
*Fac.* I. [*Exit.*] 100
*Sur.* We shall have a sallad.

To keepe your heat, still even; these bleard-eyes
Have wak'd, to reade your severall colours, sir, 25
Of the pale citron, the greene lyon, the crow,
The peacocks taile, the plumed swan.
*Mam.* And, lastly,
Thou hast descryed the flower, the *sanguis agni?*
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Mam.* Where's master?
*Fac.* At's praiers, sir, he,
Good man, hee's doing his devotions, 30
For the successe.
*Mam.* Lungs, I will set a period,
To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master
Of my seraglia.
*Fac.* Good, sir.
*Mam.* But, doe you heare?
I'll geld you, Lungs.
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Mam.* For I doe meane
To have a list of wives, and concubines, 35
Equall with Salomon; who had the stone
Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back
With the elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fiftie a night.
Th'art sure, thou saw'st it bloud?
*Fac.* Both bloud, and spirit, sir. 40

*Mam.* I will have all my beds, blowne up; not stuft:
Downe is too hard. And then, mine oval roome,
Fill'd with such pictures, as Tiberius tooke
From Elephantis: and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses, 45
Cut in more subtill angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures, as I walke
Naked betweene my *succubæ*. My mists
I'le have of perfume, vapor'd 'bout the roome,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits 50
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
And rowle us drie in gossamour, and roses.
(Is it arrived at ruby?)—Where I spie
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow 55
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.
*Fac.* And I shall carry it?
*Mam.* No. I'll ha' no bawds,
But fathers, and mothers. They will doe it best.
Best of all others. And, my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines, 60
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertaine, still, for that subject.

58, 59 *They will doe . . others*, omitted in Q. 60 *pure*, Q best.

The few, that would give out themselves, to be 65
Court, and towne-stallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who are knowne most innocent, for them;
Those will I begge, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tailes
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind. 70
We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the med'-cine.
My meat, shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded,
With emeralds, saphyres, hiacynths, and rubies.
The tongues of carpes, dormise, and camels heeles, 75
Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolv'd pearle,
(Apicius diet, 'gainst the epilepsie)
And I will eate these broaths, with spoones of amber,
Headed with diamant, and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eate phesants, calverd sal-mons, 80
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my selfe will have
The beards of barbels, serv'd, in stead of sallades;
Oild mushromes; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite, and poynant sauce; 85

81 *lampreys*, F1 and F2 lamprey's.

For which, Ile say unto my cooke, there's gold,
Goe forth, and be a knight.
*Fac.* Sir, I'll goe looke
A little, how it heightens. [*Exit.*]
*Mam.* Doe. My shirts
I'll have of taffata-sarsnet, soft, and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other rayment 90
It shall be such, as might provoke the Persian;
Were he to teach the world riot, a new.
My gloves of fishes, and birds-skins, perfum'd
With gummes of paradise, and easterne aire——
*Surly.* And do' you thinke to have the stone, with this? 95
*Mam.* No, I doe thinke, t' have all this, with the stone.
*Sur.* Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortall sinne, a very virgin.
*Mam.* That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it. 100
My venter brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soule,
Has worne his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer, and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do' it alone, for me, still. Here he comes, 105
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'tis poyson.

## Act II. Scene III.

*Mammon, Subtle* [*enters*], *Surly*; [*later*] *Face.*

[*Mammon.*] Good morrow, father.
*Subtle.* Gentle sonne, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
*Mam.* An heretique, that I did bring along,
I hope, sir, to convert him.
*Sub.* Sonne, I doubt
Yo' are covetous, that thus you meet your time
I' the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something, worthy of a feare
Of importune, and carnall appetite.
Take heed, you doe not cause the blessing leave you,
With your ungovern'd hast. I should be sorry,
To see my labours, now e'ene at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not prosper, where my love, and zeale hath plac'd 'hem.
Which (heaven I call to witnesse, with your selfe,
To whom, I have pour'd my thoughts) in all my ends,
Have look'd no way, but unto publique good,
To pious uses, and deere charitie,
Now growne a prodigie with men. Wherein

18 *Now*, F1 and Q No. F2 corrects.

If you, my sonne, should now prevaricate,
And, to your owne particular lusts, employ 20
So great, and catholique a blisse: be sure,
A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
Your subtle, and most secret wayes.
*Mam.* I know, sir,
You shall not need to feare me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this gentleman.
*Surly.* Who is, 25
Indeed, sir, somewhat caustive of beliefe
Toward your stone: would not be gull'd.
*Sub.* Well, sonne,
All that I can convince him in, is this,
The worke is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
We have a med'cine of the triple soule, 30
The glorified spirit. Thankes be to heaven,
And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel.
*Face* [*within*]. Anone, sir.
*Sub.* Looke well to the register,
And let your heat, still, lessen by degrees,
To the aludels.
*Fac.* [*within*]. Yes, sir.
*Sub.* Did you looke 35
O' the bolts-head yet?
*Fac.* [*within*]. Which, on D. sir?
*Sub.* I.
What's the complexion?

25 *Surly.* F *Sur*; Q *Sub.* 36 F and Q omit comma after *Which.*

*Fac.* [*within*]. Whitish.
*Sub.* Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:
And let the water in glasse E. be feltred,
And put into the gripes egge. Lute him well; 40
And leave him clos'd *in balneo.*
*Fac.* [*within*]. I will, sir.
*Sur.* What a brave language here is? next to canting?
*Sub.* I' have another worke; you never saw, sonne,
That, three dayes since, past the philosophers wheele,
In the lent heat of Athanor; and's become 45
Sulphur o' nature.
*Mam.* But 'tis for me?
*Sub.* What need you?
You have inough, in that is, perfect.
*Mam.* O, but——
*Sub.* Why, this is covetise!
*Mam.* No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all, in pious uses,
Founding of colledges, and grammar schooles, 50
Marrying yong virgins, building hospitalls,
And now, and then, a church.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Sub.* How now?

*Fac.* Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the feltre?
*Sub.* Mary, yes.
And bring me the complexion of glasse B.
[*Exit Face.*]
*Mam.* Ha' you another?
*Sub.* Yes, sonne, were I assur'd
Your pietie were firme, we would not want
The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the best:
I meane to tinct C. in sand-heat, to morrow,
And give him imbibition.
*Mam.* Of white oile?
*Sub.* No, sir, of red. F. is come over the helme too,
I thanke my Maker, in S. Maries bath,
And shewes *lac virginis.* Blessed be heaven.
I sent you of his fæces there, calcin'd:
Out of that calx, I' ha' wonne the salt of mercury.
*Mam.* By powring on your rectified water?
*Sub.* Yes, and reverberating in Athanor.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

How now? What colour saies it?
*Fac.* The ground black, sir.
*Mam.* That's your crowes-head?
*Sur.* Your cocks-comb's, is't not?

*Sub.* No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That worke wants some-thing.
*Sur.* (O, I look'd for this. 70
The hay is a pitching.)
*Sub.* Are you sure, you loos'd 'hem
I' their owne menstrue?
*Fac.* Yes, sir, and then married 'hem,
And put 'hem in a bolts-head, nipp'd to digestion,
According as you bad me; when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation, 75
In the same heat.
*Sub.* The processe, then, was right.
*Fac.* Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was sav'd, was put into the pellicane,
And sign'd with Hermes seale.
*Sub.* I thinke 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
*Sur.* (O, this ferret 80
Is ranke as any pole-cat.)
*Sub.* But I care not.
Let him e'ene die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H. ha's his white shirt on?
*Fac.* Yes, sir,
Hee's ripe for inceration: he stands warme,
In his ash-fire. I would not, you should let 85
Any die now, if I might counsell, sir,
For lucks sake to the rest. It is not good.

70, 80 F1 includes *Sur.* in parenthesis. Q omits it.

*Mam.* He saies right.
*Sur.* I, are you bolted?
*Fac.* Nay, I know't, sir,
I' have seene th' ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materialls?
*Mam.* Is't no more?
*Fac.* No more, sir, 90
Of gold, t' amalgame, with some sixe of mercurie.
*Mam.* Away, here's money. What will serve?
*Fac.* Aske him, sir.
*Mam.* How much?
*Sub.* Give him nine pound: you may gi' him ten.
*Sur.* Yes, twentie, and be cossend, doe.
*Mam.* There 'tis. [*Gives Face the money.*]
*Sub.* This needs not. But that you will have it, so, 95
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour workes, are at fixation.
A third is in ascension. Goe your waies.
Ha' you set the oile of Luna in kemia?
*Fac.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* And the philosophers vinegar?
*Fac.* I. [*Exit.*] 100
*Sur.* We shall have a sallad.

*Mam.* When doe you make projection?
*Sub.* Sonne, be not hastie, I exalt our med'-
cine,
By hanging him *in balneo vaporoso;*
And giving him solution; then congeale him;
And then dissolve him; then againe congeale
him; 105
For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,
So many times, I adde unto his vertue.
As, if at first, one ounce convert a hundred,
After his second loose, hee'll turne a thousand;
His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred. 110
After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
Of any imperfect mettall, into pure
Silver, or gold, in all examinations,
As good, as any of the naturall mine.
Get you your stuffe here, against after-noone, 115
Your brasse, your pewter, and your andirons.
*Mam.* Not those of iron?
*Sub.* Yes, you may bring them, too.
Wee'll change all mettalls.
*Sur.* I beleeve you, in that.
*Mam.* Then I may send my spits?
*Sub.* Yes, and your racks.
*Sur.* And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers,
and hookes? 120
Shall he not?

117 *Mettalls,* F and Q read mettall's.

*Sub.* If he please.
*Sur.* To be an asse.
*Sub.* How, sir!
*Mam.* This gent'man, you must beare withall.
I told you, he had no faith.
*Sur.* And little hope, sir,
But, much lesse charitie, should I gull my selfe.
*Sub.* Why, what have you observ'd, sir, in our art,
Seemes so impossible?
*Sur.* But your whole worke, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a fornace, sir,
As they doe egges, in Egypt!
*Sub.* Sir, doe you
Beleeve that egges are hatch'd so?
*Sur.* If I should?
*Sub.* Why, I thinke that the greater miracle.
No egge, but differs from a chicken, more,
Then mettalls in themselves.
*Sur.* That cannot be.
The egg's ordain'd by nature, to that end:
And is a chicken *in potentia.*
*Sub.* The same we say of lead, and other mettalls,
Which would be gold, if they had time.
*Mam.* And that
Our art doth furder.
*Sub.* I, for 'twere absurd

To thinke that Nature, in the earth, bred gold
Perfect, i' the instant. Something went before.
There must be remote matter.
*Sur.* I, what is that? 140
*Sub.* Mary, we say——
*Mam.* I, now it heats: stand father.
Pound him to dust——
*Sub.* It is, of the one part,
A humide exhalation, which we call
*Materia liquida*, or the unctuous water;
On th' other part, a certaine crasse, and viscous 145
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Doe make the elementarie matter of gold:
Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,
But commune to all mettalls, and all stones.
For, where it is forsaken of that moysture, 150
And hath more drynesse, it becomes a stone;
Where it retaines more of the humid fatnesse,
It turnes to sulphur, or to quick-silver:
Who are the parents of all other mettalls.
Nor can this remote matter, sodainly, 155
Progresse so from extreme, unto extreme,
As to grow gold, and leape ore all the meanes.
Nature doth, first, beget th' imperfect; then
Proceedes shee to the perfect. Of that ayrie,
And oily water, mercury is engendered; 160
Sulphure o' the fat, and earthy part: the one,
(Which is the last,) supplying the place of male,

The other of the female, in all mettalls.
Some doe beleeve hermaphrodeitie,
That both doe act, and suffer. But, these two 165
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
And, even in gold, they are; for we doe find
Seedes of them, by our fire, and gold in them:
And can produce the species of each mettall
More perfect thence, then Nature doth in earth. 170
Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,
Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, waspes,
Out of the carcasses, and dung of creatures;
Yea, scorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd:
And these are living creatures, far more perfect, 175
And excellent, then mettalls.

*Mam.* Well said, father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
Hee'll bray you in a morter.

*Sur.* 'Pray you, sir, stay.
Rather, then I'll be brai'd, sir, I'll beleeve,
That Alchemie is a pretty kind of game, 180
Somewhat like tricks o' the cards, to cheat a man,
With charming.

*Sub.* Sir?

*Sur.* What else are all your termes,
Whereon no one o' your writers grees with other?

Of your elixir, your *lac virginis*,
Your stone, your med'cine, and your chryso-
sperme, 185
Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercurie,
Your oyle of height, your tree of life, your
bloud,
Your marchesite, your tutie, your magnesia,
Your toade, your crow, your dragon, and your
panthar,
Your sunne, your moone, your firmament, your
adrop, 190
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heautarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and ma-
terialls,
Of pisse, and egge-shells, womens termes, mans
bloud,
Haire o' the head, burnt clouts, chalke, merds,
and clay, 195
Poulder of bones, scalings of iron, glasse,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?

*Sub.* And all these, nam'd,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Us'd to obscure their art.

*Mam.* Sir, so I told him, 200
Because the simple idiot should not learne it,
And make it vulgar.

*Sub.* Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystick symboles?
Speake not the Scriptures, oft, in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets, 205
That were the fountaines and first springs of wisedome,
Wrapt in perplexed allegories?
*Mam.* I urg'd that,
And clear'd to him, that Sisiphus was damn'd
To roule the ceaselesse stone, onely, because
He would have made ours common. *Dol is seene [at the door.]*
Who is this?
*Sub.* God's precious—What doe you meane?
Goe in, good lady,
Let me intreat you. [*Dol retires.*] Where's this varlet?

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Sir?
*Sub.* You very knave! doe you use me, thus?
*Fac.* Wherein, sir?
*Sub.* Goe in, and see, you traitor. Goe.
[*Exit Face.*]
*Mam.* Who is it, sir?
*Sub.* Nothing, sir. Nothing.
*Mam.* What's the matter? good sir! 215
I have not seene you thus distemp'red. Who is't?

*Sub.* All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,
But ours the most ignorant. What now? *Face returnes.*
*Fac.* 'Twas not my fault, sir, shee would speake with you.
*Sub.* Would she, sir? Follow me.
[*Exit Subtle.*]
*Mam.* [*stopping Face*]. Stay, Lungs.
*Fac.* I dare not, sir. 220
*Mam.* How! 'Pray thee stay?
*Fac.* She's mad, sir, and sent hether——
*Mam.* Stay, man, what is shee?
*Fac.* A lords sister, sir.
(Hee'll be mad too.
*Mam.* I warrant thee.) Why sent hether?
*Fac.* Sir, to be cur'd.
*Sub.* [*within*]. Why, raskall!
*Fac.* Loe you. Here, sir. *He goes out.*
*Mam.* 'Fore-god, a Bradamante, a brave piece. 225
*Sur.* Hart, this is a bawdy-house! I'll be burnt else.

220 *I dare not, sir.* The succeeding lines in the quarto read:
*Mam.* How! 'Pray thee stay? *Fac.* She's mad Sir, and sent hether——
(He'll be mad too. *Mam.* I warrant thee.) Why sent hether? *Fac.* Sir, to be cur'd.

Possibly Gifford was right in considering the reading of the folio a derangement.

*Mam.* O, by this light, no. Doe not wrong him. H' is
Too scrupulous, that way. It is his vice
No, h' is a rare physitian, doe him right.
An excellent Paracelsian! and has done 230
Strange cures with minerall physicke. He deales all
With spirits, he. He will not heare a word
Of Galen, or his tedious recipes. *Face againe.*
How now, Lungs!
*Fac.* Softly, sir; speake softly. I meant
To ha' told your worship all. This must not heare. 235
*Mam.* No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.
*Fac.* Y' are very right, sir, shee is a most rare schollar;
And is gone mad, with studying Braughtons workes.
If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,
Shee falls into her fit, and will discourse 240
So learnedly of genealogies,
As you would runne mad too, to heare her, sir.
*Mam.* How might one doe t' have conference with her, Lungs?
*Fac.* O, divers have runne mad upon the conference.
I doe not know, sir: I am sent in hast, 245
To fetch a violl.

233 *recipes.* Q F1 and F2 recipe's.

*Sur.* Be not gull'd, Sir Mammon.
*Mam.* Wherein? 'Pray yee, be patient.
*Sur.* Yes, as you are.
And trust confederate knaves, and bawdes, and whores.
*Mam.* You are too foule, beleeve it. Come here, Ulen.
One word.
*Fac.* I dare not, in good faith. [*Going.*]
*Mam.* Stay, knave. 250
*Fac.* H' is extreme angrie, that you saw her, sir.
*Mam.* Drinke that. [*Gives him money.*]
What is shee? when shee's out of her fit?
*Fac.* O, the most affablest creature, sir! so merry!
So pleasant! shee'll mount you up, like quicksilver,
Over the helme, and circulate, like oyle, 255
A very vegetall: discourse of state,
Of mathematiques, bawdry, any thing——
*Mam.* Is shee no way accessible? no meanes,
No trick, to give a man a taste of her—wit—
Or so? — Ulen.
*Fac.* I'll come to you againe, sir, [*Exit.*] 260
*Mam.* Surly, I did not thinke, one o' your breeding
Would traduce personages of worth.

249 *Ulen,* Q. Zephyrus. 259, 260 *wit — Or so? — Ulen.* Q. begins line 260: *Wit? or so?* and omits *Ulen.*

*Sur.* Sir Epicure,
Your friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gull'd.
I doe not like your philosophicall bawdes.
Their stone is lecherie inough, to pay for, 265
Without this bait.
*Mam.* 'Hart, you abuse your selfe.
I know the lady, and her friends, and meanes,
The originall of this disaster. Her brother
H'as told me all.
*Sur.* And yet, you ne're saw her
Till now?
*Mam.* O, yes, but I forgot. I have (beleeve it) 270
One o' the treacherou'st memories, I doe thinke,
Of all mankind.
*Sur.* What call you her brother?
*Mam.* My Lord——
He wi' not have his name knowne, now I thinke on't.
*Sur.* A very treacherous memorie!
*Mam.* O' my faith——
*Sur.* Tut, if you ha' it not about you, passe it, 275
Till wee meet next.
*Mam.* Nay, by this hand, 'tis true,
Hee's one I honour, and my noble friend,
And I respect his house.
*Sur.* Hart! can it be,

272 *Sur.* Q *Sub. Brother*, F misprints: *what call you her, brother?*

That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus 280
With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes
To gull himselfe? And, this be your elixir,
Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunarie,
Give me your honest trick, yet, at primero,
Or gleeke; and take your *lutum sapientis*, 285
Your *menstruum simplex:* I'll have gold, before you,
And, with lesse danger of the quick-silver;
Or the hot sulphur.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Here's one from Captaine Face, sir, *To Surly.*
Desires you meet him i' the Temple-church,
Some halfe houre hence, and upon earnest businesse. 290
Sir, if you please to quit us, now; and come, *He whispers Mammon.*
Againe, within two houres: you shall have
My master busie examining o' the workes;
And I will steale you in, unto the partie,
That you may see her converse. Sir, shall I say, 295
You'll meet the Captaines worship?
*Sur.* Sir, I will. [*Walks aside.*]
But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.

Now, I am sure, it is a bawdy-house;
I'll sweare it, were the Marshall here, to thanke me:
The naming this commander, doth confirme it. 300
Don Face! why h' is the most authentique dealer
I' these commodities! The superintendent
To all the queinter traffiquers, in towne.
He is their visiter, and do's appoint
Who lyes with whom; and at what houre; what price; 305
Which gowne; and in what smock; what fall; what tyre.
Him, will I prove, by a third person, to find
The subtilties of this darke labyrinth:
Which, if I doe discover, deare sir Mammon,
You'll give your poore friend leave, though no philosopher, 310
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weepe.

*Fac.* Sir, he do's pray, you'll not forget.

*Sur.* I will not, sir.

Sir Epicure, I shall leave you? [*Exit.*]

*Mam.* I follow you, streight.

*Fac.* But doe so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
This gent'man has a par'lous head.

*Mam.* But wilt thou, Ulen, 315
Be constant to thy promise?

301 *authentique*, F1 and Q autentique. 315 *Ulen*, not in Q.

*Fac.* As my life, sir.
*Mam.* And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me,
And say I am a noble fellow?
*Fac.* O, what else, sir?
And that you'll make her royall, with the stone,
An empresse; and your selfe King of Bantam.
*Mam.* Wilt thou doe this?
*Fac.* Will I, sir?
*Mam.* Lungs, my Lungs!
I love thee.
*Fac.* Send your stuffe, sir, that my master
May busie himselfe, about projection.
*Mam.* Th' hast witch'd me, rogue: take, goe.
[*Gives him money.*]
*Fac.* Your jack, and all, sir.
*Mam.* Thou art a villaine—I will send my jack;
And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine eare.
Away, thou dost not care for me.
*Fac.* Not I, sir?
*Mam.* Come, I was borne to make thee, my good weasell;
Set thee on a bench: and ha' thee twirle a chaine
With the best lords vermine of 'hem all.

*Fac.* Away, sir. 330
*Mam.* A count, nay, a count-palatine——
*Fac.* Good sir, goe.
*Mam.* Shall not advance thee, better: no, nor faster. [*Exit.*]

## Act II. Scene IV.

[*Enter*] *Subtle*, [*to*] *Face*, [*with*] *Dol.*

*Subtle.* Has he bit? has he bit?
*Face.* And swallow'd too, my Subtle.
I ha' giv'n him line, and now he playes, i' faith.
*Sub.* And shall we twitch him?
*Fac.* Thorough both the gills.
A wench is a rare bait, with which a man
No sooner 's taken, but he straight firkes mad. 5
*Sub.* Dol, my Lord Wha'ts'hums sister, you must now
Beare your selfe statelich.
*Dol.* O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keepe my distance, laugh, and talke aloud;
Have all the tricks of a proud scirvy ladie, 10
And be as rude' as her woman.
*Fac.* Well said, sanguine.
*Sub.* But will he send his andirons?
*Fac.* His jack too;

And 's iron shooing-horne: I ha' spoke to him. Well,
I must not loose my wary gamster, yonder.
*Sub.* O, Monsieur Caution, that will not be gull'd.
*Fac.* I, if I can strike a fine hooke into him, now,
The Temple-church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.
*Sub.* What, more gudgeons! *One knocks.*
Dol, scout, scout; [*Dol goes to the window.*] stay, Face, you must goe to the dore:
'Pray God, it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol?
*Dol.* I know him not. He lookes like a gold-end-man.
*Sub.* Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?
The sanctified elder, that should deale
For Mammons jack, and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, helpe me of, first, with my gowne. Away, [*Exit Face.*]
Ma-dame, to your with-drawing chamber. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me
About the stone, too; for the holy Brethren

Of Amsterdam, the exil'd saints: that hope 30
To raise their discipline, by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

## Act II. Scene V.

[*To*] *Subtle*, [*enter*] *Face*, [*and*] *Ananias*.

[*Subtle*, *aloud*.] Where is my drudge?
*Face*. Sir.
*Sub*. Take away the recipient,
And rectifie your menstrue, from the phlegma.
Then powre it, o' the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'hem macerate, together.
*Fac*. Yes, sir.
And save the ground?
*Sub*. No: *terra damnata*
Must not have entrance, in the worke. Who are you? 5
*Ananias*. A faithfull brother, if it please you.
*Sub*. What's that?
A Lullianist? a Ripley? *Filius artis?*
Can you sublime, and dulcifie? calcine?
Know you the sapor pontick? sapor stiptick?
Or, what is homogene, or heterogene? 10
*Ana*. I understand no heathen language, truely.
*Sub*. Heathen, you Knipper-doling? Is *Ars sacra*,

Or chrysopœia, or spagirica,
Or the pamphysick, or panarchick knowledge,
A heathen language?
*Ana.* Heathen Greeke, I take it. 15
*Sub.* How? heathen Greeke?
*Ana.* All's heathen, but the Hebrew.
*Sub.* Sirah, my varlet, stand you forth, and speake to him
Like a philosopher: answer i' the language.
Name the vexations, and the martyrizations
Of mettalls, in the worke.
*Fac.* Sir, putrefaction, 20
Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
*Sub.* This is heathen Greeke to you, now?
And when comes vivification?
*Fac.* After mortification.
*Sub.* What's cohobation?
*Fac.* 'Tis the powring on 25
Your *aqua regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheares.
*Sub.* What's the proper passion of mettalls?
*Fac.* Malleation.
*Sub.* What's your *ultimum supplicium auri?*
*Fac.* Antimonium.
*Sub.* This's heathen Greeke, to you? And, what's your mercury? 30

28 F1 places a comma after *Malleation.*

*Fac.* A very fugitive, he will be gone, sir.
*Sub.* How know you him?
*Fac.* By his viscositie,
His oleositie, and his suscitabilitie.
*Sub.* How doe you sublime him?
*Fac.* With the calce of egge-shels,
White marble, talck.
*Sub.* Your magisterium, now? 35
What's that?
*Face.* Shifting, sir, your elements,
Drie into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot,
hot into drie.
*Sub.* This's heathen Greeke to you, still?
Your *lapis philosophicus?*
*Fac.* 'Tis a stone,
And not a stone; a spirit, a soule, and a
body: 40
Which if you doe dissolve, it is dissolv'd;
If you coagulate, it is coagulated,
If you make it to flye, it flyeth,
*Sub.* Inough.
This's heathen Greeke to you? What are
you, sir?
*Ana.* Please you, a servant of the exil'd
brethren, 45

39–40 '*Tis a stone*, etc. F and Q arrange these lines:
'Tis a stone, and not
A stone; a spirit, a soule, and a body.

That deale with widdowes, and with orphanes goods;
And make a just account, unto the saints:
A deacon.
*Sub.* O, you are sent from Master Wholsome,
Your teacher?
*Ana.* From Tribulation Wholsome,
Our very zealous pastor.
*Sub.* Good. I have
Some orphanes goods to come here.
*Ana.* Of what kind, sir?
*Sub.* Pewter, and brasse, andirons, and kitchin ware,
Mettalls, that we must use our med'cine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth,
For readie money.
*Ana.* Were the orphanes parents
Sincere professors?
*Sub.* Why doe you aske?
*Ana.* Because
We then are to deale justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost valew.
*Sub.* 'Slid, you'ld cossen, else,
And, if their parents were not of the faithfull?
I will not trust you, now I thinke on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your pastor. Ha' you brought money
To buy more coales?

*Ana.* No, surely.
*Sub.* No? how so?
*Ana.* The Brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely, they will not venter any more,
Till they may see projection.
*Sub.* How!
*Ana.* Yo' have had, 65
For the instruments, as bricks, and lome, and glasses,
Alreadie thirtie pound; and, for materialls,
They say, some ninetie more: and, they have heard, since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it, of an egge,
And a small paper of pin-dust.
*Sub.* What's your name? 70
*Ana.* My name is Ananias.
*Sub.* Out, the varlet
That cossend the apostles! Hence, away,
Flee mischiefe; had your holy consistorie
No name to send me, of another sound;
Then wicked Ananias? Send your elders, 75
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly.
And gi' me satisfaction; or out-goes
The fire: and downe th' alembekes, and the fornace.
*Piger Henricus*, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *sericon*, and *bufo* shall be lost, 80
Tell 'hem. All hope of rooting out the bishops,

Or th' antichristian hierarchie shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes: the aqueitie,
Terreitie, and sulphureitie
Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd, 85
Thou wicked Ananias. [*Exit Ananias.*] This will fetch 'hem,
And make 'hem hast towards their gulling more.
A man must deale like a rough nurse, and fright
Those, that are froward, to an appetite.

## Act II. Scene VI.

[*Enter*] *Face* [*in his uniform, to*] *Subtle*, [*with*] *Drugger.*

[*Face.*] H' is busie with his spirits, but wee'll upon him.

*Subtle.* How now! What mates? What Baiards ha' wee here?

*Fac.* I told you, he would be furious. Sir, here's Nab,
Has brought yo' another piece of gold, to looke on:
(We must appease him. Give it me) and prayes you, 5
You would devise (what is it, Nab?)

*Drugger.* A signe, sir.

*Fac.* I, a good lucky one, a thriving signe, Doctor.

85 *Annull'd*, F and Q omit the comma after this word.

*Sub.* I was devising now.
*Fac.* ('Slight, doe not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.)
What say you to his constellation, Doctor? 10
The Ballance?
*Sub.* No, that way is stale, and common.
A townes-man, borne in Taurus, gives the bull;
Or the bulls-head: in Aries, the ram.
A poore device. No, I will have his name
Form'd in some mystick character; whose *radii*, 15
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtuall influence, breed affections,
That may result upon the partie ownes it:
As thus——
*Fac.* Nab!
*Sub.* He first shall have *a bell*, that's *Abel*;
And, by it, standing one, whose name is *Dee*, 20
In a *rugg* gowne; there's *D.* and *rug*, that's *drug*:
And, right anenst him, a dog snarling *er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his signe.
And here's now mysterie, and hieroglyphick!
*Fac.* Abel, thou art made.
*Dru.* Sir, I doe thanke his worship. 25
*Fac.* Sixe o' thy legs more, will not doe it, Nab.
He has brought you a pipe of tabacco, Doctor.

*Dru.* Yes, sir:
I have another thing, I would impart——
*Fac.* Out with it, Nab.
*Dru.* Sir, there is lodg'd, hard by me,
A rich yong widdow—— 30
*Fac.* Good! a bona roba?
*Dru.* But nineteene, at the most.
*Fac.* Very good, Abel.
*Dru.* Mary, sh' is not in fashion, yet; shee weares
A hood: but 't stands a cop.
*Fac.* No matter, Abel.
*Dru.* And, I doe, now and then, give her a fucus—
*Fac.* What! dost thou deale, Nab? 35
*Sub.* I did tell you, Captaine.
*Dru.* And physick too sometime, sir: for which shee trusts me
With all her mind. Shee's come up here, of purpose
To learne the fashion.
*Fac.* Good (his match too!) on, Nab.
*Dru.* And shee do's strangely long to know her fortune.
*Fac.* Gods lid, Nab, send her to the Doctor, 40 hether.

34 *Now and then*, F omits the comma after *then*.

*Dru.* Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship, alreadie:
But shee's afraid, it will be blowne abroad
And hurt her marriage.
*Fac.* Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heale it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd, and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her this.
Shee'll be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your widdowes
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of sutors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou dost not know.
*Dru.* No, sir, shee'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow.
*Fac.* What, and dost thou despaire, my little Nab,
Knowing, what the Doctor has set downe for thee,
And, seeing so many, o' the city, dub'd?
One glasse o' thy water, with a Madame, I know,
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? a knight?
*Dru.* No, sir, a gentleman, newly warme in' his land, sir,

Scarse cold in his one and twentie; that do's governe
His sister, here: and is a man himselfe
Of some three thousand a yeere, and is come up 60
To learne to quarrell, and to live by his wits,
And will goe downe againe, and dye i' the countrey.
*Fac.* How! to quarrell?
*Dru.* Yes, sir, to carry quarrells,
As gallants doe, and manage 'hem, by line.
*Fac.* 'Slid, Nab! The Doctor is the onely man 65
In Christendome for him. He has made a table,
With mathematicall demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrells. He will give him
An instrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring 'hem, both:
Him, and his sister. And, for thee, with her 70
The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Goe to.
'Shalt give his worship, a new damaske suite
Upon the premisses.
*Sub.* O, good Captaine.
*Fac.* He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
No offers, bring the damaske, and the parties. 75
*Dru.* I'll trie my power, sir.

74 *Stay*, Q Say.

*Fac.* And thy will, too, Nab.
*Sub.* 'Tis good tabacco this! What is't an ounce?
*Fac.* He'll send you a pound, Doctor.
*Sub.* O, no.
*Fac.* He will do't.
It is the gooddest soule. Abel, about it.
(Thou shalt know more anone. Away, be gone.)
[*Exit Abel.*]
A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
And has the wormes. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in private,
To get a med'cine for 'hem.
*Sub.* And shall, sir. This workes.
*Fac.* A wife, a wife, for one on 'us, my deare Subtle:
Wee'll eene draw lots, and he, that failes, shall have
The more in goods, the other has in taile.
*Sub.* Rather the lesse. For shee may be so light
Shee may want graines.
*Fac.* I, or be such a burden,
A man would scarce endure her, for the whole.
*Sub.* Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.

*Fac.* Content. But Dol must ha' no breath on't.

*Sub.* Mum.

Away, you to your Surly yonder, catch him. 95

*Fac.* 'Pray God, I ha' not stai'd too long.

*Sub.* I feare it. [*Exeunt.*]

## ~~Act III.~~ II Scene I.

[*Enter*] *Tribulation*, [*and*] *Ananias*.

[*Tribulation.*] These chastisements are common to the Saints,
And such rebukes we of the separation
Must beare, with willing shoulders, as the trialls
Sent forth, to tempt our frailties.
*Ananias.* In pure zeale,
I doe not like the man: he is a heathen. 5
And speakes the language of Canaan, truely.
*Tri.* I thinke him a prophane person, indeed.
*Ana.* He beares
The visible marke of the beast, in his fore-head.
And for his stone, it is a worke of darknesse,
And, with philosophie, blinds the eyes of man. 10
*Tri.* Good brother, we must bend unto all meanes,
That may give furtherance, to the holy cause.
*Ana.* Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.
*Tri.* Not alwaies necessary. 15

2 *And such rebukes.*
Q And such rebukes th' elect must beare, with patience;
They are the exercises of the spirit,
And sent to tempt our fraylties.

The children of perdition are oft-times,
Made instruments even of the greatest workes.
Beside, we should give somewhat to mans nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of mettalls, that intoxicate 20
The braine of man, and make him prone to passion.
Where have you greater atheists, then your cookes?
Or more prophane, or cholerick then your glasse-men?
More antichristian, then your bell-founders?
What makes the devill so devillish, I would aske you, 25
Sathan, our common enemie, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boyling
Brimstone, and arsnike? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the bloud. It may be so. 30
When as the worke is done, the stone is made,
This heate of his may turne into a zeale,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline,
Against the menstruous cloth, and ragg of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the comming 35
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t' upbraid him
With the Brethrens blessing of Heidelberg, waighing

What need we have, to hasten on the worke,
For the restoring of the silenc'd Saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosophers stone.
And, so a learned elder, one of Scotland,
Assur'd me; *aurum potabile* being
The onely med'cine, for the civill magistrate,
T' incline him to a feeling of the cause:
And must be daily us'd, in the disease.
*Ana.* I have not edified more, truely, by man;
Not, since the beautifull light, first, shone on me:
And I am sad, my zeale hath so offended.
*Tri.* Let us call on him, then.
*Ana.* The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first: [*knocks.*]
Peace be within.

## Act III. Scene II.

[*Enter*] *Subtle*, [*to*] *Tribulation*, *Ananias*.

[*Subtle.*] O, are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at the last thred, you see; and downe had gone
*Furnus acediæ, turris circulatorius:*
Lembeke, bolt's-head, retort, and pellicane
Had all beene cinders. Wicked Ananias!
Art thou return'd? Nay then, it goes downe, yet.

*Tribulation.* Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
Himselfe in spirit, and to aske your patience,
If too much zeale hath carried him, aside,
From the due path.
*Sub.* Why, this doth qualifie! 10
*Tri.* The Brethren had no purpose, verely,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands, to any project
The spirit, and you direct.
*Sub.* This qualifies more!
*Tri.* And, for the orphanes goods, let them be valew'd, 15
Or what is needfull, else, to the holy worke,
It shall be numbred: here, by me, the Saints
Throw downe their purse before you.
*Sub.* This qualifies, most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discours'd so unto you, of our stone? 20
And, of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Shew'd you, (beside the mayne of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th' Indies, to serve you, with all their fleete)
That even the med'cinall use shall make you a faction, 25
And party in the realme? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,

Why, you but send three droppes of your elixir,
You helpe him straight: there you have made a friend.
Another has the palsey, or the dropsie, 30
He takes of your incombustible stuffe,
Hee's yong againe: there you have made a friend.
A Lady, that is past the feate of body,
Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore 35
With the oyle of talck; there you have made a friend:
And all her friends. A Lord, that is a leper,
A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a squire
That hath both these, you make 'hem smooth, and sound,
With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still, 40
You increase your friends.

*Tri.* I, 'tis very pregnant.

*Sub.* And, then, the turning of this lawyers pewter
To plate, at Christ-masse——

*Ananias.* Christ-tide, I pray you.

*Sub.* Yet, Ananias?

*Ana.* I have done.

*Sub.* Or changing
His parcell guilt, to massie gold. You cannot 45
But raise you friends. With all, to be of power
To pay an armie, in the field, to buy

35 *paintings*, Q painting. 36 *talck*, F1 and F2 talck.

The king of France, out of his realmes; or Spaine,
Out of his Indies: what can you not doe,
Against lords spirituall, or temporall, 50
That shall oppone you?
*Tri.* Verily, 'tis true.
We may be temporall lords, our selves, I take it.
*Sub.* You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises: or suck up
Your *ha*, and *hum*, in a tune. I not denie 55
But such as are not graced, in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune, to call the flock together:
For (to say sooth) a tune do's much, with women,
And other phlegmatick people, it is your bell. 60
*Ana.* Bells are prophane: a tune may be religious.
*Sub.* No warning with you? Then, farewell my patience.
'Slight, it shall downe: I will not be thus tortur'd.
*Tri.* I pray you, sir.
*Sub.* All shall perish. I have spoke it.
*Tri.* Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes; the man 65

54 F and Q place a comma after *suck up*.

He stands corrected: neither did his zeale
(But as your selfe) allow a tune, some-where.
Which, now, being to'ard the stone, we shall not need.
*Sub.* No, nor your holy vizard, to winne widdowes
To give you legacies; or make zealous wives 70
To rob their husbands, for the common cause:
Nor take the start of bonds, broke but one day,
And say, they were forfeited, by providence.
Nor shall you need, ore-night to eate huge meales,
To celebrate your next daies fast the better: 75
The whilst the Brethren, and the Sisters, humbled,
Abate the stiffenesse of the flesh. Nor cast
Before your hungrie hearers, scrupulous bones,
As whether a Christian may hawke, or hunt;
Or whether, matrons, of the holy assembly, 80
May lay their haire out, or weare doublets:
Or have that idoll starch, about their linnen.
*Ana.* It is, indeed, an idoll.
*Tri.* Mind him not, sir.
I doe command thee, spirit (of zeale, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you, sir, goe on. 85
*Sub.* Nor shall you need to libell 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your eares, against the hearing

72 *bonds*, Q bandes.

Of the next wire-drawne grace. Nor, of necessitie,
Raile against playes, to please the alderman,
Whose daily custard you devoure. Nor lie 90
With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these so singular arts. Nor call your selves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family, or wood of you, 95
Onely for glorie, and to catch the eare
Of the disciple.

*Tri.* Truely, sir, they are
Wayes, that the godly Brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
As very notable meanes, and whereby, also, 100
Themselves grow soone, and profitably famous.

*Sub.* O, but the stone, all's idle to' it! nothing!
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret, that doth flye in clouds,
From east to west: and whose tradition 105
Is not from men, but spirits.

*Ana.* I hate traditions:
I do not trust them——

*Tri.* Peace.

*Ana.* They are Popish, all.
I will not peace. I will not——

*Tri.* Ananias.

99 *glorious*, Q holy. 107 *them*, Q 'hem.

*Ana.* Please the prophane, to grieve the godly: I may not.
*Sub.* Well, Ananias, thou shalt over-come. 110
*Tri.* It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, sir,
But truely, else, a very faithfull brother,
A botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
*Sub.* Has he a competent summe, there, i' the bagg, 115
To buy the goods, within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charitie, and conscience sake,
Now, see the most be made, for my poore orphane:
Though I desire the Brethren, too, good gayners.
There, they are, within. When you have view'd, and bought 'hem, 120
And tane the inventorie of what they are,
They are readie for projection; there's no more
To doe: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tinne there, so much gold as brasse,
I'll gi' it you in, by waight.
*Tri.* But how long time, 125
Sir, must the Saints expect, yet?
*Sub.* Let me see,
How's the moone, now? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence
He will be silver potate; then, three dayes,

120 *and*, F2. F1 Q: &

Before he citronise: some fifteene dayes,
The magisterium will be perfected. 130
*Ana.* About the second day, of the third weeke,
In the ninth month?
*Sub.* Yes, my good Ananias.
*Tri.* What will the orphanes goods arise to, thinke you?
*Sub.* Some hundred markes; as much as fill'd three carres,
Unladed now: you'll make sixe millions of 'hem. 135
But I must ha' more coales laid in.
*Tri.* How!
*Sub.* Another load,
And then we ha' finish'd. We must now encrease
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
*Fimus equinus*, *balnei*, *cineris*,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse 140
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the Saints
Doe need a present summe, I have a trick
To melt the pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And, with a tincture, make you as good Dutch dollers,
As any are in Holland.
*Tri.* Can you so? 145

135 *you'll*, Q you shall. 142 *a trick*, F1 and Q omit *a*.

*Sub.* I, and shall bide the third examination.
*Ana.* It will be joyfull tidings to the Brethren.
*Sub.* But you must carry it, secret.
*Tri.* I, but stay,
This act of coyning, is it lawfull?
*Ana.* Lawfull?
We know no magistrate. Or, if we did, 150
This's forraine coyne.
*Sub.* It is no coyning, sir.
It is but casting.
*Tri.* Ha? you distinguish well.
Casting of money may be lawfull.
*Ana.* 'Tis, sir.
*Tri.* Truely, I take it so.
*Sub.* There is no scruple,
Sir, to be made of it; beleeve Ananias: 155
This case of conscience he is studied in.
*Tri.* I'll make a question of it, to the Brethren,
*Ana.* The Brethren shall approve it lawfull, doubt not.
Where shall't be done?
*Sub.* For that wee'll talke, anone. *Knock without.*
There's some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you, 160
And view the parcells. That's the inventorie.
I'll come to you straight.
[*Exeunt Tribulation and Ananias.*]
Who is it? Face! Appeare.

## Act III. Scene III.

*Subtle, Face [in his uniform; later], Dol.*

*Subtle.* How now? Good prise?
*Face.* Good poxe! Yond' caustive cheater
Never came on.
*Sub.* How then?
*Fac.* I ha' walk'd the round,
Till now, and no such thing.
*Sub.* And ha' you quit him?
*Fac.* Quit him? and hell would quit him too,
he were happy.
'Slight would you have me stalke like a mill-jade, 5
All day, for one, that will not yeeld us graines?
I know him of old.
*Sub.* O, but to ha' gull'd him
Had beene a maistry.
*Fac.* Let him goe, black boy,
And turne thee, that some fresh newes may possesse thee.
A noble count, a don of Spaine (my deare 10
Delicious compeere, and my partie-bawd)
Who is come hether, private, for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, sixe great slopps,
Bigger then three Dutch hoighs, beside round trunkes,

Furnish'd with pistolets, and pieces of eight, 15
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath
(That is the colour,) and to make his battry
Upon our Dol, our castle, our cinque-port,
Our Dover pire, our what thou wilt. Where is shee?
Shee must prepare perfumes, delicate linnen, 20
The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,
For shee must milke his Epididimis.
Where is the doxie?
*Sub.* I'll send her to thee:
And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,
And come againe my selfe.
*Fac.* Are they within then? 25
*Sub.* Numbring the summe.
*Fac.* How much?
*Sub.* A hundred marks, boy. [*Exit.*]
*Fac.* Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of Mammon!
Three o' my clarke! A portague o' my grocer!
This o' the brethren! beside reversions, 30
And states, to come i' the widdow, and my count!
My share, to day, will not be bought for fortie——

22 *milke*, Q feele.

[*Enter Dol.*]

*Dol.* What?

*Fac.* Pounds, daintie Dorothee! art thou so neere?

*Dol.* Yes, say lord generall, how fares our campe?

*Fac.* As, with the few, that had entrench'd themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol:
And laugh'd, within those trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in
Daily, by their small parties. This deare houre,
A doughty don is taken, with my Dol;
And thou maist make his ransome, what thou wilt,
My Dousabell: he shall be brought here, fetter'd
With thy faire lookes, before he see's thee; and throwne
In a downe-bed, as darke as any dungeon;
Where thou shalt keepe him waking, with thy drum;
Thy drum, my Dol; thy drum; till he be tame
As the poore black-birds were i' the great frost,
Or bees are with a bason: and so hive him
I' the swan-skin coverlid, and cambrick sheets,
Till he worke honey, and waxe, my little Gods-gift.

*Dol.* What is he, generall?

*Fac.* An adalantado,
A grande[e], girle. Was not my Dapper here, yet?
*Dol.* No.
*Fac.* Nor my Drugger?
*Dol.* Neither.
*Fac.* A poxe on 'hem,
They are so long a furnishing! Such stinkards 55
Would not be seene, upon these festivall dayes.

[*Re-enter Subtle.*]

How now! ha' you done?
*Sub.* Done. They are gone. The summe
Is here in banque, my Face. I would, we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'hem outright. 60
*Fac.* 'Slid, Nab shall doo't against he ha' the widdow,
To furnish household.
*Sub.* Excellent, well thought on,
Pray God, he come!
*Fac.* I pray, he keepe away
Till our new businesse be o're-past.
*Sub.* But, Face,
How cam'st thou, by this secret don?
*Fac.* A spirit 65
Brought me th' intelligence, in a paper, here,

65 F and Q place a (,) after *thou* and omit *Fac.*

As I was conjuring, yonder, in my circle
For Surly: I ha' my flies abroad. Your bath
Is famous, Subtle, by my meanes. Sweet Dol,
You must goe tune your virginall, no loosing 70
O' the least time. And, doe you heare? good action.
Firke, like a flounder; kisse, like a scallop, close:
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great
Verdugo-ship has not a jot of language:
So much the easier to be cossin'd, my Dolly. 75
He will come here, in a hir'd coach, obscure,
And our owne coach-man, whom I have sent, as guide,
No creature else. Who's that? *One knocks.*

[*Dol peeps through the window.*]

*Sub.* It i' not he?
*Fac.* O no, not yet this houre.
*Sub.* Who is't?
*Dol.* Dapper, 80
Your clarke.
*Fac.* Gods will, then, Queene of Faerie,
On with your tyre; [*exit Dol*] and, Doctor, with your robes.
Lett's dispatch him, for Gods sake.
*Sub.* 'Twill be long.

69 F omits the comma after *famous*. 75 F omits the period.
83 *Lett's*, Q Lett's us.

*Fac.* I warrant you, take but the cues I give you,
It shall be briefe inough. [*Goes to the window.*]
'Slight, here are more! 85
Abel, and I thinke, the angrie boy, the heire,
That faine would quarrell.
*Sub.* And the widdow?
*Fac.* No,
Not that I see. Away. [*Exit Subtle.*]

[*Enter Dapper.*]

O sir, you are welcome.

## Act III. Scene IV.

*Face, Dapper;* [*enter*] *Drugger,* [*and*] *Kastril.*

[*Face.*] The Doctor is within, a moving for you;
(I have had the most adoe to winne him to it)
Hee sweares, you'll be the dearling o' the dice:
He never heard her highnesse dote, till now (he sayes.)
Your aunt has giv'n you the most gracious words, 5
That can be thought on.
*Dapper.* Shall I see her grace?

4 *Till now* (*he sayes.*), Q omits the last two words.

*Fac.* See her, and kisse her, too.—

[*Enter Abel, followed by Kastril.*]

What? honest Nab!
Ha'st brought the damaske?
*Drugger.* No, sir, here's tabacco.
*Fac.* 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damaske too?
*Dru.* Yes, here's the gentleman, Captaine, Master Kastril,
I have brought to see the Doctor.
*Fac.* Where's the widdow?
*Dru.* Sir, as he likes, his sister (he sayes) shall come.
*Fac.* O, is it so? 'good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
*Kastril.* I, and the best o' the Kastrils, I'lld be sorry else
By fifteene hundred, a yeere. Where is this Doctor?
My mad tabacco-boy, here, tells me of one,
That can doe things. Has he any skill?
*Fac.* Wherein, sir?
*Kas.* To carry a businesse, manage a quarrell, fairely,
Upon fit termes.
*Fac.* It seemes, sir, yo' are but yong
About the towne, that can make that a question!

8 *Drugger*, all old edd. read *Nab*. 9 Q omits *Nab*.
13 *'good*, Q Good.

*Kas.* Sir, not so yong, but I have heard some speech
Of the angrie boyes, and seene 'hem take tabacco;
And in his shop: and I can take it too.
And I would faine be one of 'hem, and goe downe
And practise i' the countrey.
*Fac.* Sir, for the duello, 25
The Doctor, I assure you, shall informe you,
To the least shaddow of a haire: and shew you,
An instrument he has, of his owne making,
Where-with, no sooner shall you make report
Of any quarrell, but he will take the height on't, 30
Most instantly; and tell in what degree,
Of saf'ty it lies in, or mortalitie.
And, how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
Or a halfe-circle; or may, else, be cast
Into an angle blunt, if not acute: 35
All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules,
To give, and take the lie, by.
*Kas.* How? to take it?
*Fac.* Yes, in oblique, hee'll shew you; or in circle:
But never in diameter. The whole towne
Studie his theoremes, and dispute them, ordinarily, 40
At the eating academies.

*Kas.* But, do's he teach
Living, by the wits, too?
*Fac.* Any thing, what ever.
You cannot thinke that subtletie, but he reades it.
He made me a Captaine. I was a starke pimpe,
Just o' your standing, 'fore I met with him: 45
It i' not two months since. I'll tell you his method.
First, he will enter you, at some ordinarie.
*Kas.* No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me.
*Fac.* For why, sir?
*Kas.* There's gaming there, and tricks.
*Fac.* Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?
*Kas.* I, 'twill spend a man. 50
*Fac.* Spend you? It will repaire you, when you are spent.
How doe they live by their wits, there, that have vented
Sixe times your fortunes?
*Kas.* What, three thousand a yeere!
*Fac.* I, fortie thousand.
*Kas.* Are there such?
*Fac.* I, sir,
And gallants, yet. Here's a yong gentleman, 55
Is borne to nothing, [*points to Dapper*] fortie markes a yeere,

Which I count nothing. H' is to be initiated,
And have a flye o' the Doctor. He will winne
you
By unresistable lucke, within this fortnight,
Inough to buy a baronie. They will set him 60
Upmost, at the groome-porters, all the Christ-
masse!
And, for the whole yeere through, at everie place
Where there is play, present him with the
chaire;
The best attendance, the best drinke; sometimes
Two glasses of canarie, and pay nothing; 65
The purest linnen, and the sharpest knife,
The partrich next his trencher: and, somewhere,
The daintie bed, in private, with the daintie.
You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
As play-houses for a poet; and the master 70
Pray him, aloud, to name what dish he affects,
Which must be butterd shrimps: and those that
drinke
To no mouth else, will drinke to his, as being
The goodly, president mouth of all the boord.
*Kas.* Doe you not gull one?
*Fac.* 'Od's my life! Do you thinke it? 75
You shall have a cast commander, (can but get
In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
For some two paire, of eithers ware, afore-hand)
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,

60 *baronie*, Q baronry. 75 *'Od's*, Q God's.

Arrive at competent meanes, to keepe himselfe, 80
His punke, and naked boy, in excellent fashion.
And be admir'd for't.

*Kas.* Will the Doctor teach this?

*Fac.* He will doe more, sir, when your land is gone,
(As men of spirit hate to keepe earth long)
In a vacation, when small monie is stirring, 85
And ordinaries suspended till the tearme,
Hee'll shew a perspective, where on one side
You shall behold the faces, and the persons
Of all sufficient yong heires, in towne,
Whose bonds are currant for commoditie; 90
On th' other side, the marchants formes, and others,
That, without helpe of any second broker,
(Who would expect a share) will trust such parcels:
In the third square, the verie street, and signe
Where the commoditie dwels, and do's but wait 95
To be deliver'd, be it pepper, sope,
Hops, or tabacco, oat-meale, woad, or cheeses.
All which you may so handle, to enjoy,
To your owne use, and never stand oblig'd.

*Kas.* I' faith! is he such a fellow?

*Fac.* Why, Nab here knowes him. 100
And then for making matches, for rich widdowes,

92 F1 misprints ( before *That.*

Yong gentlewomen, heyres, the fortunat'st man!
Hee's sent too, farre and neere, all over England,
To have his counsell, and to know their fortunes.
*Kas.* Gods will, my suster shall see him.
*Fac.* I'll tell you, sir,
What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!
(By the way you must eate no cheese, Nab, it breeds melancholy:
And that same melancholy breeds wormes) but passe it,
He told me, honest Nab, here, was ne'er at taverne,
But once in 's life.
*Dru.* Truth, and no more I was not.
*Fac.* And, then he was so sick——
*Dru.* Could he tell you that, too?
*Fac.* How should I know it?
*Dru.* In troth we had beene a shooting,
And had a peece of fat ram-mutton, to supper,
That lay so heavy o' my stomack——
*Fac.* And he has no head
To beare any wine; for, what with the noise o' the fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keepe no servants——

*Dru.* My head did so ake——
*Fac.* As he was faine to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then, a good old woman——
*Dru.* (Yes faith, shee dwells in Sea-coale-lane) did cure me,
With sodden ale, and pellitorie o' the wall: 120
Cost me but two pence. I had another sicknesse,
Was worse then that.
*Fac.* I, that was with the griefe
Thou took'st for being sess'd at eighteene pence,
For the water-worke.
*Dru.* In truth, and it was like
T' have cost me almost my life.
*Fac.* Thy haire went off? 125
*Dru.* Yes, sir, 'twas done for spight.
*Fac.* Nay, so sayes the Doctor.
*Kas.* Pray thee, tabacco-boy, goe fetch my suster,
I'll see this learned boy, before I goe:
And so shall shee.
*Fac.* Sir, he is busie now:
But, if you have a sister to fetch hether, 130
Perhaps, your owne paines may command her sooner;
And he, by that time, will be free.
*Kas.* I goe. [*Exit.*]

132 *goe*, Q goe, Sir.

*Fac.* Drugger, shee's thine: the damaske.
[*Exit Abel.*] (Subtle, and I
Must wrastle for her.) Come on, Master Dapper.
You see, how I turne clients, here, away, 135
To give your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were injoyn'd you?
*Dap.* Yes, o' the vinegar,
And the cleane shirt.
*Fac.* 'Tis well: that shirt may doe you
More worship then you thinke. Your aunt's a fire
But that shee will not shew it, t' have a sight on you. 140
Ha' you provided for her graces servants?
*Dap.* Yes, here are six-score Edward shillings.
*Fac.* Good.
*Dap.* And an old Harry's soveraigne.
*Fac.* Very good.
*Dap.* And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth groat,
Just twentie nobles.
*Fac.* O, you are too just. 145
I would you had had the other noble in Maries.
*Dap.* I have some Philip, and Maries.

*Fac.* I, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Harke, the
Doctor.

## Act III. Scene V.

*Face, Dapper,* [*later*] *Dol.* *Subtle disguised like a Priest of Faery.*

*Subtle.* Is yet her graces cossen come?
*Face.* He is come.
*Sub.* And is he fasting?
*Fac.* Yes.
*Sub.* And hath cry'd *hum?*
*Fac.* Thrise, you must answer.
*Dapper.* Thrise.
*Sub.* And as oft *buz?*
*Fac.* If you have, say.
*Dap.* I have.
*Sub.* Then, to her cuz,
Hoping, that he hath vinegard his senses, 5
As he was bid, the Faery Queene dispenses,
By me, this robe, the petticote of Fortune;
Which that he straight put on, shee doth importune.
And though to Fortune neere be her petticote,
Yet, neerer is her smock, the queene doth note: 10
And, therefore, even of that a piece shee hath sent,

Which, being a child, to wrap him in, was rent;
And prayes him, for a scarfe, he now will weare it
(With as much love, as then her grace did teare it)
About his eyes, to shew, he is fortunate. *They blind him with a rag.*
And, trusting unto her to make his state,
Hee'll throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;
Which that he will performe, shee doth not doubt him.

*Fac.* Shee need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has nothing,
But what he will part withall, as willingly, 20
Upon her graces word (throw away your purse)
As shee would aske it: (hand-kerchiefes, and all)
Shee cannot bid that thing, but hee'll obay.
(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seale, at your wrist, her grace will send *Hee throwes away, as they bid him.*
Her faeries here to search you, therefore deale
Directly with her highnesse. If they find
That you conceale a mite, you are undone.)

*Dap.* Truely, there's all.

*Fac.* All what?

*Dap.* My money, truly.

*Fac.* Keepe nothing, that is transitorie, about you. 30

(Bid Dol play musique.) Looke, the elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.

*Dol enters with a citterne: they pinch him.*

*Dap.* O, I have a paper with a ~~spur-ryall in't~~

*Fac.* *Ti*, *ti*,

Gold piece in

They knew't, they say.

*Sub.* *Ti*, *ti*, *ti*, *ti*, he has more yet.

[*Aside to Face.*]

*Fac.* *Ti*, *ti-ti-ti.* I' the tother pocket?

[*Aside to Subtle.*]

*Sub.* *Titi*, *titi*, *titi*, *titi.*

They must pinch him, or he will never confesse, they say. [*They pinch him again.*]

*Dap.* O, O.

*Fac.* Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her graces nephew.
*Ti*, *ti*, *ti?* What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
Deale plainely, sir, and shame the faeries. Shew
You are an innocent.

*Dap.* By this good light, I ha' nothing.

*Sub.* *Titi*, *tititota.* He do's equivocate, shee sayes:
*Ti*, *tidoti*, *titido*, *tida.* And sweares by the light, when he is blinded.

*Dap.* By this good darke, I ha' nothing but a halfe-crowne

Of gold, about my wrist, that my love gave me;
And a leaden heart I wore, sin' shee forsooke me. 45

*Fac.* I thought, 'twas something. And, would you incurre
Your aunts displeasure for these trifles? Come,
I had rather you had throwne away twentie halfe-crownes. [*Takes the half-crown off.*]
You may weare your leaden heart still.

[*Dol turns hastily from the window where she has been scouting*]

How now?

*Sub.* What newes, Dol?

*Dol.* Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon. 50

*Fac.* Gods lid, we never thought of him, till now.
Where is he?

*Dol.* Here, hard by. H' is at the doore.

*Sub.* And, you are not readie, now? Dol, get his suit. [*Exit Dol.*]
He must not be sent back.

*Fac.* O, by no meanes.
What shall we doe with this same puffin, here, 55
Now hee's o' the spit?

*Sub.* Why, lay him back a while,
With some device.

[*Re-enter Dol with Face's clothes.*]

*Ti, titi, tititi.* Would her grace speake with me?
I come. Helpe, Dol!

*Fac.* Who's there? Sir Epicure; *He speakes through the key-hole, the other knocking.*
My master's i' the way. Please you to walke
Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.
*Sub.* Her grace
Commends her kindly to you, Master Dapper.
*Dap.* I long to see her grace.
*Sub.* Shee, now, is set
At dinner, in her bed; and shee has sent you,
From her owne private trencher, a dead mouse,
And a piece of ginger-bread, to be merry withall,
And stay your stomack, lest you faint with fasting:
Yet, if you could hold out, till shee saw you (shee sayes)
It would be better for you.
*Fac.* Sir, he shall
Hold out, and 'twere this two houres, for her highnesse;
I can assure you that. We will not loose
All we ha' done.
*Sub.* He must not see, nor speake
To any body, till then.
*Fac.* For that, wee'll put, sir,
A stay in 'is mouth.

*Sub.* Of what?
*Fac.* Of ginger bread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleas'd her grace,
Thus farre, shall not now crinckle, for a little.
Gape sir, and let him fit you.
[*They thrust a gag of gingerbread into his mouth.*]
*Sub.* Where shall we now
Bestow him?
*Dol.* I' the privie.
*Sub.* Come along, sir,
I now must shew you Fortunes privy lodgings.
*Fac.* Are they perfum'd? and his bath readie?
*Sub.* All.
Onely the fumigation's somewhat strong.
*Fac.* [*speaking through the key-hole.*] Sir Epicure, I am yours, sir, by and by.
[*Exeunt with Dapper.*]

## Act IV. Scene I.

[*Enter*] *Face*, *Mammon*, [*later*] *Dol.*

[*Face.*] O, sir, yo' are come i' the onely, finest time——

*Mammon.* Where's master?

*Fac.* Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuffe will b' all chang'd shortly.

*Mam.* Into gold?

*Fac.* To gold, and silver, sir.

*Mam.* Silver, I care not for.

*Fac.* Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.

*Mam.* Where's the Lady?

*Fac.* At hand, here. I ha' told her such brave things, o' you,
Touching your bountie and your noble spirit——

*Mam.* Hast thou?

*Fac.* As shee is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinitie i' your conference,
For feare of putting her in rage——

*Mam.* I warrant thee.

*Fac.* Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then
If the old man should heare, or see you——

*Mam.* Feare not.

6 *o'you*, Q on you.

*Fac.* The very house, sir, would runne mad.
You know it
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sinne. Physick, or mathematiques,
Poetrie, state, or bawdry (as I told you)
Shee will endure, and never startle: but
No word of controversie.
*Mam.* I am school'd, good Ulen.
*Fac.* And you must praise her house, remember that,
And her nobilitie.
*Mam.* Let me alone:
No herald, no nor antiquarie, Lungs,
Shall doe it better. Goe.
*Fac.* Why, this is yet
A kind of moderne happinesse to have
Dol Common for a great Lady.
[*Aside, and exit.*]
*Mam.* Now, Epicure,
Heighten thy selfe, talke to her, all in gold;
Raine her as many showers, as Jove did drops
Unto his Danae: shew the god a miser,
Compar'd with Mammon. What? the stone will do't.
Shee shall feele gold, tast gold, heare gold, sleepe gold:

18 *Ulen*, Q Lungs.
20 *Let me alone*, F and Q place a comma after *me*.

Nay, we will *concumbere* gold. I will be puissant,
And mightie in my talke to her!

[*Re-enter Face, with Dol richly dressed.*]

Here shee comes.

*Fac.* To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight,
I told your Ladiship——

*Mam.* Madame, with your pardon,
I kisse your vesture.

*Dol.* Sir, I were un-civill
If I would suffer that, my lip to you, sir.

*Mam.* I hope my Lord your brother be in health, Lady.

*Dol.* My Lord, my brother is, though I no Ladie, sir.

*Fac.* (Well said my guiny-bird.)

*Mam.* Right noble Madame——

*Fac.* (O, we shall have most fierce idolatrie!)

*Mam.* 'Tis your prerogative.

*Dol.* Rather your courtesie.

*Mam.* Were there naught else t' inlarge your vertues, to me,
These answeres speake your breeding, and your bloud.

*Dol.* Bloud we boast none, sir, a poore baron's daughter.

*Mam.* Poore! and gat you? Prophane not.
Had your father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lyen but there still, and panted,
H' had done inough, to make himselfe, his issue,
And his posteritie noble.
*Dol.* Sir, although
We may be said to want the guilt, and trappings,
The dresse of honor; yet we strive to keepe
The seedes, and the materialls.
*Mam.* I doe see
The old ingredient, vertue, was not lost,
Nor the drug, money, us'd to make your compound.
There is a strange nobilitie, i' your eye,
This lip, that chin! Me thinks you doe resemble
One o' the Austriack princes.
*Fac.* [*aside*]. Very like,
Her father was an Irish costar-monger.
*Mam.* The house of Valois, just, had such a nose.
And such a fore-head, yet, the Medici
Of Florence boast.
*Dol.* Troth, and I have beene lik'ned
To all these princes.
*Fac.* [*aside*]. I'll be sworne, I heard it.

53 *drug, money.* F1 and F2 omit the comma.

*Mam.* I know not how! It is not any one,
But e'en the very choise of all their features.
*Fac.* I'll in, and laugh. [*Aside, and exit.*]
*Mam.* A certaine touch, or aire,
That sparkles a divinitie, beyond 65
An earthly beautie!
*Dol.* O, you play the courtier.
*Mam.* Good Lady, gi' me leave——
*Dol.* In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
*Mam.* To burne i' the sweet flame:
The phœnix never knew a nobler death.
*Dol.* Nay, now you court the courtier: and destroy 70
What you would build. This art, sir, i' your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
*Mam.* By my soule——
*Dol.* Nay, oathes are made o' the same aire, sir.
*Mam.* Nature
Never bestow'd upon mortalitie,
A more unblam'd, a more harmonious feature: 75
Shee play'd the step-dame in all faces, else.
Sweet madame, le' me be particular——
*Dol.* Particular, sir? I pray you, know your distance.
*Mam.* In no ill sense, sweet Lady, but to aske

How your faire graces passe the houres? I see 80
Yo'are lodged, here, i' the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but, what's that to you?
*Dol.* Yes, sir. I studie here the mathematiques,
And distillation.
*Mam.* O, I crie your pardon.
H' is a divine instructer! can extract 85
The soules of all things, by his art; call all
The vertues, and the miracles of the sunne,
Into a temperate fornace: teach dull nature
What her owne forces are. A man, the emp'-
rour
Has courted, above Kelley: sent his medalls, 90
And chaines, t' invite him.
*Dol.* I, and for his physick, sir——
*Mam.* Above the art of Æsculapius,
That drew the envy of the Thunderer!
I know all this, and more.
*Dol.* Troth, I am taken, sir,
Whole, with these studies, that contemplate
nature: 95
*Mam.* It is a noble humour. But this forme
Was not intended to so darke a use!
Had you beene crooked, foule, of some course
mould,
A cloyster had done well: but, such a feature,
That might stand up the glorie of a kingdome, 100
To live recluse! is a mere solæcisme,

Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
I muse, my Lord your brother will permit it!
You should spend halfe my land first, were I hee.
Do's not this diamant better, on my finger,
Then i' the quarrie? 105
*Dol.* Yes.
*Mam.* Why, you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for the light!
Heare, you shall weare it; take it, the first pledge
Of what I speake: to binde you, to beleeve me.
*Dol.* In chaines of adamant?
*Mam.* Yes, the strongest bands.
And take a secret, too. Here, by your side, 110
Doth stand, this houre, the happiest man, in Europe.
*Dol.* You are contented, sir?
*Mam.* Nay, in true being:
The envy of princes, and the feare of states.
*Dol.* Say you so, Sir Epicure!
*Mam.* Yes, and thou shalt prove it,
Daughter of honor. I have cast mine eye 115
Upon thy forme, and I will reare this beautie,
Above all stiles.
*Dol.* You meane no treason, sir!
*Mam.* No, I will take away that jealousie.
I am the Lord of the philosophers stone,
And thou the Lady. 120

107 Q omits *the*. 111 *in*, Q *of*.

*Dol.* How sir! Ha' you that?
*Mam.* I am the master of the maistrie.
This day, the good old wretch, here, o' the house
Has made it for us. Now, hee's at projection.
Thinke therefore, thy first wish, now; let me heare it: 125
And it shall raine into thy lap, no shower,
But flouds of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee!
*Dol.* You are pleas'd, sir,
To worke on the ambition of our sexe.
*Mam.* I' am pleas'd, the glorie of her sexe should know, 130
This nooke, here, of the Friers, is no climate
For her, to live obscurely in, to learne
Physick, and surgery, for the constables wife
Of some odde hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And tast the aire of palaces; eate, drinke 135
The toyles of emp'ricks, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearle, and corrall, gold, and amber;
Be seene at feasts, and triumphs; have it ask'd,
What miracle shee is? Set all the eyes
Of court a-fire, like a burning glasse, 140
And worke 'hem into cinders; when the jewells
Of twentie states adorne thee; and the light
Strikes out the starres; that, when thy name is mention'd,

Queenes may looke pale: and we but shewing our love,
Nero's Poppæa may be lost in storie! 145
Thus, will we have it.
*Dol.* I could well consent, sir.
But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
The prince will soone take notice; and both seize
You, and your stone: it being a wealth unfit
For any private subject.
*Mam.* If he knew it. 150
*Dol.* Your selfe doe boast it, sir.
*Mam.* To thee, my life.
*Dol.* O, but beware, sir! You may come to end
The remnant of your daies, in a loath'd prison,
By speaking of it.
*Mam.* 'Tis no idle feare!
Wee'll therefore goe with all, my girle, and live 155
In a free state; where we will eate our mullets,
Sous'd in high-countrey wines, sup phesants egges,
And have our cockles, boild in silver shells,
Our shrimps to swim againe, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter, made of dolphins milke, 160
Whose creame do's looke like opalls: and, with these
Delicate meats, set our selves high for pleasure,

And take us downe againe, and then renew
Our youth, and strength, with drinking the elixir,
And so enjoy a perpetuitie 165
Of life, and lust. And, thou shalt ha' thy wardrobe,
Richer then natures, still, to change thy selfe,
And vary oftner, for thy pride, then shee:
Or art, her wise, and almost-equall servant.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, every word, 170
Into the laboratory. Some fitter place.
The garden, or great chamber above. How like you her?
*Mam.* Excellent! Lungs. There's for thee.
[*Gives him money.*]
*Fac.* But doe you heare?
Good sir, beware, no mention of the rabbines.
*Mam.* We thinke not on 'hem.
*Fac.* O, it is well, sir. [*Exeunt Mammon and Dol.*] Subtle! 175

171 *laboratory*, F1 and F2 labaratory.

## Act IV. Scene II.

*Face*; [*enter*] *Subtle*, [*later*] *Kastril*, *Dame Pliant*.

[*Face.*] Dost thou not laugh?
*Subtle.* Yes. Are they gone?
*Fac.* All's cleare.
*Sub.* The widdow is come.
*Fac.* And your quarrelling disciple?
*Sub.* I.
*Fac.* I must to my captaine-ship againe, then.
*Sub.* Stay, bring 'hem in, first.
*Fac.* So I meant. What is shee?
A bony-bell?
*Sub.* I know not.
*Fac.* Wee'll draw lots,
You'll stand to that?
*Sub.* What else?
*Fac.* O, for a suite,
To fall now, like a cortine: flap.
*Sub.* To th' dore, man.
*Fac.* You'll ha' the first kisse, 'cause I am not readie. [*Face goes to the door.*]
*Sub.* Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the nostrils.
*Fac.* [*at the door.*] Who would you speak with?
*Kastril.* Wher's the Captaine?

*Fac.* Gone, sir. 10
About some businesse.
*Kas.* Gone?
*Fac.* Hee'll returne straight.
But Master Doctor, his lieutenant, is here.

[*Enter Kastril, followed by Dame Pliant.*]

*Sub.* Come neere, my worshipfull boy, my *terræ fili*,
That is, my boy of land; make thy approches:
Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires, 15
And I will serve, and satisfie 'hem. Beginne,
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;
Here is my center: ground thy quarrell.
*Kas.* You lie.
*Sub.* How, child of wrath, and anger! the loud lie?
For what, my sodaine boy?
*Kas.* Nay, that looke you too, 20
I am afore-hand.
*Sub.* O, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logick! You must render causes, child,
Your first, and second intentions, know your canons,
And your divisions, moodes, degrees, and differences,

Your prædicaments, substance, and accident, 25
Series externe, and interne, with their causes
Efficient, materiall, formall, finall,
And ha' your elements perfect——
*Kas.* What is this!
The angrie tongue he talkes in?
*Sub.* That false precept,
Of being afore-hand, has deceiv'd a number 30
And made 'hem enter quarrels, often-times
Before they were aware: and, afterward,
Against their wills.
*Kas.* How must I doe then, sir?
*Sub.* I crie this Lady mercy. Shee should, first,
Have beene saluted. I doe call you Lady, 35
Because you are to be one, ere 't be long,
My soft, and buxome widdow. *He kisses her.*
*Kas.* Is she, i-faith?
*Sub.* Yes, or my art is an egregious lyar.
*Kas.* How know you?
*Sub.* By inspection, on her fore-head,
And subtletie of her lip, which must be tasted 40
Often, to make judgement. 'Slight, shee melts *He kisses her againe.*
Like a myrobolane! Here is, yet, a line,
In *rivo frontis*, tells me, he is no knight.
*Pliant.* What is he then, sir?
*Sub.* Let me see your hand.

O, your *linea fortunæ* makes it plaine; 45
And *stella*, here, *in monte Veneris:*
But, most of all, *junctura annularis.*
He is a souldier, or a man of art, Lady:
But shall have some great honour, shortly.
*Pli.* Brother,
Hee's a rare man, beleeve me!
*Kas.* Hold your peace. 50

[*Re-enter Face in his uniform.*]

Here comes the tother rare man. 'Save you Captaine.
*Fac.* Good Master Kastril. Is this your sister?
*Kas.* I, sir.
Please you to kusse her, and be proud to know her.
*Fac.* I shall be proud to know you, Ladie.
[*Kisses her.*]
*Pli.* Brother,
He calls me Ladie, too.
*Kas.* I, peace. I heard it. 55
*Fac.* The count is come.
*Sub.* Where is he?
*Fac.* At the dore.
*Sub.* Why, you must entertaine him.
*Fac.* What'll you doe
With these the while?

*Sub.* Why, have 'hem up, and shew 'hem
Some fustian booke, or the darke glasse.
*Fac.* 'Fore God,
Shee is a delicate dab-chick! I must have her. 60
[*Exit Face.*]
*Sub.* Must you? I, if your fortune will, you must.
Come, sir, the Captaine will come to us presently,
I'll ha' you to my chamber of demonstrations,
Where I'll shew you both the grammar, and logick,
And rhetorick of quarrelling; my whole method, 65
Drawne out in tables: and my instrument,
That hath severall scale upon't, shall make you
Able to quarrell, at a strawes breadth, by moonelight.
And, Lady, I'll have you looke in a glasse,
Some halfe an houre, but to cleare your eyesight, 70
Against you see your fortune: which is greater,
Then I may judge upon the sodaine, trust me.
[*Exit, followed by Kastril and Dame Pliant.*]

## Act IV. Scene III.

*Face, Subtle, Surly.*

[*Face.*] Where are you, Doctor?
*Subtle* [*within*]. I'll come to you presently.
*Fac.* I will ha' this same widdow, now I ha' seene her,
On any composition.

[*Enter Subtle.*]

*Sub.* What doe you say?
*Fac.* Ha' you dispos'd of them?
*Sub.* I ha' sent 'hem up.
*Fac.* Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widdow. 5
*Sub.* Is that the matter?
*Fac.* Nay, but heare me.
*Sub.* Goe to,
If you rebell once, Dol shall know it all.
Therefore, be quiet, and obey your chance.
*Fac.* Nay, thou art so violent now—Doe but conceive:
Thou art old, and canst not serve——
*Sub.* Who, cannot I? 10
'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a——
*Fac.* Nay,
But understand: I'll gi' you composition.

11 *'Slight.* Q 'Sblood.

*Sub.* I will not treat with thee: what, sell my fortune?
'Tis better then my birth-right. Doe not murmure.
Winne her, and carrie her. If you grumble, Dol 15
Knowes it directly.
*Fac.* Well sir, I am silent.
Will you goe helpe, to fetch in Don, in state?
*Sub.* I follow you, sir: [*exit Face*] we must keepe Face in awe,
Or he will over-looke us like a tyranne.
Braine of a taylor! Who comes here? Don Jon! [*Re-enter Face with*] *Surly like a Spaniard.* 20
*Sur.* *Sennores, beso las manos, à vuestras mercedes.*
*Sub.* Would you had stoup'd a little, and kist our *anos.*
*Fac.* Peace, Subtle.
*Sub.* Stab me; I shall never hold, man.
He lookes in that deepe ruffe, like a head in a platter,
Serv'd in by a short cloake upon two tressils! 25
*Fac.* Or, what doe you say to a collar of brawne, cut downe
Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?
*Sub.* 'Slud, he do's looke too fat to be a Spaniard.

*Fac.* Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got him
In D'Alva's time: Count Egmonts bastard.
*Sub.* Don, 30
Your scirvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.
*Sur.* *Gratia.*
*Sub.* He speakes, out of a fortification.
'Pray God, he ha' no squibs in those deepe sets.
*Sur.* *Por dios, sennores, muy linda casa!*
*Sub.* What sayes he?
*Fac.* Praises the house, I thinke, 35
I know no more but 's action.
*Sub.* Yes, the *casa*,
My precious Diego, will prove faire inough,
To cossen you in. Doe you marke? You shall
Be cossened, Diego.
*Fac.* Cossened, doe you see?
My worthy Donzel, cossened.
*Sur.* *Entiendo.* 40
*Sub.* Doe you intend it? So doe we, deare Don.
Have you brought pistolets? or portagues? *He feeles his pockets.*
My solemne Don? Dost thou feele any?
*Fac.* Full.
*Sub.* You shall be emptied, Don; pumped, and drawne,
Drie, as they say.
*Fac.* Milked, in troth, sweet Don. 45

31 *Madrid,* Q Madril.

*Sub.* See all the monsters; the great lyon of all, Don.
*Sur.* *Con licencia, se puede ver à esta sennora?*
*Sub.* What talkes he now?
*Fac.* O' the *sennora.*
*Sub.* O, Don,
That is the lyonesse, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
*Fac.* 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we doe? 50
*Sub.* For what?
*Fac.* Why Dol's emploi'd, you know.
*Sub.* That's true!
'Fore heav'n I know not: he must stay, that's all.
*Fac.* Stay? That he must not by no meanes.
*Sub.* No, why?
*Fac.* Unlesse you'll marre all. 'Slight, hee'll suspect it.
And then he will not pay, not halfe so well. 55
This is a travell'd punque-master, and do's know
All the delayes: a notable hot raskall,
And lookes, already, rampant.
*Sub.* 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
*Fac.* Mammon, in no case!
*Sub.* What shall we doe then?

47 *Sennora*, F and Q read *sennorà*.

*Fac.* Thinke: you must be sodaine. 60

*Sur. Entiendo, que la sennora es tan hermosa, que codìcio tan à verla, como la bien aventurança de mi vida.*

*Fac. Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in minde o' the widow.
What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha?
And tell her, it is her fortune. All our venter 65
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on 's chance to have her: and, beside,
There is no maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.
What dost thou thinke on't, Subtle?

*Sub.* Who, I? Why——

*Fac.* The credit of our house too is engag'd. 70

*Sub.* You made me an offer for my share e're while.
What wilt thou gi' me, i-faith?

*Fac.* O, by that light,
Ile not buy now. You know your doome to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir; winne her,
And weare her, out for me.

*Sub.* 'Slight. I'll not worke her then. 75

*Fac.* It is the common cause, therefore bethinke you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.

62 *verla . . . aventurança*, F and Q read *ver la*; and *aventuránça*.

*Sub.* I care not.
*Sur.* *Sennores, porque se tarda tanta?*
*Sub.* Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
*Fac.* That's now no reason, sir.
*Sur.* *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*
*Fac.* You heare the Don, too? By this ayre, I call.
And loose the hinges, [*he calls*] Dol.
*Sub.* A plague of hell——
*Fac.* Will you then doe?
*Sub.* Yo' are a terrible rogue,
Ile thinke of this: will you, sir, call the widow?
*Fac.* Yes, and Ile take her too, with all her faults,
Now I doe thinke on't better.
*Sub.* With all my heart, sir,
Am I discharg'd o' the lot?
*Fac.* As you please.
*Sub.* Hands. [*They shake hands.*]
*Fac.* Remember now, that upon any change,
You never claime her.
*Sub.* Much good joy, and health to you, sir.
Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.
*Sur.* *Por estas honradas barbas*——
*Sub.* He sweares by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the brother too. [*Exit Face.*]

78 *tanta*, Q *tànta*. 86 *Sir*, F1 and F2 comma; Q period.
91 *honradas*, F and Q *honrada's*.

*Sur.* *Tengo duda, sennores,*
*Que no me hágan alguna traycion.*
*Sub.* How, issue on? Yes, *præsto sennor.*
Please you
*Enthratha* the *chambratha*, worthy Don; 95
Where if it please the Fates, in your *bathada*,
You shall be sok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd:
And scrub'd, and fub'd, deare Don, before you goe.
You shall, in faith, my scirvie babioun Don:
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed. 100
I will the heartilier goe about it now,
And make the widdow a punke, so much the sooner,
To be reveng'd on this impetuous Face:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.
[*Exeunt Subtle and Surly.*]

## Act IV. Scene IV.

[*Enter*] *Face*, *Kastril*, *Da*[*me*] *Pliant*, [*later*] *Subtle*, *Surly*.

[*Face.*] Come Ladie: I knew, the Doctor would not leave,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.

93 *Tengo duda*, F and Q *Tiengo dùda.*

*Kastril.* To be a countesse, say you?
*Fac.* A Spanish countesse, sir.
*Pliant.* Why? is that better then an English countesse?
*Fac.* Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, ladie? 5
*Kas.* Nay, shee is a foole, Captaine, you must pardon her.
*Fac.* Aske from your courtier, to your Innes of Court-man,
To your mere millaner: they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse. Your Spanish
Stoupe is the best garbe. Your Spanish beard 10
Is the best cut. Your Spanish ruffes are the best
Weare. Your Spanish pavin the best daunce.
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume. And, for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poore Captaine speake. 15
Here comes the Doctor.

[*Enter Subtle, with a paper.*]

*Subtle.* My most honor'd Ladie,
(For so I am now to stile you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to under-goe
An honorable fortune, very shortly.)
What will you say now, if some——

3 F1 and F2 omit *Fac.*

*Fac.* I ha' told her all, sir. 20
And her right worshipfull brother, here, that shee shall be,
A countesse: doe not delay 'hem, sir. A Spanish countesse.
*Sub.* Still, my scarce worshipfull Captaine, you can keepe
No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madame,
Doe you forgive him, and I doe.
*Kas.* Shee shall doe that, sir. 25
I'le looke to't, 'tis my charge.
*Sub.* Well then. Nought rests
But that shee fit her love, now, to her fortune.
*Pli.* Truely, I shall never brooke a Spaniard.
*Sub.* No?
*Pli.* Never, sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'hem,
And that was some three yeere afore I was borne, in truth. 30
*Sub.* Come, you must love him, or be miserable:
Choose, which you will.
*Fac.* By this good rush, perswade her,
Shee will crie straw-berries else, within this twelve-month.
*Sub.* Nay, shads, and mackrell, which is worse.

*Fac.* Indeed, sir?
*Kas.* Gods lid, you shall love him, or Ile kick you.
*Pli.* Why? 35
Ile doe as you will ha' me, brother.
*Kas.* Doe,
Or by this hand, I'll maull you.
*Fac.* Nay, good sir,
Be not so fierce.
*Sub.* No, my enraged child,
Shee will be rul'd. What, when shee comes to tast
The pleasures of a countesse! to be courted—— 40
*Fac.* And kist, and ruffled!
*Sub.* I, behind the hangings.
*Fac.* And then come forth in pompe!
*Sub.* And know her state!
*Fac.* Of keeping all th' idolaters o' the chamber
Barer to her, then at their prayers!
*Sub.* Is serv'd
Upon the knee!
*Fac.* And has her pages, huishers, 45
Foot-men, and coaches——
*Sub.* Her sixe mares——
*Fac.* Nay, eight!
*Sub.* To hurry her through London, to th' Exchange,
Bet'lem, the China-houses——

45 *Huishers*, F2 ushers.

*Fac.* Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tyres!
And my-lords goose-turd bands, that rides with her! 50
*Kas.* Most brave! By this hand, you are not my suster,
If you refuse.
*Pli.* I will not refuse, brother.
[*Enter Surly.*]
*Surly.* *Que es esto, sennores, que non se venga?*
*Esta tardanza me mata!*
*Fac.* It is the Count come!
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art. 55
*Sub.* *En gallanta madama, Don! gallantissima!*
*Sur.* *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada*
*Hermosura, que he visto en mi vìda!*
*Fac.* Is't not a gallant language, that they speake?
*Kas.* An admirable language! Is't not French? 60
*Fac.* No, Spanish, sir.
*Kas.* It goes like law-French.
And that, they say, is the court-liest language.
*Fac.* List, sir.
*Sur.* *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el*
*Resplandor, que tràe esta dama. Valgame dios!*

57 *todos.* F and Q *tódos.* 58 *Hermosura.* Q *Hermosùra.*
63 *Valgame.* F and Q *Valga me.*

*Fac.* He' admires your sister.
*Kas.* Must not shee make curtsie?
*Sub.* 'Ods will, shee must goe to him, man; and kisse him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
*Fac.* 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knowes all.
*Sur.* *Por que no se acùde?*
*Kas.* He speakes to her, I thinke.
*Fac.* That he do's, sir.
*Sur.* *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tàrda?*
*Kas.* Nay, see: shee will not understand him! Gull.
Noddy.
*Pli.* What say you brother?
*Kas.* Asse, my suster,
Goe kusse him, as the cunning man would ha' you;
I'll thrust a pinne i' your buttocks else.
*Fac.* O, no sir.
*Sur.* *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna està*
*A llegar à tanta Hermosura.*
*Fac.* Do's he not use her bravely?
*Kas.* Bravely, i-faith!
*Fac.* Nay, he will use her better.

76, 77 *està, A llegar, tanta.* F and Q *esta, Alle gar à tànta.*

*Kas.* Doe you thinke so?
*Sur.* *Sennora, si sera servida, entremos.* 80
[*Exit with Dame Pliant.*]
*Kas.* Where do's he carry her?
*Fac.* Into the garden, sir;
Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.
*Sub.* Give Dol the word. [*Aside to Face, who goes out.*] Come, my fierce child, advance,
Wee'll to our quarrelling lesson againe.
*Kas.* Agreed.
I love a Spanish boy, with all my heart. 85
*Sub.* Nay, and by this meanes, sir, you shall be brother
To a great count.
*Kas.* I, I knew that, at first.
This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.
*Sub.* 'Pray God, your sister prove but pliant.
*Kas.* Why,
Her name is so: by her other husband.
*Sub.* How? 90
*Kas.* The Widdow Pliant. Knew you not that?
*Sub.* No faith, sir.
Yet, by erection of her figure, I gest it.
Come, let's goe practice.

80 *entremos,* F and Q *entremus.*

*Kas.* Yes, but doe you thinke, Doctor,
I e'er shall quarrell well?
*Sub.* I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act IV. Scene V.

[*Enter*] *Dol*, [*followed by*] *Mammon*; [*later*] *Face*, *Subtle*.

[*Dol.*] For, after Alexanders death—— *In her fit of talking.*
*Mammon.* Good lady——
*Dol.* That Perdiccas, and Antigonus were slaine,
The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolomee——
*Mam.* Madame.
*Dol.* Made up the two legs, and the fourth beast.
That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after
Was call'd Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg——
*Mam.* Lady——
*Dol.* And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg——
*Mam.* Sweet madame——
*Dol.* And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall

In the last linke of the fourth chaine. And these
Be starres in story, which none see, or looke at——
*Mam.* What shall I doe?
*Dol.* For, as he sayes, except
We call the rabbines, and the heathen Greekes——
*Mam.* Deare lady——
*Dol.* To come from Salem, and from Athens,
And teach the people of Great Britaine——

[*Enter Face, hastily, in his servant's dress.*]

*Face.* What's the matter, sir?
*Dol.* To speake the tongue of Eber, and Javan——
*Mam.* O,
Sh' is in her fit.
*Dol.* We shall know nothing——
*Fac.* Death, sir,
We are un-done.
*Dol.* Where, then, a learned linguist
Shall see the antient us'd communion
Of vowels, and consonants——
*Fac.* My master will heare!
*Dol.* A wisedome, which Pythagoras held most high——

*Mam.* Sweet honorable lady!
*Dol.* To comprise
All sounds of voyces, in few markes of letters——
*Fac.* Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.

*They speake together.*

*Dol.* And so we may arrive by Talmud skill,
And profane Greeke, to raise the building up
Of Helens house, against the Ismaelite,
King of Thogarma, and his habergions
Brimstony, blew, and fiery; and the force
Of King Abaddon, and the beast of Cittim:
Which Rabbi David Kimchi, Onkelos,
And Aben-Ezra doe interpret Rome.

*Fac.* How did you put her into't?
*Mam.* Alas I talk'd
Of a fift monarchy I would erect,
With the philosophers stone (by chance) and shee
Fals on the other foure, straight.
*Fac.* Out of Broughton!
I told you so. 'Slid, stop her mouth.
*Mam.* Is't best?
*Fac.* She'll never leave else. If the old man heare her,
We are but *fæces*, ashes.
*Sub.* [*within*]. What's to doe there?
*Fac.* O, we are lost. Now she heares him, she is quiet.

*Mam.* Where shall I hide me?
*Sub.* How! What sight is here!
Close deeds of darknesse, and that shunne the light!
Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my sonne!
O, I have liv'd too long.

*Upon Subtles entry they disperse.*

34 *Mam*, F1 *Man*. 35 *With*, Q Which. 38 *Mam*, F1 *Man*.

*Mam.* Nay good, deare father,
There was no' unchast purpose.
*Sub.* Not? and flee me, 45
When I come in?
*Mam.* That was my error.
*Sub.* Error?
Guilt, guilt, my sonne. Give it the right name.
No marvaile,
If I found check in our great worke within,
When such affaires as these were managing!
*Mam.* Why, have you so?
*Sub.* It has stood still this halfe houre: 50
And all the rest of our lesse workes gone back.
Where is the instrument of wickednesse,
My lewd false drudge?
*Mam.* Nay, good sir, blame not him.
Beleeve me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
I saw her by chance.
*Sub.* Will you commit more sinne, 55
T' excuse a varlet?
*Mam.* By my hope, 'tis true, sir.
*Sub.* Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heaven:
And loose your fortunes.
*Mam.* Why, sir?

50 *stood still*, Q gone back. 51 *gone back*, Q stand still.

*Sub.* This'll retard
The worke, a month at least.
*Mam.* Why, if it doe, 60
What remedie? but thinke it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
*Sub.* As they were,
So the reward will prove. How now! Aye me. *A great crack and noise within.*
God, and all saints be good to us. What's that?

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* O sir, we are defeated! All the workes 65
Are flowne *in fumo:* every glasse is burst.
Fornace, and all rent downe! as if a bolt
Of thunder had beene driven through the house.
Retorts, receivers, pellicanes, bolt-heads,
All strooke in shivers! Helpe, good sir! Alas, *Subtle falls downe as in a swoune.*
Coldnesse, and death invades him. Nay, Sir Mammon,
Doe the faire offices of a man! You stand,
As you were readier to depart, then he. *One knocks.*
Who's there? My lord her brother is come.
*Mam.* Ha, Lungs?
*Fac.* His coach is at the dore. Avoid his sight, 75
For hee's as furious, as his sister is mad.

59 *This'll retard,* Q This will hinder.

*Mam.* Alas!
*Fac.* My braine is quite un-done with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine owne man againe.
*Mam.* Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be preserv'd
Of all our cost?
*Fac.* Faith, very little, sir. 80
A peck of coales, or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
*Mam.* O my voluptuous mind! I am justly punish'd.
*Fac.* And so am I, sir.
*Mam.* Cast from all my hopes——
*Fac.* Nay, certainties, sir.
*Mam.* By mine owne base affections.
*Sub.* O, the curst fruits of vice, and lust! *Subtle seemes come to himself.*
*Mam.* Good father,
It was my sinne. Forgive it.
*Sub.* Hangs my roofe
Over us still, and will not fall, O justice,
Upon us, for this wicked man!
*Fac.* Nay, looke, sir,
You grieve him, now, with staying in his sight:
Good, sir, the noble man will come too, and take you, 90
And that may breed a tragœdie.

*Mam.* I'll goe.
*Fac.* I, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance, you may ha' it, yet,
A hundred pound to the boxe at Bet'lem——
*Mam.* Yes.
*Fac.* For the restoring such as ha' their wits.
*Mam.* I'll do't. 95
*Fac.* Ile send one to you to receive it.
*Mam.* Doe.
Is no projection left?
*Fac.* All flowne, or stinks, sir.
*Mam.* Will nought be sav'd, that's good for med'cine, think'st thou?
*Fac.* I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the shardes, 100
Will cure the itch: though not your itch of mind, sir.
It shall be sav'd for you, and sent home. Good, sir,
This way: for feare the lord should meet you.
[*Exit Mammon.*]
*Sub.* [*raising his head*]. Face.
*Fac.* I.
*Sub.* Is he gone?
*Fac.* Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hop'd for, were in his bloud. 105
Let us be light, though.

*Sub.* [*leaping up*]. I, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roofe for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away.
*Fac.* Now to our Don.
*Sub.* Yes, your yong widdow, by this time
Is made a countesse, Face: sh' has beene in travaile
Of a yong heire for you.
*Fac.* Good, sir.
*Sub.* Off with your case,
And greet her kindly, as a bride-groome should,
After these common hazards.
*Fac.* Very well, sir.
Will you goe fetch Don Diego off, the while?
*Sub.* And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleas'd, sir:
Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets now.
*Fac.* Why, you can doe it as well, if you would set to't.
I pray you prove your vertue.
*Sub.* For your sake, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

## Act IV. Scene VI.

[*Enter*] *Surly*, *Da*[*me*] *Pliant*; [*later*] *Subtle*, *Face*.

[*Surly*.] Lady, you see into what hands you are falne;
Mongst what a nest of villaines! and how neere
Your honor was t' have catch'd a certaine clap
(Through your credulitie) had I but beene
So punctually forward, as place, time, 5
And other circumstance would ha' made a man:
For yo' are a handsome woman: would yo' were wise, too.
I am a gentleman, come here disguis'd,
Onely to find the knaveries of this citadell,
And where I might have wrong'd your honor, and have not, 10
I claime some interest in your love. You are,
They say, a widdow, rich: and I am a batcheler,
Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preserv'd you a woman. Thinke upon it,
And whether, I have deserv'd you, or no.
*Pliant*. I will, sir. 15
*Sur*. And for these household-rogues, let me alone,
To treat with them.

16 *Sur*. F1 and Q *Sub*.

[*Enter Subtle.*]

*Subtle.* How doth my noble Diego?
And my deare Madame, Countesse? Hath the Count
Beene courteous, Lady? liberall? and open?
Donzell, me thinkes you looke melancholike, 20
After your *coitum*, and scurvy! True-ly,
I doe not like the dulnesse of your eye:
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,
And say's you are a lumpish whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so. *He falls to picking of them.* 25
*Sur.* [*Throws open his cloak.*] Will you, Don bawd, and pick-purse?
[*Strikes him down.*] How now? Reele you?
Stand up, sir, you shall finde since I am so heavy,
I'll gi' you equall weight.
*Sub.* Helpe, murder!
*Sur.* No, sir.
There's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a cleane whip shall ease you of that feare. 30
I am the Spanish Don, that should be cossened,
Doe you see? cossened? Where's your Captayne Face?
That parcell-broker, and whole-bawd, all raskall.

[*Enter Face in his uniform.*]

*Face.* How, Surly!

*Sur.* O, make your approach, good Captaine.
I' have found from whence your copper rings, and spoones
Come, now, wherewith you cheate abroad in tavernes.
'Twas here, you learn'd t' anoint your boot with brimstone,
Then rub mens gold on 't, for a kind of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha' it for nothing? And this Doctor,
Your sooty, smoakie-bearded compeere, he
Will close you so much gold, in a bolts-head,
And, on a turne, convay (i' the stead) another
With sublim'd mercurie, that shall burst i' the heate.
And flye out all *in fumo?* Then weepes Mammon:
Then swounes his worship. Or, [*Face slips out.*] he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures
Plagues, piles, and poxe, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawdes,
And midwives of three shires? while you send in——

Captaine, (what is he gone?) dam'sells with child,
Wives, that are barren, or, the waiting-maide
With the greene-sicknesse.
[*Seizes Subtle as he is retiring.*]
Nay, sir, you must tarrie
Though he be scap't; and answere, by the eares, sir.

## ACT IV. SCENE VII.

[*Enter*] *Face*, [*with*] *Kastril*, [*to*] *Surly* [*and*] *Subtle*; [*enter later*] *Drugger* [*and*] *Ananias*, *Dame Pliant*, [*still later*] *Dol.*

[*Face.*] Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrell
Well (as they say) and be a true-borne child.
The Doctor, and your sister both are abus'd.
*Kastril.* Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave
What ere he is, and the sonne of a whore. Are you
The man, sir, I would know?
*Surly.* I should be loth, sir,
To confesse so much.
*Kas.* Then you lie, i' your throate.
*Sur.* How?
*Fac.* [*to Kastril*]. A very errant rogue, sir, and a cheater,

Employd here, by another conjurer,
That dos not love the Doctor, and would crosse
him 10
If he knew how——
*Sur.* Sir, you are abus'd.
*Kas.* You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
*Fac.* Well said, sir. He is
The impudent'st raskall——
*Sur.* You are indeed. Will you heare me, sir?
*Fac.* By no meanes: bid him be gone.
*Kas.* Be gone, sir, quickly.
*Sur.* This's strange! Lady, doe you informe
your brother. 15
*Fac.* There is not such a foyst, in all the
towne,
The Doctor had him, presently: and findes, yet,
The Spanish Count will come, here. Beare up,
Subtle. [*Aside.*]
*Sub.* Yes, sir, he must appeare, within this
houre.
*Fac.* And yet this rogue, would come, in a
disguise, 20
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it.
*Kas.* I,
I know — Away, [*to his sister*] you talke like a
foolish mauther.

*Sur.* Sir, all is truth, she saies.
*Fac.* Doe not beleeve him, sir:
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your wayes, sir.
*Sur.* You are valiant, out of companie.
*Kas.* Yes, how then, sir?

[*Enter Drugger, with a piece of damask.*]

*Fac.* Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knowes him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel,)
This cheater would ha' cossen'd thee o' the widdow.
He owes this honest Drugger, here, seven pound,
He has had on him, in two-penny'orths of tabacco.
*Drugger.* Yes, sir. And h' has damn'd himselfe, three termes, to pay mee.
*Fac.* And what do's he owe for lotium?
*Dru.* Thirtie shillings, sir:
And for sixe syringes.
*Sur.* Hydra of villainie!
*Fac.* Nay, sir, you must quarrell him out o' the house. [*To Kastril.*]
*Kas.* I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' dores, you lie:
And you are a pimpe.

32 *h' has*, Q he hath.

*Sur.* Why, this is madnesse, sir,
Not valure in you: I must laugh at this.
*Kas.* It is my humour: you are a pimpe, and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaule, or a Don Quixote.
*Dru.* Or a knight o' the curious cox-combe. Doe you see?

[*Enter Ananias.*]

*Ananias.* Peace to the houshold.
*Kas.* Ile keepe peace, for no man.
*Ana.* Casting of dollers is concluded lawfull.
*Kas.* Is he the constable?
*Sub.* Peace, Ananias.
*Fac.* No, sir.
*Kas.* Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit,
A very tim.
*Sur.* You'll heare me, sir?
*Kas.* I will not.
*Ana.* What is the motive!
*Sub.* Zeale, in the yong gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops——
*Ana.* They are profane.
Leud, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.
*Sur.* New raskals!
*Kas.* Will you be gone, sir?

38 *Valure*, F1 F2 and Q.

*Ana.* Avoid Sathan, 50
Thou art not of the light. That ruffe of pride,
About thy neck, betrayes thee: 'and is the same
With that, which the uncleane birds, in seventy-seven,
Were seene to pranke it with, on divers coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that leud hat. 55
*Sur.* I must give way.
*Kas.* Be gone, sir.
*Sur.* But Ile take
A course with you——
*Ana.* Depart, proud Spanish fiend.
*Sur.* Captain, and Doctor.
*Ana.* Child of perdition.
*Kas.* Hence, sir. [*Exit Surly.*]
Did I not quarrell bravely?
*Fac.* Yes, indeed, sir.
*Kas.* Nay, and I give my mind to't, I shall do't. 60
*Fac.* O, you must follow, sir, and threaten him tame.
Hee'll turne againe else.
*Kas.* I'll re-turne him, then.
[*Exit Kastril; Subtle takes Ananias aside.*]
*Fac.* Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

57 *Depart . . fiend,* F incorrectly prints this in (), Q is correct.

We' had determin'd, that thou shouldst ha' come,
In a Spanish sute, and ha' carried her so; and he 65
A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himselfe.
Hast brought the damaske?

*Dru.* Yes sir.

*Fac.* Thou must borrow,
A Spanish suite. Hast thou no credit with the players?

*Dru.* Yes, sir, did you never see me play the foole?

*Fac.* I know not, Nab: thou shalt, if I can helpe it.
Hieronymo's old cloake, ruffe, and hat will serve, 70
Ile tell thee more, when thou bringst 'hem.

*Subtle hath whisperd with him this while.*

[*Exit Drugger.*]

*Ana.* Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the Brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one,
I make no scruple. But the holy synode 75
Have beene in prayer, and meditation, for it.
And 'tis reveal'd, no lesse, to them, then me,
That casting of money is most lawfull.

*Sub.* True.
But here, I cannot doe it; if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out, 80
And we be lock'd up in the Tower, for ever,

To make gold there (for th' state): never come
out:
And, then, are you defeated.
*Ana.* I will tell
This to the elders, and the weaker Brethren,
That the whole companie of the Separation 85
May joyne in humble prayer againe.
*Sub.* (And fasting.)
*Ana.* Yea, for some fitter place. The peace
of mind
Rest with these walls.
*Sub.* Thanks, courteous Ananias.
[*Exit Ananias.*]
*Fac.* What did he come for?
*Sub.* About casting dollers,
Presently, out of hand. And so, I told him, 90
A Spanish minister came here to spie,
Against the faithfull——
*Fac.* I conceive. Come Subtle,
Thou art so downe upon the least disaster!
How wouldst tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt
thee out?
*Sub.* I thanke thee Face, for the angrie boy,
i-faith. 95
*Fac.* Who would ha' lookt, it should ha'
beene that raskall?

82 *State*, F has no punctuation after the word; Q puts a colon, incorrectly, after *there*.

Surly? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, sir,
Here's damaske come, to make you a suit.
*Sub.* Where's Drugger?
*Fac.* He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habite,
Ile be the count, now.
*Sub.* But where's the widdow? 100
*Fac.* Within, with my lords sister: Madame Dol
Is entertayning her.
*Sub.* By your favour, Face,
Now shee is honest, I will stand againe.
*Fac.* You will not offer it.
*Sub.* Why?
*Fac.* Stand to your word,
Or—here comes Dol. She knowes——
*Sub.* Yo' are tyrannous still. 105

[*Enter Dol, hastily.*]

*Fac.* Strict for my right. How now, Dol! Hast' told her,
The Spanish Count will come?
*Dol.* Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for!
*Fac.* Who's that?
*Dol.* Your master:
The master of the house.

104 *Sub.* F1 and F2 misprint *Sur.*

*Sub.* How, Dol!
*Fac.* Shee lies.
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblins, Dorothee. 110
*Dol.* Looke out, and see.
[*Face goes to the window.*]
*Sub.* Art thou in earnest?
*Dol.* 'Slight,
Fortie o' the neighbours are about him, talking.
*Fac.* 'Tis he, by this good day.
*Dol.* 'Twill prove ill day,
For some on us.
*Fac.* We are undone, and taken.
*Dol.* Lost, I'm afraid.
*Sub.* You said he would not come, 115
While there dyed one a weeke, within the liberties.
*Fac.* No: 'twas within the walls.
*Sub.* Was't so? Cry' you mercy:
I thought the liberties. What shall we doe now, Face?
*Fac.* Be silent: not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him, 120
Of Jeremie, the butler. I' the meane time,
Doe you two pack up all the goods, and purchase,
That we can carry i' the two trunkes. I'll keepe him

115 *I'm*, Q I am.

Off for to day, if I cannot longer: and then
At night, Ile ship you both away to Ratcliffe,
Where wee'll meet to morrow, and there wee'll share.
Let Mammon's brasse, and pewter keepe the cellar:
Wee'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
'Pray thee, goe heate a little water, quickly,
Subtle must shave me. All my Captaines beard
Must off, to make me appeare smooth Jeremie.
You'll do't?

*Sub.* Yes, Ile shave you, as well as I can.

*Fac.* And not cut my throte, but trim me?

*Sub.* You shall see, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

126 *there*, Q then.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

[*Enter*] *Love-wit*, [*with several of the*] *Neighbours.*

[*Lovewit.*] Has there beene such resort, say you?
*Neighbour 1.* Daily, sir.
*Neighbour 2.* And nightly, too.
*Neighbour 3.* I, some as brave as lords.
*Neighbour 4.* Ladies, and gentlewomen.
*Neighbour 5.* Citizens wives.
*Nei. 1.* And knights.
*Neighbour 6.* In coches.
*Nei. 2.* Yes, and oyster-women.
*Nei. 1.* Beside other gallants.
*Nei. 3.* Sailors wives.
*Nei. 4.* Tabacco-men. 5
*Nei. 5.* Another Pimlico!
*Lov.* What should my knave advance,
To draw this companie? He hung out no banners
Of a strange calfe, with five legs, to be seene?
Or a huge lobster, with sixe clawes?
*Nei. 6.* No, sir.
*Nei. 3.* We had gone in then, sir.
*Lov.* He has no guift 10

Of teaching i' the nose, that ere I knew of!
You saw no bills set up, that promis'd cure
Of agues, or the tooth-ach?
*Nei. 2.* No such thing, sir.
*Lov.* Nor heard a drum strooke, for babiouns,
or puppets?
*Nei. 5.* Neither, sir.
*Lov.* What device should he bring forth
now! 15
I love a teeming wit, as I love my nourishment.
'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bed-
ding:
I left him nothing else. If he have eate 'hem,
A plague o' the moath, say I. Sure he has got 20
Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;
The frier, and the nun; or the new motion
Of the knights courser, covering the parsons
mare;
The boy of sixe yeere old, with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that runne at tilt, 25
Upon a table, or some dog to daunce?
When saw you him?
*Nei. 1.* Who sir, Jeremie?
*Nei. 2.* Jeremie butler?
We saw him not this month.
*Lov.* How!

27 *month*, F and Q read *mont'h*.

*Nei. 4.* Nor these five weeks, sir.
*Nei. 6.* These six weeks, at the least.
*Lov.* Yo' amaze me, neighbours!
*Nei. 5.* Sure, if your worship know not where he is,
Hee's slipt away.
*Nei. 6.* Pray God, he be not made away!
*Lov.* Ha? It's no time to question, then. *He knocks.*
*Nei. 6.* About
Some three weekes since, I heard a dolefull cry,
As I sate up, a mending my wives stockings.
*Lov.* This's strange! that none will answere! Didst thou heare
A cry, saist thou?
*Nei. 6.* Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had beene strangled an houre, and could not speake.
*Nei. 2.* I heard it too, just this day three weekes, at two a clock
Next morning.
*Lov.* These be miracles, or you make 'hem so!
A man an houre strangled, and could not speake,
And both you heard him cry?
*Nei. 3.* Yes, downeward, sir.
*Lov.* Thou art a wise fellow: give me thy hand I pray thee.
What trade art thou on?

29 *Nei. 6*, F1 and Q omit 6. F2 gives it.

*Nei. 3.* A smith, and't please your worship.
*Lov.* A smith? Then, lend me thy helpe, to get this dore open.
*Nei. 3.* That I will presently, sir, but fetch my tooles—— [*Exit.*]
*Nei. 1.* Sir, best to knock againe, afore you breake it.

## Act V. Scene II.

*Love-wit, Face, Neighbours.*

[*Lovewit.*] I will. [*Knocks again.*]

[*Enter Face, in his butler's livery.*]

*Face.* What meane you, sir?
*Neighbours 1. 2. 4.* O, here's Jeremie!
*Fac.* Good sir, come from the dore.
*Lov.* Why! what's the matter?
*Fac.* Yet farder, you are too neere, yet.
*Lov.* I' the name of wonder!
What meanes the fellow?
*Fac.* The house, sir, has beene visited.
*Lov.* What? with the plague? stand thou then farder.
*Fac.* No, sir,
I had it not.
*Lov.* Who had it then? I left
None else, but thee, i' the house!

*Fac.* Yes, sir. My fellow,
The cat, that kept the buttry, had it on her
A weeke, before I spied it: but I got her
Convay'd away, i' the night. And so I shut 10
The house up for a month——
*Lov.* How!
*Fac.* Purposing then, sir,
T' have burnt rose-vinegar, triackle, and tarre,
And, ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' knowne it:
Because I knew the newes would but afflict you, sir.
*Lov.* Breath lesse, and farder off. Why, this is stranger! 15
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the dores
Have still been open——
*Fac.* How, sir!
*Lov.* Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, beene seene to flock here
In threaves, these ten weekes, as to a second Hogs-den,
In dayes of Pimlico, and Eye-bright!
*Fac.* Sir, 20
Their wisdomes will not say so!
*Lov.* To day, they speake,
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French-hood,

Went in, they tell me: and another was seene
In a velvet gown, at the windore! diverse more
Passe in and out!

*Fac.* They did passe through the dores then, 25
Or walls, I assure their eye-sights, and their spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keyes: and here have beene,
In this my pocket, now, above twentie dayes!
And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.
But that 'tis yet not deepe i' the after-noone, 30
I should beleeve my neighbours had seene double
Through the black-pot, and made these apparitions!
For, on my faith, to your worship, for these three weekes,
And upwards, the dore has not beene open'd.

*Lov.* Strange!

*Nei. 1.* Good faith, I thinke I saw a coach!

*Nei. 2.* And I too, 35
I'lld ha' beene sworne!

*Lov.* Doe you but thinke it now?
And but one coach?

*Nei. 4.* We cannot tell, sir: Jeremie
Is a very honest fellow.

*Fac.* Did you see me at all?

*Nei. 1.* No. That we are sure on.

*Nei. 2.* I'll be sworne o' that.

*Lov.* Fine rogues, to have your testimonies built on! 40

[*Re-enter Third Neighbour, with his tools.*]

*Neighbour* 3. Is Jeremie come?

*Nei. 1.* O, yes, you may leave your tooles,
We were deceiv'd, he sayes.

*Nei. 2.* He' has had the keyes:
And the dore has beene shut these three weekes.

*Nei. 3.* Like enough.

*Lov.* Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

[*Enter Surly and Mammon.*]

*Fac.* [*aside*]. Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all. 45
(How shall I beate them off? What shall I doe?)
Nothing's more wretched, then a guiltie conscience.

## Act V. Scene III.

*Surly, Mammon, Love-wit, Face, Neighbours;* [*later*] *Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Dapper, Subtle.*

[*Surly.*] No, sir, he was a great physitian. This,
It was no bawdy-house: but a meere chancell.
You knew the Lord, and his sister.

*Mammon.* Nay, good Surly——
*Sur.* The happy word, *be rich*——
*Mam.* Play not the tyranne——
*Sur.* Should be to day pronounc'd, to all your friends.
And where be your andirons now? and your brasse-pots?
That should ha' beene golden flaggons, and great wedges?
*Mam.* Let me but breath. What! They ha' shut their dores,
Me thinks! *Mammon and Surly knock.*
*Sur.* I, now, 'tis holy-day with them.
*Mam.* Rogues.
Coseners, impostors, bawds.
*Face.* What meane you, sir?
*Mam.* To enter if we can.
*Fac.* Another mans house?
Here is the owner, sir. Turne you to him,
And speake your businesse.
*Mam.* Are you, sir, the owner?
*Lovewit.* Yes, sir.
*Mam.* And are those knaves, within, your cheaters?
*Lov.* What knaves? What cheaters?
*Mam.* Subtle, and his Lungs.
*Fac.* The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,

Nor lights ha' beene seene here these three weekes, sir,
Within these dores, upon my word!
*Sur.* Your word,
Groome arrogant?
*Fac.* Yes, sir, I am the house-keeper,
And know the keyes ha' not beene out o' my hands. 20
*Sur.* This's a new Face?
*Fac.* You doe mistake the house, sir!
What signe was't at?
*Sur.* You raskall! This is one
O' the confederacie. Come, let's get officers,
And force the dore.
*Lov.* 'Pray you stay, gentlemen.
*Sur.* No, sir, wee'll come with warrant.
*Mam.* I, and then, 25
We shall ha' your dores open.
[*Exeunt Mammon and Surly.*]
*Lov.* What meanes this?
*Fac.* I cannot tell, sir!
*Nei. 1.* These are two o' the gallants,
That we doe thinke we saw.
*Fac.* Two o' the fooles?
You talke as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
I thinke the moone has cras'd 'hem all! (O me, 30

[*Enter Kastril.*]

The angrie boy come too? Hee'll make a noyse,
And nere away till he have betray'd us all.)
*Kastril.* What rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open the dore anone, *Kastril knocks.*
Punque, cockatrice, my suster. By this light
I'll fetch the marshall to you. You are a whore, 35
To keepe your castle——
*Fac.* Who would you speake with, sir?
*Kas.* The bawdy Doctor, and the cosening Captaine,
And pus my suster.
*Lov.* This is something, sure!
*Fac.* Upon my trust, the dores were never open, sir.
*Kas.* I have heard all their tricks, told me twice over, 40
By the fat knight, and the leane gentleman.
*Lov.* Here comes another.

[*Enter Ananias and Tribulation.*]

*Fac.* Ananias too?
And his pastor?
*Tribulation.* The dores are shut against us. *They beat too, at the dore.*

33 you'll, Q you'il.

*Ananias.* Come forth, you seed of sulphure, sonnes of fire,
Your stench, it is broke forth : abomination 45
Is in the house.
*Kas.* I, my suster's there.
*Ana.* The place,
It is become a cage of uncleane birds.
*Kas.* Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.
*Tri.* You shall doe well.
*Ana.* Wee'll joyne, to weede them out.
*Kas.* You will not come then ? punque, device, my suster ! 50
*Ana.* Call her not sister. Shee is a harlot, verily.
*Kas.* I'll raise the street.
*Lov.* Good gentleman, a word.
*Ana.* Sathan, avoid, and hinder not our zeale.
[*Exeunt Ananias, Tribulation, and Kastril.*]
*Lov.* The world's turn'd Bet'lem.
*Fac.* These are all broke loose,
Out of S. Kather'nes, where they use to keepe 55
The better sort of mad-folkes.
*Nei. 1.* All these persons
We saw goe in, and out, here.
*Nei. 2.* Yes, indeed, sir.
*Nei. 3.* These were the parties.

44 *sulphure*, . . *fire*, Q vipers, . . Belial.
45 *stench*, *it*, Q wickednesse. 46 Q omits I. 48 *Yes*, Q I.

*Fac.* Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Please you, to give me leave
To touch the dore, I'll trie, an' the lock be chang'd.

*Lov.* It mazes me!

*Fac.* [*Goes to the door.*] Good faith, sir, I beleeve,
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus.*
[*Aside.*] Would I could get him away.

*Dapper.* Master Captayne, Master Doctor. *Dapper cryes out within.*

*Lov.* Who's that?

*Fac.* (Our clark within, that I forgot!) I know not, sir.

*Dap.* [*within*]. For Gods sake, when wil her grace be at leisure?

*Fac.* Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o' the aire: (his gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throte.)

*Dap.* [*within*]. I am almost stiffled——

*Fac.* (Would you were altogether.)

*Lov.* 'Tis i' the house.
Ha! list.

*Fac.* Beleeve it, sir, i' the aire!

*Lov.* Peace, you——

*Dap.* [*within*]. Mine aunts grace do's not use me well.

60 an', Q and.

*Subtle.* [*within*]. You foole, 70
Peace, you'll marre all.
*Fac.* [*Speaks through the key-hole, while Lovewit advances to the door unobserved.*] Or you will else, you rogue.
*Lov.* O, is it so? Then you converse with spirits!
Come, sir. No more o' your tricks, good Jeremie,
The truth, the shortest way.
*Fac.* Dismisse this rabble, sir.
[*Aside.*] What shall I doe? I am catch'd.
*Lov.* Good neighbours, 75
I thanke you all. You may depart. [*Exeunt Neighbours.*] Come, sir,
You know that I am an indulgent master:
And therefore, conceale nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw so many severall sorts of wild-fowle?
*Fac.* Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit: 80
(But here's no place to talke on't i' the street.)
Give me but leave, to make the best of my fortune,
And onely pardon me th' abuse of your house:
It's all I begge. I'll helpe you to a widdow,
In recompence, that you shall gi' me thankes for, 85

Will make you seven yeeres yonger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloake,
I have her within. You need not feare the house,
It was not visited.
*Lov.* But by me, who came
Sooner then you expected.
*Fac.* It is true, sir.
'Pray you forgive me.
*Lov.* Well: let's see your widdow.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Act V. Scene IV.

[*Enter*] *Subtle*, [*leading in*] *Dapper*, [*with his eyes bound as before; later*] *Face*, *Dol.*

*Subtle.* How! ha' you eaten your gag?
*Dapper.* Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth.
*Sub.* You ha' spoil'd all then.
*Dap.* No,
I hope my aunt of Faery will forgive me.
*Sub.* Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth
You were to blame.
*Dap.* The fume did over-come me,
And I did do't to stay my stomack. 'Pray you,
So satisfie her grace.

4 *troth*, Q truth.

[*Enter Face.*]

Here comes the Captaine,
*Face.* How now! Is his mouth downe?
*Sub.* I! he has spoken!
*Fac.* (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.)
Hee's un-done, then.
(I have beene faine to say, the house is haunted 10
With spirits, to keepe churle back.
*Sub.* And hast thou done it?
*Fac.* Sure, for this night.
*Sub.* Why, then triumph, and sing
Of Face so famous, the precious king
Of present wits.
*Fac.* Did you not heare the coyle,
About the dore?
*Sub.* Yes, and I dwindled with it.) 15
*Fac.* Shew him his aunt, and let him be dispatch'd:
I'll send her to you. [*Exit Face.*]
*Sub.* Well sir, your aunt her grace,
Will give you audience presently, on my sute,
And the Captaines word, that you did not eate
your gag,
In any contempt of her highnesse.
*Dap.* Not I, in troth, sir. 20
*Sub.* Here shee is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle: *Dol like the Queene of Faery.*

Shee has a stately presence. [*Dapper kneels, and shuffles towards her.*] Good. Yet neerer,
And bid, God save you!

*Dap.* Madame.

*Sub.* And your aunt.

*Dap.* And my most gracious aunt, God save your grace.

*Dol.* Nephew, we thought to have beene angrie with you: 25
But that sweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with joy, that eb'd of love.
Arise, and touch our velvet gowne.

*Sub.* The skirts,
And kisse 'hem. So.

*Dol.* Let me now stroke that head,
Much, nephew, shalt thou win; much shalt thou spend; 30
Much shalt thou give away: much shalt thou lend.

*Sub.* (I, much, indeed.) Why doe you not thanke her grace?

*Dap.* I cannot speake, for joy.

*Sub.* See, the kind wretch!
Your graces kins-man right.

*Dol.* Give me the Bird.
Here is your Fly in a purse, about your neck, cosen, 35

23 *you*, Q her.

Weare it, and feed it, about this day sev'night,
On your right wrist——
*Sub.* Open a veine, with a pinne,
And let it suck but once a weeke: till then,
You must not looke on't.
*Dol.* No. And, kins-man,
Beare your selfe worthy of the bloud you come on.
*Sub.* Her grace would ha' you eate no more Wool-sack pies,
Nor Dagger frume'ty.
*Dol.* Nor breake his fast,
In Heaven, and Hell.
*Sub.* Shee's with you every where!
Nor play with costar-mongers, at mum-chance, tray-trip,
God make you rich, (when as your aunt has done it:) but keepe
The gallant'st company, and the best games——
*Dap.* Yes, sir.
*Sub.* Gleeke and primero: and what you get, be true to us.
*Dap.* By this hand, I will.
*Sub.* You may bring's a thousand pound,
Before to morrow night, (if but three thousand,
Be stirring) an' you will.
*Dap.* I sweare, I will then.
*Sub.* Your Fly will learne you all games.

50, *an'*, Q if.

*Fac.* [*within*]. Ha' you done there ?
*Sub.* Your grace will command him no more duties ?
*Dol.* No :
But come, and see me often. I may chance
To leave him three or foure hundred chests of treasure,
And some twelve thousand acres of Faerie land:
If he game well, and comely, with good gamesters.
*Sub.* There's a kind aunt ! Kisse her departing part.
But you must sell your fortie marke a yeare, now :
*Dap.* I, sir, I meane.
*Sub.* Or, gi't away : pox on't.
*Dap.* I'le gi't mine aunt. Ile go and fetch the writings.
*Sub.* 'Tis well, away !

[*Exit Dapper, re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Where's Subtle ?
*Sub.* Here. What newes ?
*Fac.* Drugger is at the doore, goe take his suite,
And bid him fetch a parson presently :
Say, he shall marrie the widdow. Thou shalt spend

55 *twelve*, Q five.
58 *your*, F1 you.
59 *pox*, Q a poxe.
60 *Dap.* F1 and Q *Fac.*

A hundred pound by the service! [*Exit Subtle.*]
Now, Queene Dol, 65
Ha' you pack'd up all?
*Dol.* Yes.
*Fac.* And how doe you like
The Lady Plyant?
*Dol.* A good dull innocent.

[*Re-enter Subtle.*]

*Sub.* Here's your Hieronymo's cloake, and hat.
*Fac.* Give mee 'hem.
*Sub.* And the ruffe too?
*Fac.* Yes, I'll come to you presently. [*Exit.*]
*Sub.* Now, he is gone about his project, Dol, 70
I told you of, for the widow.
*Dol.* 'Tis direct
Against our articles.
*Sub.* Well, wee'll fit him, wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her jewels, or her bracelets?
*Dol.* No, but I will do't.
*Sub.* Soone at night, my Dolly,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboord, 75
East-ward for Ratcliffe; we will turne our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou saist the word:

And take our leaves of this ore-weaning raskall,
This peremptorie Face.

*Dol.* Content, I 'am weary of him.

*Sub.* Thou 'hast cause, when the slave will runne a wiving, Dol, 80
Against the instrument, that was drawne betweene us.

*Dol.* I'll plucke his bird as bare as I can.

*Sub.* Yes, tell her,
She must by any meanes, addresse some present
To th' cunning man; make him amends, for wronging
His art with her suspition; send a ring; 85
Or chaine of pearle; shee will be tortur'd else
Extremely in her sleepe, say: and ha' strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?

*Dol.* Yes.

*Sub.* My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o' the night; wee'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may un-lock the trunkes, 90
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine—— *They kiss.*

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* What now, a billing?

80 *Thou 'hast cause,* F tho' hast.

*Sub.* Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affaires.
*Fac.* Drugger has brought his parson, take him in, Subtle,
And send Nab back againe, to wash his face. 95
*Sub.* I will: and shave himselfe. [*Exit.*]
*Fac.* If you can get him.
*Dol.* You are hot upon it, Face, what ere it is!
*Fac.* A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pound a month by.

[*Re-enter Subtle.*]

Is he gone?
*Sub.* The chaplaine waits you i' the hall, sir.
*Fac.* I'll goe bestow him. [*Exit.*]
*Dol.* Hee'll now marry her, instantly. 100
*Sub.* He cannot, yet, he is not readie. Deare Dol,
Cosen her of all thou canst. To deceive him
Is no deceipt, but justice, that would breake
Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
*Dol.* Let me alone to fit him.

[*Re-enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Come, my venturers, 105
You ha' pack'd up all? Where be the trunkes? Bring forth.
*Sub.* Here.

95 *Nab*, Q him.

*Fac.* Let's see 'hem. Where's the money?
*Sub.* Here,
In this.
*Fac.* Mammons ten pound: eight score before.
The Brethrens money, this. Druggers, and Dappers.
What paper's that?
*Dol.* The jewell of the waiting maides, 110
That stole it from her lady, to know certaine——
*Fac.* If shee should have precedence of her mistris?
*Dol.* Yes.
*Fac.* What boxe is that?
*Sub.* The fish-wives rings, I thinke:
And th' ale-wives single money. Is't not Dol?
*Dol.* Yes: and the whistle, that the saylors wife 115
Brought you, to know, and her husband were with Ward.
*Fac.* Wee'll wet it to-morrow: and our silver-beakers,
And taverne cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles, and hangers?
*Sub.* Here, i' the trunke,
And the bolts of lawne.

*Fac.* Is Druggers damaske, there? 120
And the tabacco?
*Sub.* Yes.
*Fac.* Give me the keyes.
*Dol.* Why you the keyes!
*Sub.* No matter, Dol: because
We shall not open 'hem, before he comes.
*Fac.* 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'hem forth. Doe you see? Not forth, Dol.
*Dol.* No! 125
*Fac.* No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my master
Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe 'hem,
Doctor, 'tis true (you looke) for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both hee, and shee, be satisfied: for, here 130
Determines the indenture tripartite,
'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can doe
Is to helpe you over the wall, o' the back-side;
Or lend you a sheet, to save your velvet gowne, Dol.
Here will be officers, presently; bethinke you, 135
Of some course sodainely to scape the dock:
For thether you'll come else. Harke you, thunder. *Some knock.*

*Sub.* You are a precious fiend!
*Officer* [*without*]. Open the dore.
*Fac.* Dol, I am sorry for thee i-faith; but hearst thou?
It shall goe hard, but I will place thee somewhere: 140
Thou shalt ha' my letter to Mistris Amo.
*Dol.* Hang you——
*Fac.* Or Madame Cæsarean.
*Dol.* Poxe upon you, rogue,
Would I had but time to beat thee.
*Fac.* Subtle,
Let's know where you set up next; I'll send you
A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance: 145
What new course ha' you?
*Sub.* Rogue, I'll hang my selfe:
That I may walke a greater divell, then thou,
And haunt thee i' the flock-bed, and the buttery.
[*Exeunt.*]

## Act V. Scene V.

[*Enter*] *Love-wit* [*in the Spanish dress, with the Parson. Loud knocking at the door; about which are gathered*] *Officers, Mammon, Surly, Face, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, Drugger, Da* [*me*] *Pliant.*

[*Lovewit.*] What doe you meane, my masters?

138 *Sub.* F1 Syb. 142 *Cæsarean*, Q Imperiall.

*Mammon.* Open your dore,
Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.
*Officer.* Or wee'll breake it open.
*Lov.* What warrant have you?
*Off.* Warrant inough, sir, doubt not:
If you'll not open it.
*Lov.* Is there an officer, there?
*Off.* Yes, two, or three for fayling.
*Lov.* Have but patience, 5
And I will open it straight.

[*Enter Face.*]

*Fac.* Sir, ha' you done?
Is it a marriage? perfect?
*Lov.* Yes, my braine.
*Fac.* Off with your ruffe, and cloake then,
be your selfe, sir.
*Surly.* Downe with the dore.
*Kastril.* 'Slight, ding it open.
*Lov.* [*opening the door*]. Hold.
Hold gentlemen, what meanes this violence? 10

[*Mammon, Surly, Kastril, Ananias, Tribulation, and Officers rush in.*]

*Mam.* Where is this colliar?
*Sur.* And my Captaine Face?
*Mam.* These day-owles.
*Sur.* That are birding in mens purses.

*Mam.* Madam Suppository.
*Kas.* Doxey, my suster.
*Ananias.* Locusts
Of the foule pit.
*Tribulation.* Profane as Bel, and the Dragon.
*Ana.* Worse then the grasse-hoppers, or the lice of Egypt.
*Lov.* Good gentlemen, heare me. Are you officers,
And cannot stay this violence?
*Off.* Keepe the peace.
*Lov.* Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom doe you seeke?
*Mam.* The chymicall cousoner.
*Sur.* And the Captaine Pandar.
*Kas.* The nun my suster.
*Mam.* Madame Rabbi.
*Ana.* Scorpions,
And caterpillars.
*Lov.* Fewer at once, I pray you.
*Off.* One after another, gentlemen, I charge you,
By vertue of my staffe——
*Ana.* They are the vessels
Of pride, lust, and the cart.
*Lov.* Good zeale, lie still,
A little while.

13 *suster*, F sister.
23 *pride, lust, and the cart*, Q shame, and of dishonour.

*Tri.* Peace, Deacon Ananias.
*Lov.* The house is mine here, and the dores are open:
If there be any such persons, as you seeke for,
Use your authoritie, search on o' Gods name.
I am but newly come to towne, and finding
This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)
It somewhat maz'd me; till my man, here, (fearing
My more displeasure) told me he had done
Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
(Belike, presuming on my knowne aversion
From any aire o' the towne, while there was sicknesse)
To a Doctor, and a Captaine: who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knowes not.
*Mam.* Are they gone?
*Lov.* You may goe in, and search, sir. *They enter.*
Here, I find
The emptie walls, worse then I left 'hem, smok'd,
A few crack'd pots, and glasses, and a fornace,
The seeling fill'd with poesies of the candle:
And madame, with a dildo, writ o' the walls.
Onely, one gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that said shee was a widdow——

32 F1 and Q omit *he*. F2 gives it.

*Kas.* I, that's my suster. I'll goe thumpe her. Where is shee? [*Goes in.*] 4

*Lov.* And should ha' marryed a Spanish Count, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her so grosly,
That I, a widdower, am gone through with her.

*Sur.* How! Have I lost her then?

*Lov.* Were you the don, sir?
Good faith, now, shee do's blame yo' extremely, and sayes 9
You swore, and told her, you had tane the paines,
To dye your beard, and umbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a sute, and ruffe, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an over-sight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this! 5
Well fare an old hargubuzier, yet,
Could prime his poulder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling.

*Mammon comes forth.*

*Mam.* The whole nest are fled!

*Lov.* What sort of birds were they?

*Mam.* A kind of choughes,
Or theevish dawes, sir, that have pickt my purse 6
Of eight-score, and ten pounds, within these five weekes,
Beside my first materialls; and my goods,

That lye i' the cellar: which I am glad they ha' left,
I may have home yet.
*Lov.* Thinke you so, sir?
*Mam.* I.
*Lov.* By order of law, sir, but not otherwise.
*Mam.* Not mine owne stuffe?
*Lov.* Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by publique meanes.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'hem.
Or any formall writ, out of a court,
That you did cosen your selfe, I will not hold them.
*Mam.* I'll rather loose 'hem.
*Lov.* That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these termes they 'are yours.
What should they ha' beene, sir, turn'd into gold all?
*Mam.* No.
I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?
*Lov.* What a great losse in hope have you sustain'd?
*Mam.* Not I, the common-wealth has.

63 *ha' left*, F puts a period after this. Q gives the comma.

*Fac.* I, he would ha' built
The citie new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have runne with creame from Hogsden:
That every Sunday in More-fields, the younkers,
And tits, and tom-boyes should have fed on, *gratis.*
*Mam.* I will goe mount a turnep-cart, and preach
The end o' the world, within these two months. Surly,
What! in a dreame?
*Sur.* Must I needs cheat my selfe,
With that same foolish vice of honestie!
Come let us goe, and harken out the rogues.
That Face I'll marke for mine, if ere I meet him.
*Fac.* If I can heare of him, sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your lodging: for in troth, they were strangers
To me, I thought 'hem honest, as my selfe, sir. [*Exeunt Mammon and Surly.*]
*Tri.* 'Tis well, the saints shall not loose all yet. Goe, *They [Ananias and Tribulation] come forth.*
And get some carts——
*Lov.* For what, my zealous friends?

*Ana.* To beare away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of theeves.
*Lov.* What is that portion?
*Ana.* The goods, sometimes the orphanes, that the Brethren,
Bought with their silver pence.
*Lov.* What, those i' the cellar, 95
The knight Sir Mammon claimes?
*Ana.* I doe defie
The wicked Mammon, so doe all the Brethren,
Thou prophane man, I aske thee, with what conscience
Thou canst advance that idol, against us,
That have the seale? Were not the shillings numbred, 100
That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told out,
Upon the second day of the fourth weeke,
In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
The yeere, of the last patience of the Saints,
Six hundred and ten?
*Lov.* Mine earnest vehement botcher, 105
And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,
But, if you get you not away the sooner,
I shall confute you with a cudgell.

99 *idol*, Q Nemrod.
103 *eighth*, F2. Eight, F1 and Q.

*Ana.* Sir.
*Tri.* Be patient, Ananias.
*Ana.* I am strong,
And will stand up, well girt, against an host, 110
That threaten Gad in exile.
*Lov.* I shall send you
To Amsterdam, to your cellar.
*Ana.* I will pray there,
Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
And waspes, and hornets breed beneath thy roofe,
This seat of false-hood, and this cave of cos'nage. [*Exeunt Ananias and Tribulation.*] 115
*Lov.* Another too?
*Dru.* Not I sir, I am no Brother. *Drugger enters, and he beats him away.*
*Lov.* Away you Harry Nicholas, doe you talke?
**Fac.* No, this was Abel Drugger. Good sir, goe, ** To the Parson.*
And satisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He stay'd too long a washing of his face. 120
The Doctor, he shall heare of him at Westchester;
And of the Captayne, tell him, at Yarmouth: or
Some good port-towne else, lying for a winde.
[*Exit Parson.*]
If you can get off the angrie child, now, sir——

[*Enter Kastril, dragging in his sister.*]

*Kas.* Come on, you yew, you have *To his sister.*
match'd most sweetly, ha' you not?
Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupt
But by a dub'd boy, to make you a lady-tom?
'Slight, you are a mammet! O, I could touse
you, now.
Death, mun' you marry with a poxe?
*Lov.* You lie, boy;
As sound as you: and I am afore-hand with
you. 130
*Kas.* Anone?
*Lov.* Come, will you quarrell? I will feize
you, sirrah.
Why doe you not buckle to your tooles?
*Kas.* Gods light!
This is a fine old boy, as ere I saw!
*Lov.* What, doe you change your copy, now?
Proceed,
Here stands my dove: stoupe at her, if you
dare. 135
*Kas.* 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot
choose, i-faith!
And I should be hang'd for't! Suster, I pro-
test,
I honor thee, for this match.
*Lov.* O, doe you so, sir?

*Kas.* Yes, and thou canst take tabacco, and drinke, old boy,
I'll give her five hundred pound more, to her marriage,
Then her owne state.
*Lov.* Fill a pipe-full, Jeremie.
*Fac.* Yes, but goe in, and take it, sir.
*Lov.* We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in anything, Jeremie.
*Kas.* 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! thou art a jovy boy!
Come, let's in, I pray thee, and take our whiffes.
*Lov.* Whiffe in with your sister, brother boy.
[*Exeunt Kastril and Dame Pliant.*]
That master
That had receiv'd such happinesse by a servant,
In such a widdow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungratefull, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servants wit,
And helpe his fortune, though with some small straine
Of his owne candor. [*Advancing.*] Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have out-stript
An old mans gravitie, or strict canon, thinke
What a yong wife, and a good braine may doe:
Stretch ages truth sometimes, and crack it too.
Speake for thy selfe, knave.

144 *jovy*, F1 jovy'. 145 Q omits *I.*

*Fac.* So I will, sir. [*Advancing to the front of the stage.*] Gentlemen,
My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am cleane
Got off, from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, 160
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my selfe
On you, that are my countrey: and this pelfe,
Which I have got, if you doe quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new ghests. 165
[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

This Comoedie was first

acted, in the yeere

1610.

*By the Kings Maiesties*

SERVANTS.

The principall Comœdians were,

| | |
|---|---|
| RIC. BVRBADGE. | IOH. HEMINGS. |
| IOH. LOWIN. | WILL. OSTLER. |
| HEN. CONDEL. | IOH. VNDERWOOD. |
| ALEX. COOKE. | NIC. TOOLY. |
| ROB. ARMIN. | WILL. EGLESTONE. |

*With the allowance of the Master of* REVELLS.

F2 transfers the *principall Comœdians*, etc., to the page immediately preceding that on which the *Argument* is printed, and omits the other matter.

# Notes to The Alchemist

*W. denotes Whalley; G. Gifford; and C. Cunningham. Single words will be found in the Glossary.*

It would be rash in the absence of clear evidence to affirm any given definite arrangement of scene for a drama of the time of Elizabeth or James. But it is impossible to believe that Ben Jonson, writing in the year preceding the retirement of Shakespeare, could have been at a loss to represent so simple a scene as a street before a house and the interior of that house on the stage at one and the same time, especially when we recall Jonson's experience of six or eight years in furnishing masques to the court, elaborate in their scenery and stage effects. The scene at the first performance of *The Alchemist* was doubtless so arranged that a partition representing the outer wall of a house divided the stage. This partition was provided with a door and a window and separated the exterior from the interior of Lovewit's house. The greater part of the stage must have been taken up with the interior: for within Lovewit's house the greater part of the action takes place. But space was left in the part representing the street for the little crowd which congregates in the first scene of the last act. An inner room was indicated by the usual doors at the back of the stage. With some such device as this *The Alchemist* could have been acted from prologue to conclusion in absolute unity of place; and several of the situations in consequence heightened in their effect.

**169. Mary La[dy] Wroth,** the daughter of Robert, Earl of Leicester, a younger brother of Sir Philip Sidney. Jonson's Epigram 103 is addressed in terms of respectful praise to this Lady, who was the author of a romance entitled, in imitation of the title of the *Arcadia*, *The Countesse of Mountgomeries Urania*, 1621.

**169, 5. No lesse love the light,** etc. No less love the light (of your virtue) and witness (bear witness to it) than they have the conscience (knowledge) of it.

171. **To the Reader.** Jonson did not reprint this address of the quarto of 1612 in the folio. Several of its passages will be found recast in Jonson's prose tract, *Discoveries*, 1640. Cf. the present editor's edition of that book, 1892, pp. 22, 26 and elsewhere.

173, 11. **Flat bawdry, with the stone.** The stone was a crystal or mirror in which, supposedly, could be reflected the acts of persons at a distance. Its use by jealous husbands or wives to detect the wrong-doing of those suspected is here alluded to in *bawdry*.

174, 13. **How e'er the age,** etc. G. finds a parallel to this passage in the introduction to Livy's history.

**Act I. Scene I.** In printing *The Alchemist*, Jonson named the characters on the stage at the beginning of each scene; and then pursued the logical process which regards the entrance of a new personage or the departure of one already on the stage a sufficient reason for the indication of a new scene. The usual indications of entrance and exit in such a system become practically unnecessary. In deference to modern usage, however, and especially where clearness demands, additional stage directions are given in brackets. All changes of scene — and they are wholly the work of the editors — have been relegated to the notes. The stage directions bracketed in Scene 1 were first added by Gifford. There seems no reason to retain his direction that Face enter "with his sword drawn."

175, 1. **[Face.]** Jonson never repeats the name of the speaker at the beginning of a scene, as the first speaker is invariably the person whose name is first mentioned as present.

175, 3. **Lick figs.** Rabelais, iv. 45.

176, 16. **Three-pound-thrum,** probably, as C. explains, a worthless, underpaid servant, as the customary wage for a man servant was four pounds a year. See Glossary under *thrums*.

177, 25. **Pie-corner.** The Smithfield end of the present Giltspur St., in Jonson's day noted chiefly for cooks' shops and pigs dressed there during Bartholomew Fair.

177, 31. **Artillerie-yard.** Between the west side of Finsbury Square and Bunhill Row. The line is probably a topical reference, for the yard was the drilling-place of the Honorable

Artillery successfully revived in 1610. Wealthy citizens, many country gentlemen, and even Prince Charles joined the ranks; and the King gave the artillery his patronage.

177, 38. **When all your alchemy** could not relieve your body with so much linen as would make a fire you could see, even if you could not feel it.

178, 53. **Sell the dole-beere.** It was usual to distribute, at the buttery-hatch of great houses, a daily or weekly *dole* of broken bread (chippings) and beer to the indigent of the neighborhood. G.

178, 55. **Post and paire.** A game at cards depending largely on the daring of the player in his "adventure on the vye," that is, his bidding on the excellence of his hand. *Post* is said to be derived from *apostar*, to place in the hands of a third person a sum of money for the winner. A *pair*, two cards of a kind, was one of the winning points.

179, 74. **Quarrelling dimensions.** Cf. note on the duello, below, p. 384.

179, 79. **Flie out i' the projection,** an equivalent, in alchemical jargon, to fail at the last moment, when success is at hand. (Thayer.)

179, 83. **Equi clibanum,** an oven in which heat is generated by means indicated in the following words.

180, 93. **In Paules.** It was the custom of the time to post notices and advertisements on the pillars of St. Paul's Cathedral, then the chief place of common resort.

180, 94. **Cosning with a hollow cole,** the conversion of a piece of beach-coal into silver by means of a plug of that metal concealed at the ends with wax. Cf. Chaucer's *Chanouns Yemannes Tale*, *Canterbury Tales*, G. 1160.

180, 96. **Erecting figures,** delineating plans of the position of the planets for the calculation of nativities.

180, 97. **Taking in of shaddowes, with a glasse,** a mode of divination by means of a globular crystal of beryl, commonly about the size of a large orange, in which the *speculatrix*, who must be a virgin of pure life, beheld with second sight the figures of spirits, and heard and interpreted their responses to the inquirer into the supernatural. W.

180, 98. **Told in red letters,** conspicuously placarded like the rubric titles of the day.

180, 99. **Gamaliel Ratsey,** a notorious highwayman, who, according to Gifford, robbed his victims in a mask of repulsive ugliness. See *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, and *Ratseys Ghoaste*, both dating 1605. Collier reprinted the first in *Illustrations of Old English Literature*, 1866, vol. III. The latter, in which Burbage and Shakespeare are referred to, is described by the same editor in his *Bibliographical Account*, *etc.*, 1866, III. 286.

181, 106. **Lying too heavy o' the basket,** *i. e.* eating more than his share of the broken provisions collected and sent in for prisoners. G.

181, 112. **The statute of sorcerie,** passed in 1403, and providing that "None from henceforth shall use to multiply gold or silver, or use the craft of multiplication, and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony." This statute was repealed in 1689 in the interest of the famous Robert Boyle, who wished to practise the art of alchemy in safety. R. Watson, *Chemical Essays*, ed. 1789, I. 24. C.

182, 128. **Puritane, in Black-friers, will trust . . . for a feather.** Blackfriars was noted as the residence of Puritans, and as the centre of the feather trade.

183, 139. **Beginning of a terme,** a fruitful season for sharpers, as the town was then full of strangers and countrymen, come up to London to attend the courts.

184, 165. **Sin' the king came in.** Seven years before, in 1603.

184, 167. **To see me ride . . . eare-rent.** To see me carted as a bawd; and you, as a couple of rogues, lose your ears in the pillory. W.

185, 170–174. **Don Provost . . . most worsted worship.** Dol's facetious names for the hangman, one of whose perquisites was the suit of clothes in which the criminal was executed. The quibbles on *crewell* and *worsted* call for no comment. See *Cotgrave* under *Prevost des marichaux*.

185, 175. **Claridiana,** one of the incomparable heroines of that interminable romance of chivalry, *The Mirrour of Princely*

*Deedes and Knighthood*, 1579, continued to a ninth part by 1601.

185, 180. Gifford adds the stage direction, *exit Dol*, making her reënter at line 187. This is unnecessary if we conceive the stage so set as to represent Lovewit's house within and without. Dol peeps through a window from behind a curtain.

185, 188. **Though we breake up** (*in*) **a fortnight.**

186, 191. **In Holbourne, at the Dagger,** a disreputable ordinary and gambling-house, especially frequented by clerks and apprentices.

187, 6. **Lent my watch.** An affectation of importance and fashion, as watches were dear and coveted by those who wished to be thought to frequent good company. See Marmion's *The Antiquary*, 1641, I. 1, ed. 1875, p. 204.

188, 17. **Reade's matter.** One Simon Reade of Southwark had been cast in a suit of the College of Physicians, in 1602, for practising medicine without a licence. His second indictment, in 1608, was for the invocation of wicked spirits to find the name of one that had stolen money of one Matthews. Reade had been recently pardoned by King James. W., quoting Thomas Rymer, *Fœdera*, 1715, XVI. 666.

189, 46. **Clim-o'-the-Cloughs, or Claribels.** Clim was a celebrated archer mentioned in the histories of Robin Hood. G: Claribel, a hero of romance. Clough, glen or cliff; (prov. Eng.) wood, or fork of tree.

190, 47. **That looke as bigge . . . and flush.** That show a tell-tale face when holding *five-and-fifty, and flush*, the highest counts at primero.

190, 56. **Greeke Xenophon.** The Quarto reads *Testament*, which Dapper, as a lawyer's clerk, might be expected to carry about with him in his pocket for the administering of oaths. The change in the text is due to the passing of the statute 3 Jac. 21, 1606, which provided "that none should in any stage play, show, maygame or pageant profanely use the name of God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Ghost, or Trinity, in pain of £10, to be divided between the King and the prosecutor."

190, 61. **Proud stagge.** Face alludes to Subtle's broad velvet astrologer's cap, which he likens to the velvety antlers of a stag.

193, 109. **Dead Holland, living Isaac.** Two notorious alchemists of the time. W. From the context we might judge the reference as applying rather to two notorious gamesters.

194, 112. **Put . . . to a cloke,** *i. e.* strip to a cloak, the last thing a gallant parted with at play; because with his cloak he might conceal all his other losses.

195, 127. **Borne with a caule,** a prognostication of good fortune.

195, 137. **I-fac's no oath.** A satire on the Puritan evasion of swearing by lightened asseverations. Cf. the modern *Gosh* for *God*, and the old *by Cock's wounds*.

197, 169. **Hum . . . buz.** Words used in incantation, of supposed cabalistic meaning. Cf. Selden, *Table Talk*, ed. 1892, p. 195.

**Act I. Scene III.** Face goes out with Dapper; Subtle, following them, meets Drugger and a number of women, comprehended under the words *neighbours* and *mutes* in THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY, who have congregated about the door.

198, 5. **Free of the Grocers,** *i. e.* a member of the guild, no longer an apprentice under indenture.

199, 21. The description of Abel's shop which follows applies to the better druggists and tobacconists' shops of the day. Barnaby Rich in *The Honestie of the Age*, 1614, complains of the money wasted on tobacco, and says that it was reported that more than seven thousand houses lived by the trade of tobacco-selling in London. Percy Society, XI. 39.

199, 31. **Fire of juniper.** See *Psalm cxx.* 3, 4. C.

199, 32. **No gold-smith,** *i. e.* no usurer. Goldsmiths were the bankers of the day and often became mere money-lenders. The earliest *London Directory*, 1677, contains an appended list of "all the goldsmiths that keep running cashes." C.

200, 36. **Of the clothing, . . . call'd to the scarlet,** *i. e.* this summer he will become an officer in the Grocers' Company and wear the company's livery, and next year become a sheriff, whose gown was scarlet. Cf. Golding's speedy advancement in *Eastward Hoe*, IV. 2, p. 97.

200, 48. **Spots too, in his teeth,** etc. Whalley found Jonson's authority for these details of the fortune-teller's art in

Girolamo Cardano's *de Subtilitate libri XXI.*, published first circa 1550.

**201, 63. Make me your dore.** Cf. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 220, for this use of the ethical dative.

**201, 64. On the east-side . . . write Mathlai,** etc. Cf. *Heptameron or Magical Elements* of Peter de Abano, translated by Robert Turner, 1655, p. 123, where all six of the "mercurial spirits" governing Wednesday are named, to be called from the two quarters indicated by Jonson: an interesting example of Jonson's scholarly accuracy.

**202, 70. The rest, they 'll seeme to follow,** *i. e.* deem it seemly to follow. C. Perhaps the dialect use of *seem* for think; cf. *English Dialect Dictionary*, J. Wright, 1902.

**202, 72. A puppet, with a vice,** a doll that moved by mechanism.

**202, 79. Give a say,** make a shrewd attempt at, etc. Cf. *Poetaster*, *Apologetical Dialogue*, ed. Cunningham's Gifford, II. 520.

**203, 95. Crosse out my ill-dayes.** In the old almanacs days, fortunate or unfortunate for buying and selling, were noted and distinguished.

**205, 5. Thorough the trunke,** *i. e.* through a tube which would distort the tone like a speaking-trumpet.

**205, 14. The magisterium . . . the stone.** See note below, on **lapis philosophicus**, p. 380.

**Act II. Scene I.** Gifford places this scene, which he extends through the act, in "an outer Room in Lovewit's House." This is unnecessary. Mammon and Surly enter the room just vacated by Subtle and Face.

**207, 9. The hollow die,** "your poised dye, That 's ballasted with quick silver or gold," *The Ordinary*, I. 3. Cf. *Every Man in His Humour*, III. 6.

**207, 16. Velvet entrailes, for a rude-spun cloke.** "One thing I cannot forget," says Purchas, "that in prodigall excesse, the insides of our clokes are richer than the outsides." *Microcosmus*, 1618, p. 268.

**208, 33. "Lothbury,"** says Stow, "is possessed for the most part by founders, that cast candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars and such-like copper or latten works." *Survey of London*, ed. 1754, I. 569.

**208, 36. Make them perfect Indies,** transmute their tin into gold.

**209, 39. Of Mercurie,** etc. These old terms for metals are thus explained by Chaucer's Canon's Yeoman : —

> Sol gold is, and Luna silver, we threpe,
> Mars yren, Mercurie quik-silver we clepe,
> Saturnus leed, and Juppiter is tin,
> And Venus coper.
>
> *Canterbury Tales*, G. 826.

**210, 62. Pickt-hatch,** literally a half-door, the grating of which is armed with spikes. Here, as in *The Merry Wives*, II. 2, a place of vile resort.

**210, 64. Nature, naturiz'd.** The Schoolmen distinguished between *Natura naturans*, God the Creator; and *natura naturata*, the universe created.

**210, 69. Fright the plague.** These extravagant praises of the power of the *aurum potabile* put into the mouth of Mammon are, none of them, mere inventions of the poet. One Dr. Francis Anthonie mentions the plague expressly as one of the diseases cured by him with this remedy, in his *Medicinæ chymicæ et veri potabilis auri assertio*, 1610.

**210, 71. Players shall sing your praises.** The law forbade theatrical performance when the death rate from the plague reached forty per week.

**210, 73. So much, . . . shall.** Note the omission of the relatival conjunction *as*, and see *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 281.

**210, 75. His,** the genitive of *it*. Jonson uses the then new form, *its*, and the provincial form *it* (genitive) as well as *his*. See *ibid.*, § 228.

**210, 76. He that built the water-worke.** The water-work of Bevis Bulmer constructed in 1595 to convey water of the Thames to the middle and western parts of the city. See Stow, ed. 1754, I. 27.

**211, 81. Moses, and his sister, and Salomon.** "Fabricius, in his valuable account of ancient books, has given a collection of the writers on chemistry." Upton. In this collection Moses, Miriam, his sister, and Solomon are cited. So like-

wise is Adam. Solomon was believed to have been possessed of the philosopher's stone. See Ashmole, *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 1652, p. 350.

211, 84. **Did Adam write, sir, in high-Dutch?** "Joannes Goropius Becanus, a man very learned . . . fell theirby into such a conceyt, that he letted not to maintaine it [the Teutonic tongue] to bee the first and most ancient language in the world; yea, the same that Adam spake in Paradise." Richard Verstegan, alias Rowlands, *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the English Nation*, 1605, p. 190. G.

211, 88. **Irish wood, 'gainst cob-webs,** a superstition that "no spiders, or any sort of nauseous or offensive insects will ever breed or hang about it." Ward, *The London Spy*, Pt. VIII. p. 190. C. *Irish wood* is doubtless bog-oak.

211, 89. **Jasons fleece.** This rationalistic explanation of the old myth is found in Suidas, *Lexicon* (tenth century), *s. v.* δέρας.

212, 99. **Th' alembeke.** Not, as now, the entire distilling apparatus, but only the head in which the distilled matter was contained. W.

**Act II. Scene II.** The action is continuous, Mammon speaking on from the last scene.

212, 2–5. **Red, . . . crimson . . . projection.** Red was the last color reached before projection, the twelfth and last process. It was also called the *sanguis agni*, as below, line 29. Cf. Norton, *Ordinall of Alchemie*, in Ashmole, as above, p. 90.

213, 8. **Give lords th' affront,** *i. e.* meet, and look them in the face; cut them.

213, 23. **Beech.** Alchemists used only coal made of beech wood.

214, 26. **Pale citron, . . . plumed swan.** "These are terms of art," says Whalley, "made use of by adepts in the hermetic science, to express the several effects arising from the different degrees of fermentation." There is a treatise called *The Hunting of the Greene Lyon*, by Andrews, reprinted by Ashmole, p. 278.

214, 29. **At 's praiers.** See ll. 101-104 of this scene, and note on *Homo frugi*, l. 97.

215, 42. **Oval roome.** Cf. Suetonius, *Tiberius*, c. 43.

215, 45. **My glasses.** Cf. Seneca, *Naturalium Quæstionum Liber Primus, Cap.* xvi.

215, 58. **They will doe it best.** Cf. Juvenal, *Satire X.* 305.

215, 60. **The pure(st), and gravest.** A familiar Elizabethan idiom. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, IV. 6. 13.

216, 75. **Tongues of carpes.** "The tongues of carps," says Walton, "are noted to be choice and costly meat, especially to them that buy them." *The Complete Angler*, Part I. chap. IV.

216, 77. **Apicius diet.** Upton has traced many of the delicacies of Mammon's imagination to Lampridius, in his *Vita Heliogabali.*

217, 87. **Go forth, and be a knight.** One of the innumerable satirical allusions of the day to the carpet knights of King James. Two hundred and thirty-seven were knighted in a month early in 1603.

217, 97. **Homo frugi.** "The true hermetic philosophers," says Whalley, "were extremely devout, and given to prayer." See Ashmole, p. 117. The pretenders made much of this feature.

**Act II. Scene III.** Subtle enters in his alchemist's gown, raising the curtain which discloses the room containing the furnace within, whither Face has withdrawn to watch the alleged "projection," now all but complete.

219, 30. **The triple soule, the glorified spirit.** Cf. Norton's *Ordinall*, Ashmole, *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 81: —

> By meanes of a treble spirit,
> The soule of man is to his body knit,
> Of which three spirits one is called vitall,
> The second is called the spirit naturall,
> The third spirit is spirit animall.

219, 32. **Ulen Spiegel**, the hero of a German jest book, by some identified with a notorious rogue who lived in Saxony about 1480. The earliest English translation of this book was that published by Copland about 1528, "a merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas." Jonson's use of the old German form of

the word, which he prints in the folio in black letter, points to an acquaintance with the German version.

**219, 35–66. Aludels, bolts-head, gripes egge.** See the Glossary. "And because the practisers heereof would be thought wise and learned, cunning, and their crafts maisters, they have devised words of art, (which are also compounded of strange and rare simples) as confound the capacities of them that are either set on work heerein, or be brought to behold or expect their conclusions." R. Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, ed. Nicholson, p. 294.

**220, 44. The philosophers wheele** concerned the taking of the elements in "rotacyon" so that the substance became successively water, earth, air, and fire. Ripley, *Compound of Alchymie*, Ashmole, 133. These terms convey to Mammon favorable signs of the progress of the work.

**220, 46. Sulphur o' nature** is formed by the interaction of the central fire and the mercurial vapor. *Works of Paracelsus*, trans., Waite, I. 297; see also Ripley, in Ashmole, p. 126.

**220, 49. I shall employ it all, in pious uses.** Norton tells of a "lewd monk" that planned the founding of fifteen abbeys with the stone that the philosopher was to discover for him. Ashmole, p. 24.

**221, 61. S. Maries bath,** *balneum Mariæ*, a distillatory furnace. Howell, *Lexicon Tetraglotton*, ed. 1660.

**221, 62. Lac virginis.** See Norton's *Ordinall*, chap. 5, Ashmole, 77, from which it appears that "water of litharge" mixed with "water of azot makes *lac virginis*."

**221, 67. The ground black**; and see below (line 77), **his white shirt on.** Color was one of the four signs in alchemy. White and black were regarded as "colors contrary in moste extremitie." Norton, p. 56. Red was the color between black and white, and the last work of the philosopher; although white had its virtues. Cf. *ibid.* p. 87.

**222, 71. The hay is a pitching.** To pitch a hay is to stretch a net before rabbits' burrows.

**222, 79. Hermes seale,** made by heating the neck of the vessel and then twisting it.

**222, 80. Ferret.** Face, from working the furnace, has red eyes like a ferret, the chief enemy of the coney or rabbit.

**222, 83. His white shirt on.** See above, line 68.

**223, 88. Bolted,** at length driven out by the ferret. Surly is still dwelling on his figure of the rabbit-hay.

**224, 103. In balneo vaporoso,** in a vapor bath.

**225, 128. Egges, in Egypt.** Cf. *Sandys Travailes*, ed. 1658, p. 95, for an interesting account of artificial incubation in Cairo, too long to quote here.

**227, 172. Art can beget bees.** This doctrine of equivocal generation was one of the strongest arguments in favor of alchemy. Gifford refers the student to the *Theatrum Chemicum* for the sources of this speech of Subtle's, as well as Surly's rejoinder below. See especially Ashmole's note, p. 445 of that work.

**228, 187. Oil of height,** highly refined oil.

**228, 188. Your marchesite,** etc. These terms may be found by the curious in Norton's *Ordinall* and Ripley's *Compound of Alchemie*. See especially Ashmole, pp. 41, 43, 77, and 135.

**228, 192. Your red man, and your white woman,** a constant alchemical figure to express the affinity and interaction of chemicals. Cf. Norton, in Ashmole, p. 90: —

> *Candida tunc rubeo jacet uxor nupta marito,*
> That is to saie, if ye take heede thereto,
> Then is the faire white woman
> Married to the ruddy man.

This conjunction is called by Bloomfield, in his *Blossoms*, "diptative." *Ibid.*, p. 320.

**229, 208. Sisiphus.** Authorities differ as to which of his many crimes entailed on Sisyphus his dreadful punishment, hence the humor of Mammon's remark.

**230, 223. I warrant thee,** I'll be thy warrant, protect thee from thy master's anger.

**231, 230. An excellent Paracelsian.** Paracelsus, the notorious German alchemist, died in 1541.

**231, 235. This,** *i. e.* Surly, **must not heare.**

**231, 238. Braughtons workes.** Hugh Broughton was a writer on the Old Testament and Hebrew antiquities. The allusion must have made a hit in its day, as Broughton's obscurity as a writer

and extravagant opinion of his own importance were notorious. Broughton died in 1612.

**235, 297. But, by attorney, and to a second purpose.** Surly has already determined upon a disguise to sound the nature of the place.

**237, 11. Well said, sanguine.** As this word *Sanguine* is italicised and capitalized in both early editions, it may possibly be intended for a proper name, and equal *reddy*, the boy that took the part of Dol wearing a red wig, appropriate to an Irish costermonger's daughter.

**239, 1. Take away the recipient.** These and the following words are addressed to Face, the cringing "drudge," in tones of severe authority, to impress Ananias.

**239, 4. Terra damnata,** grounds or refuse, condemned as impure for alchemical purposes.

**239, 6. A faithfull brother.** So the Puritans called each other. Subtle intentionally misunderstands Ananias to say that he, too, is an alchemist.

**239, 7. A Lullianist? a Ripley!** Raymund Lully was a famous Spanish philosopher who flourished in the latter half of the thirteenth century; George Ripley, an adept in alchemy, wrote a poem called *The Compound of Alchemie*, dedicated to King Edward IV. and reprinted by Ashmole in his *Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum*, 1652. **Filius artis** is a son of the art of alchemy, an adept.

**239, 9. Sapor pontick, sapor stiptick.** Gifford, quoting Norton, *Ordinall of Alchemie*, Ashmole, p. 74, says, "'there be nyne sapors,' all of which he adds, 'maie bee learnde in halfe an houre.

> 'So is the sowerish tast called *sapor pontic*,
> And lesse sower allso called *sapor stiptic*.'"

**240, 15. Heathen Greeke, I take it.** The Puritans took the *Old Testament* for their guide. The scorn of Ananias for Greek is not improbably due to popular ignorance among the Puritans that any part of the scriptures was written in that tongue.

**240, 19. The vexations, and the martyrizations.** The curious reader will find the more important of these words of

alchemical jargon in the GLOSSARY. Jonson's use of them is accurate as is Jonson's scholarship everywhere.

240, 27. **The trine circle of the seven spheres.** In astrology a trine circle was one of 120 degrees or the third of the zodiac. The trine was a benignant aspect. The copy of Ashmole's *Theatrum Chemicum*, 1652, the property of the Philadelphia Library, contains an ancient diagram drawn in ink entitled "ye Figure containing all the secrets of ye treatise both great and small." In this the successive processes in the discovery of the philosopher's stone are represented in a series of spheres, each contained within the other, and working outward from the center which contains the four elements, through the "*sphæra colorum principalium*, the *sphæræ Mercurii*, *Veneris* and *Lunae*, to the *sphæra Solis*, or sphere of gold. Doubtless the seven spheres have reference to the seven alchemical metals. The connection of the trine circle does not appear in this diagram.

240, 28. **Passion of metalls,** the susceptibility of metals to impression from external agents.

240, 29. **Ultimum supplicium auri.** Literally, the last punishment of gold. In the various alchemical processes, calcination, sublimation, separation, etc., the substances are frequently spoken of as destroyed, macerated, or killed, hence the idea of the punishment of the *prima materia* or original matter of metals to relieve it of its crudities till the residuum become pure gold. Cf. line 19, above.

241, 35. **Magisterium.** Cf. the following note and the GLOSSARY under this word.

241, 39. **Lapis philosophicus.** Philosopher's stone. According to Ashmole, *Prolegomena* to his edition of the *Theatrum Chemicum*, it appears that there were no less than four kinds of alchemical stones. The *mineral stone*, which had "the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection;" the *vegetable stone*, by means of which the natures of men and beasts may be known; third, the *magical* or *perspective stone*, by the aid of which it is "possible to discover any person in what part of the world soever, although never so secretly concealed and hid." And lastly the *angelical stone*, which is "so subtile . . . that it can neither be seen, felt or weighed, but only tasted."

This stone affords the apparition of angels, and gives power of conversing with them. It will be seen that the text is a ridicule of the pretensions of the alchemists as to this last variety of the *lapis philosophicus*.

243, 80. **Sericon, and bufo.** Black tincture and red. "These terms are adopted to confound and terrify the simple deacon." G. But see the *Ordinall*, Ashmole, p. 56.

244, 2. **What Baiards ha' wee here.** Bayard, the type of chivalry and soldierly bearing, in allusion to Face's uniform and Drugger's "smart" bearing.

245, 20. **Whose name is Dee.** Dr. John Dee, of Mortlake, appears to have been more a mathematician and astrologer than an alchemist, although his association with Sir Edward Kelley seems to point to an interest in alchemy. Dee was held in high regard by many eminent men of his time, among them Sir Francis Walsingham. He was consulted as to an auspicious day for the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, and received not a few favors at her hands. The reference of the text is to Dee clad in his astrological gown of rug, in which guise he appears on the title-page of one of his works. See the account of Dee by Ashmole, pp. 478 ff., and his *Diary*, reprinted by the Camden Society, 1842.

245, 22. **A dog snarling er.** "R," says Jonson in his *English Grammar*, folio 1640, p. 47, "is the Dogs Letter, and hurreth in the sound."

245, 24. **Here 's now mysterie, and hieroglyphick.** An excellent take-off of popular superstitions, by no means confined to Jonson's age and country. Many of the signs of the day were made up of anagrams and rebuses. See on the general subject, Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine*, ed. 1870, p. 182.

245, 26. **Sixe o' thy legs more,** six more bows is not more than a sufficient courtesy for the Doctor's care and ingenuity in devising such a sign.

248, 61. **To learne to quarrell.** Cf. *duello*, p. 384.

249, 91. **Want graines,** be wanting in weight, be a light woman. The grain or smallest possible weight is here contrasted with *the whole* in the succeeding line.

**Act III. Scene I.** Gifford places this scene in "the Lane before Lovewit's House." It takes place before Lovewit's door,

which, with the one scene of the whole play arranged as explained above, is obvious and simple and maintains unity of place.

**Act III. Scene II.** *A Room in Lovewit's House.* G.

253, 3. **Furnus acediæ,** *sive incuriæ,* is an oven of neglect or lack of care, *i. e.* an oven which requires little labor to keep hot. **Turris circulatorius** is a glass vessel in which liquid poured in ascends and descends with a rotary motion and is thus thoroughly mixed.

255, 36. **Oyle of talek,** *i. e.* of talc. "It maketh," says Fuller, "a curious white-wash, which some justify lawful, because clearing, not changing, complexion." *Worthies of England,* ed. 1840, III. 239.

255, 43. **Christ-tide, I pray you,** a Puritan substitution to avoid the Popish word *mass.*

256, 55. **Suck up your ha, and hum, in a tune,** in allusion probably to the unlearned and unprofessional singing of Puritan congregations.

256, 61. **Bells are prophane.** Ananias has failed to understand anything that Subtle is saying; but to show his zeal catches at the word *bell.*

257, 79. **Whether a Christian may hawke,** etc. The Puritans much affected scruples all but equally trivial with those of the text.

257, 82. **That idoll, starch, about their linnen.** "They have great and monsterous ruffes, made either of cambrick, holland, lawn, or els of some other the finest cloth that can be got for money, whereof some be a quarter of a yard deep. . . . The devil, as in the fulness of his malice first invented these great ruffes, so hath hee now found out also two great stayes to beare up and maintaine that his kingdome of great ruffes . . . the one arch . . . is a certaine kinde of liquid matter which they call Starch, wherin the devill hath willed them to wash and dive his ruffes wel, which when they be dry wil then stand stiffe and inflexible about their necks." Stubbs, *Anatomie of Abuses,* 1583, *New Shakspere Society's Publications,* 1877–79, p. 51. Starch seems first to have been introduced into England for this purpose by a Dutch woman in 1564. It fell into disrepute after the execution of the notorious Mrs. Turner — an accomplice in the murder of

Sir Thomas Overbury — in a ruff, stiff with a yellow starch of her own invention.

**257, 87. And shorten so your eares,** by incurring the penalty of having them lopped as a punishment for libel.

**258, 89. Raile against playes, to please the alderman,** in allusion to the long-standing quarrel between the players and the Puritan city fathers.

**258, 95. The whole family, or wood of you.** Jonson is fond of this use of the word *wood* to express the material in an unformed state out of which anything may be made. Cf. his *Preface to the Reader*, *Underwoods*, and the Latin note preceding his *Discoveries*.

**258, 102. O, but the stone, all's idle to it! nothing** (is equal to it)! Neither **the art of angels,** etc.

**260, 138–139. Ignis ardens,** a hot fire, is contrasted with the "lenter (or slower) heats" of line 140. With **fimus equinus,** horse dung, cf. *equi clibanum*, Act I. Scene II. 83, above. **Balnei,** baths, **cineris,** ashes, all are earlier stages in the search for the philosopher's stone.

**261, 150. We know no magistrate,** "the [extreme] Puritans rejected all human forms of government as carnal ordinances; and were for establishing a plan of policy, in which the scripture only was to be the civil code." W.

**261. Exeunt Tribulation and Ananias** at the door leading to the inner room where are Subtle's furnace and his materials. Face enters at the front door, as from the street.

**Act III. Scene III.** Not recognized by Gifford.

**262, 8. Black boy,** rascal, scoundrel. Cf. *Every Man in His Humour*, I. 1: "O, he's a black fellow;" and Horace, *Satires II.* 4. 85.

**263, 18. Our cinque-port,** the English strongholds on the southern coast against France, at this time, Dover, Sandwich, Romney, Hastings, and Hithe.

**263, 24. John Leydens.** Leyden was a famous Anabaptist leader, put to death in 1536.

**258, 12. As he likes,** when he pleases.

**269, 22. Take tabacco.** The taking or "drinking" of tobacco, as it was often called, was an essential accomplishment

of the gentlemen of the day. Dekker, discoursing of the ways of the gallant, says: "And heere you must observe to know in what state tobacco is in towne, better then the merchants, and to discourse of the apottecaries where it is to be sold, . . . then let him shew his severall tricks in taking it, as the whiffe, the ring, etc." *The Guls Horne-booke, Elizabethan Pamphlets*, 1892, p. 252.

269, 25. **The duello.** This passage at once suggests Touchstone's delightful words beginning, "O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke." There seem to have been several treatises of this kind well known to the Elizabethans. Theobald mentions Lewis de Caranza's *Treatise of Fencing*, Vincentio Saviola's *Practise of the Rapier and Dagger*, and Giacomo di Grassi's *Art of Defense*. Even nearer to the absurdity of this passage and the foolery of Touchstone must have been *The Books of Honor and Armes, wherein is discoursed the Causes of Quarrell, and the nature of Injuries, with their Repulses, etc.*, 1590. See the note on *As You Like It*, 97: v. 4, 92, *The New Variorum Shakespeare*, p. 274.

269, 39. **But never in diameter,** *i. e.* "the lie direct."

272, 90. **Commoditie.** Cf. *Eastward Hoe*, II. 2, and the note thereon, p. 151.

273, 113. **Had . . . to supper.** See *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 189.

274, 132. **I goe.** As Kastril says this, Face civilly attends him to the door; and, turning back, nudges Drugger, who is following, with the words: "She 's thine;" calling after him, as he in turn goes out, "the damaske!" Then, as Face crosses the stage to Dapper, he remarks to himself, "Subtle and I must wrastle for her;" and finally calls to Dapper, "Come on."

275, 145. **Twentie nobles** at six shillings and eightpence each, amount to the sum of six pounds thirteen shillings and fourpence, which sum the other pieces make. The Harry sovereign was a half sovereign only, and valued at ten shillings. Face wanted the other noble in Maries, because the money was coined in the several successive reigns of Henry, Edward, Elizabeth, and James; so that Mary's being left out made a chasm in the account. W.

**Act III. Scene V.** The action of this scene is somewhat

thus: Dol plays the cittern, while Face and Subtle, speaking now as fairies, now in explanation of the fairies' words, pinch the blindfolded Dapper. From time to time Dol "scouts" at the window. As Face returns Dapper his "leaden heart," Dol attracts the former's attention and reports the approach of Mammon. Dol then fetches Face his suit as Lungs and helps him on with it, while he is speaking through the key-hole to Mammon; and meantime Subtle continues the deception of Dapper, whom he leads off to his "place of durance vile," as Dol runs away to dress as the mad Lady.

**Act IV. Scene I.** *A Room in Lovewit's House.* G.

**283, 14. How scrupulous he is.** Cf. Norton, in his *Ordinall of Alchemie*, Ashmole, p. 94: —

> While thei worke thei must needes eschewe,
> All ribaudry, els thei shal finde this trewe,
> That such mishap shall them befall,
> Thei shal destroy part of their works or all.

**283, 23. Moderne happinesse,** "a sort of happiness on a small scale." C. More probably *modern* in the Shakespearian sense, trite, common.

**284, 35. My lip to you, sir.** It was the custom even for modest women to offer their lips to be kissed as a recognition of equality. There are many allusions to this custom in its use and abuse in the literature of the time. See especially Marston's *Dutch Curtezan*, III. 1, ed. 1856, II. 144.

**285, 56. One o' the Austriack princes.** The princes of the house of Hapsburg were noted for "a sweet fulness of the lower lip," otherwise described as a heavy, protruding under jaw and thick, hanging under lip. The Valois nose was arched and Roman.

**287, 84. And distillation,** astrology and chemistry.

**287, 90. Edward Kelley,** or **Talbot,** a notable alchemist of the sixteenth century, who pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone. He was patronized by the Emperor, Rudolph II., at Prague. His impostures becoming known, he was imprisoned and lost his life in attempting to escape. Kelley was associated at one time with Dr. Dee, mentioned above, and one

Zaski, a young Pole. Gifford surmises that this trio afforded Jonson the suggestion for his trio, Subtle, Face, and Dol. See Kelley's *Works*, translated from the Hamburg edition of 1676 into English, London, 1893.

289, 122. **Master of the maistrie,** *i. e.* of the *magisterium*, as the great work of discovering the philosopher's stone was called when brought to perfection.

289, 131. **This nooke, here, of the Friers.** Lovewit's house was situated in the precinct of Blackfriars.

290, 153. **In a loth'd prison.** Counterfeiters were commonly punished by being made to labor at their art in prison for the king. Cf. Note on *In the Tower*, p. 389.

**Act IV. Scene II.** Gifford does not recognize this division. At the beginning of this scene, Kastril and his sister enter and eye the door; Subtle sees them from the window and sends Face to the door to let them in.

292, 6. **O, for a suite,** *i. e.* his captain's suit for which he is compelled to go out, while Subtle receives the lady.

294, 43. **In rivo frontis.** Gifford refers us to Girolamo Cardano's *Metoposcopia*, a treatise on chiromancy first published about 1570, for these terms of art, remarking: "The variety and extent of Jonson's reading are altogether surprising; nothing seems to have been too poor and trifling, too recondite and profound, for his insatiable curiosity and thirst for knowledge."

295, 53. **Kusse her.** Cf. this form of the word *kiss* with Kastril's pronunciation *suster*.

295, 55. **I, peace. I heard it.** Kastril draws Dame Pliant aside, and Face, who has peeped out at the window as he came in and seen the disguised Surly coming, now takes up the dialogue with Subtle.

**Act IV. Scene III.** Scene I. continued by Gifford.

298, 20. **Don Jon!** "It appears from *Cynthia's Revels*, IV., 1, that the 'battle of Lepanto' formed the subject of tapestry-work in Jonson's time; and we may be pretty confident that Don John of Austria, the fortunate hero of the day, was pourtrayed in it with features of the most formidable grandeur. To some staring representation of this kind, Subtle probably alludes." G.

298, 21. **Sennores,** etc., the usual Spanish salutation,

Gentlemen, I kiss your hands. The folio prints *nn* for ñ (*n con tilde*) everywhere.

298, 27. **Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife.** Ornamented with slashes of the butcher's knife under the ear.

299, 30. **Don, your scirvy, yellow, Madrid face is welcome.** The humor of this scene consists, of course, in the mock gravity and ceremonial courtesy with which Face and Subtle utter words so foreign to their actions. There is, besides, the pervading irony of the situation, as Surly really understands them.

299, 33. **Deep sets,** *i. e.* the deep plaits of his ruff. The enormous ruffs of the Spaniards and the mischief that was alleged to lie concealed in them is a common pleasantry of the dramatists.

299, 34. **Por dios,** etc. *Gad, sirs, a very pretty house.*

299, 40. **Entiendo.** *I understand.*

300, 47. **Con licencia,** etc. *If you please, may I see this lady.*

301, 61. **Entiendo que la sennora,** etc. *I hear the lady is so handsome that I am anxious to see her as the most fortunate circumstance of my life.*

302, 78. **Sennores, porque,** etc. *Gentlemen, why this long delay!*

302, 80. **Puede ser,** etc. *Perhaps you are making sport of my love.*

302, 91. **Por estas honradas barbas.** *By this honored beard.*

303, 92. **Tengo duda,** etc. *I fear, gentlemen, that you are about to play me some foul trick.* Gifford refers to the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, as probably suggesting to Jonson this scene.

**Act IV. Scene IV.** "*Scene II. Another Room in the same.*" G.

304, 9. **Your Spanish stoupe,** evidently, as C. explains, a stoop or mode of carrying the body. *Garbe* below is, then, as commonly in Jonson, mode, fashion. Cf. *Sejanus*, I. 1.: *Cor.* Here comes Sejanus. *Sil.* Now observe the stoops, The bendings and the falls.

305, 29. **Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'hem,** *i. e.* since the year of the Armada. Dame Pliant is a true-born Englishwoman. G.

305, 33. **Crie straw-berries,** sink in station and poverty to a market woman.

306, 47. **Th' Exchange, Bet'lem, the China-houses.** Places of common resort, the first from the shops which it contained. *Bet'lem*, the madhouse in St. George Fields, was frequently visited by parties of ladies and gentlemen "to see what Greeks are within." *China-house* was evidently a shop for the sale of East Indian wares. In later times *a china house* became equivalent to a place of assignation.

307, 53. **Que es esto,** etc. *How is this? She does n't come, sirs? this delay kills me.*

307, 56. **En gallanta,** etc. Gibberish of Face's.

307, 57. **Por todos,** etc. *By all the gods, the most perfect beauty I ever saw.*

307, 62. **Court-liest language.** This rude pun was not lost on the provincial tongue of Kastril.

307, 63. **El sol,** etc. *The sun has lost its light with the splendor which this lady brings.*

308, 69. **Por que no se acude.** *Why don't you draw near?*

308, 71. **Por el amor,** etc. *For the love of God, why this delay?*

308, 76. **Sennora mia,** etc. *Madam, I am very unworthy to approach such beauty.*

309, 80. **Sennora, si sera,** etc. *Madam, at your service, let us enter.*

"I have corrected the language," says Gifford, "which Whalley appears not to have understood, and which Jonson, or his printer, had in more than one place confounded." I find that, save for the separation of a word or two and the suppression of the accents, Gifford has made but one change in the Spanish of these passages, the use of ñ (*n con tilde*) for the double *nn* of the text.

309, 83. **Give Dol the word,** to begin her counterfeit raving of the next scene.

309, 92. **Erection of her figure.** To erect one's figure

was to make his horoscope, that is, determine the positions of the stars at his birth and tell his fortune thereby.

**Act IV. Scene V.** "*Scene III, Another Room in the same.*" G.

**312, 36. Out of Broughton!** "Literally out of his *Concent of Scripture*, [1590.]" G.

**Act IV. Scene VI.** "*Scene IV, Another Room in the Same.*" G.

**319, 20. Donzell, me thinkes you look melancholike.** Subtle is alluding ironically to Surly as Donzello del Phebo, a hero of the *Mirror for Knighthood.* C.

**319, 23. Upsee Dutch,** *op zijn Dutch*, in the Dutch fashion. Cf. upsee Freese, in the Frisian manner.

**Act IV. Scene VII.** Not recognized as a separate scene by Gifford. The action of this scene requires that Face keep close to Kastril, egging him on with his promptings, "a very errant rogue," "the impudent'st raskall," spoken so that Surly cannot clearly make out what he is saying. When Surly says, "Lady, doe you informe your brother," Dame Pliant crosses the stage to Kastril and tells him, in dumb show, what she has heard from Surly. Face continues his promptings to Kastril, casting an aside, "beare up," to Subtle, who is crestfallen after his rough handling by Surly and still in his grasp. Kastril then takes up the dialogue, answering his sister, "Away, you talk like a foolish mauther;" and as Kastril is again about to take up the quarrel, Abel enters.

**325, 63. Prevented us,** anticipated us.

**326, 71. Subtle hath whisperd with him,** *i. e.* with Ananias, while Face was arranging matters with Drugger.

**326, 71. Hieronymo's old cloake.** Hieronymo was the hero of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, the most popular play of its day, about the time of the Armada. It was much ridiculed by later dramatists. Cf. several mentions in *Eastward Hoe.*

**326, 81. In the Tower . . . to make gold there for the state.** The mint was situated from very early times in the Tower; Stow, as above, I. 101. Ashmole relates that the alchemist Lully made gold there for King Edward III. by means of the philosopher's stone. Lully was certainly a prisoner in the Tower for a time. *Theatrum Chemicum*, pp. 443, 467.

329, 116. **While there dyed one a weeke, within the liberties,** *i. e.* while one person per week died of the plague. The liberties were the outlying districts of the city beyond the walls.

**Act V. Scene I.** Gifford adds "Before Lovewit's door," as the scene. According to the single setting of the scene, already suggested, no change is necessary.

331, 6. **Another Pimlico,** a resort near Hogsden, "noted for its cakes and ale," says Whalley. C. mentions a pamphlet called *Pimlyco or Runn Red Cap, 'tis a mad world at Hogsdon*, 1609.

332, 11. **Teaching i' the nose.** Perhaps ventriloquism.

332, 14. **Puppets.** Puppet plays, variously called, motions, or drolleries, were very common from the earliest times. In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (Act V.) a puppet-booth is represented on the stage and a play is acted.

**Act V. Scene II.** Gifford makes no division here.

334, 3. **Yet farder, you are too neere, yet.** Face is anxious to draw his master from the door, that he may not hear anything of what may be passing within.

335, 20. **Eye-bright** Gifford conjectures to be the name of "a sort of malt liquor;" here it seems more probably a locality, perhaps an ale-house, noted as a place of resort.

337, 46. **How shall I beat them off,** etc. Cf. Plautus, *Mostellaria*, III. 1. 10–14.

When Face tells his master that the house is infected, Lovewit draws back from the door, the neighbors standing back with him. Face withdraws to the other side as Surly and Mammon, Kastril, and the Puritans come in successively, each too intent for the moment to notice the little gathered crowd.

**Act V. Scene III.** Gifford continues *Scene I.*

339, 22. **What signe was't at?** In old London, shops, and even private houses, were distinguished by pictured signs, owing to the general illiteracy of the lower classes.

341, 50. **Punque, device,** a blunder of Kastril's for *point de vise* (cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. 5. 175), a shortened form of *at point device*, equivalent to *exactly*, *precisely*, and derived from the Old French *à point devis*.

341, 55. **S. Kather'nes**, a royal hospital near the Tower. Cf. Notes to *Eastward Hoe*, above, p. 154.

**Act V. Scene IV.** In Gifford, "*Scene II, A room in the same.*"

345, 7. **Enter Face.** Gifford adds "in his uniform," an unnecessary suggestion, as Face has no one to deceive now save Dapper, and Dapper is blindfold while Face is on the stage.

347, 36. **Let it suck but once a weeke.** It was a popular superstition that familiar spirits were thus nourished by those who had raised them. Cf. Dekker, *The Witch of Edmonton*, II. 1.

347, 41. The **Wool-sack** and the **Dagger** were ordinaries, or eating-houses, of low repute frequently alluded to for their coarse food. Cf. the *Dagger pie* in *Satiro-Mastix*. **Heaven** and **Hell** were two mean ale-houses, according to Whalley, abutting on Westminster Hall and still standing in his day.

347, 44. **Mum-chance, tray-trip, God make you rich**, low gambling games; **gleeke** and **primero** being games of the same class indulged in by those in better station and for higher stakes.

349, 76. **Ratcliffe**, a place in the parish of Stepney, the resort of sailors and shipwrights.

350, 89. **The [*Three*] Pigeons**, an inn at Brentford, subsequently kept by John Lowin, the noted actor.

352, 116. **Ward**, a notorious pirate. Robert Daborne wrote a play on his exploits called *The Christian turned Turk, or the Lives of Ward and Dansiker*, 1612.

353, 128. **You looke**, you are surprised.

353, 129. **I sent for him**, a characteristic lie.

**Act V. Scene V.** "*An outer Room in the Same.*" G.

355, 5. **Three for fayling**, for fear of failing, a common Elizabethan idiom.

356, 24. **The [*hangman's*] cart**, at the tail of which petty malefactors were whipped.

362, 117. **Harry Nicholas**, a fanatic of Leyden, the supposed founder of the notorious sect, "The Family of Love;" perhaps here no more than a general term of abuse.

# Bibliography

*The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.*

## I. TEXTS.

*This list includes separate editions, adaptations, the issues in collective editions of Jonson, and with the plays of other dramatists.*

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**1744**, 12mo. EASTWARD HOE. Dodsley, A Select Collection of Old Plays, vol. IV.

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## II. WORKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

*Besides monographs and essays devoted specially to* Eastward Hoe *and* The Alchemist, *this list includes such general works on the drama and on the authors, Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, and their works as are likely to prove useful to the general reader or student of the drama. Specific references are furnished where necessary. See also the memoirs and critical matter prefixed to the* Works *in the list of texts above.*

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1668. A DEFENCE OF AN ESSAY OF DRAMATIC POESY, by J. Dryden. *ibid.*, II. 290.

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# Glossary

**acop**, crested.
**adalantado**, a lord deputy or president of a county.
**admirall**, the chief ship of a fleet.
**adrop**, the matter out of which mercury is extracted for the philosopher's stone; also the stone itself.
**alembick**, the head of the distilling apparatus in which the distilled material was held.
**aludels**, subliming pots without bottoms, fitted into each other without luting.
**amuse**, amaze.
**ancome**, also uncome, a felon.
**anenst**, against, next to.
**angel**, a gold coin worth about ten shillings.
**angrie boys**, roisterers.
**aqua fortis**, weak, impure vitriol.
**aqua regis**, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acid capable of dissolving gold.
**aqua vitae**, old name for alcohol.
**argaile**, argol, unrefined tartar.
**aspired**, gained, acquired.
**athanor**, a digesting furnace made to retain heat.
**aurum potabile**, said to be gold reduced without corrosive into a blood-red gumme or honey-like substance, drinkable.
**azoch**, mercury.
**azot**, azote, nitrogen.

**babioun**, an ape, baboon.
**backside**, back yard.
**baiard**, a soldier, man of military bearing; also commonly used of a blind, sorry horse, and may have this meaning here.
**balloon**, a game in which an inflated leather ball was driven to and fro by a flat piece of wood attached to the arm.
**balneum**, a bath or heating of a vessel in hot water or sand.
**band**, starched collar.
**bandog**, a dog tied up because of his fierceness, hence a watch-dog, mastiff or bloodhound.
**barb**, to clip coin.
**barbel**, a fresh-water fish with appendages at its mouth.
**bavin**, a bundle of brushwood, fascine.
**bird**, *n.* a fly or familiar spirit; *v.* to pilfer.

**bodkin**, a long ornamental pin used by women to fasten the hair.
**bolted**, driven out.
**bolts-head**, a long-necked conical vessel.
**bona roba**, a wench, usually in an opprobrious sense.
**bony-bell** (bonnibel), a fair lass.
**botcher**, a mender or repairer.
**brach**, a bitch.
**Bradamant**, a famous amazon possessed of an irresistible spear. See Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*.
**braine**, a wit, intriguer.
**Brainford**, Brentford.
**Brownist**, a follower of the Puritan sect founded about 1581 by Robert Brown.
**buckall**, buccal, a mouth-piece.
**buffin**, a variety of coarse cloth.
**bufo**, red tincture.
**buz**, a word used in incantation.
**by-and-bye**, immediately.

**calce**, calces, products of combustion, especially of metals, supposed by alchemists to be converted into a species of earth.
**caliver**, a kind of light musket or harquebus, the lightest portable firearm excepting the pistol.
**calvered**, cut in slices while alive.
**can**, know, be acquainted with.
**candor**, honor, fair reputation.
**canting**, cheating.
**ceration**, softening a hard substance.
**cheat-bread**, fine wheaten bread.
**chiaus**, an envoy or special agent of the Sultan. Such an agent had, in 1609, swindled the Turkish and the Persian merchants of London out of some £4000; hence the word came to mean a scoundrel or cheat.
**chibrit**, mercury.
**chippings**, broken bread.
**chough**, originally a jackdaw, or crow, a chatterer, prater.
**chrysopœia**, gold-making.
**chrysosperme**, elixir.
**chymia**, χυμία for χημεία, alchemy.
**cibation**, feeding of matter with fresh substance to supply evaporation.
**cinoper**, cinnabar, red sulphid of mercury.
**citronize**, to become yellow.
**clip**, to embrace, **clip close**, fit snugly.
**cocatrice**, cockatrice, a prostitute.
**cockrel**, cockerel, a young cock.
**cohobation**, redistillation.
**collect**, recollect.

:kguard.
e, knowledge, sense.
; **acop**, crested.
usness, plenty.
:orrosive.
rtain.
**ce**, credit.
:ompter, prison of a
urt.
card-money.
brace or leash for
o hounds together.
**l**, a style of writ-
in the law courts in
th century.
:ovetousness.
b, tumult.
waver, shrink from

crucible.
a gourd-shaped ves-
lling.
undrel.
**ian**, man of skill,

ie pander.
the preparation of
: by gentle heat.
oscene word used in
uins.
ling.
it.
, Puritan cant for
n of the church.
, *v.* to dishonor.
a blunt-headed ar-

**dole**, a small portion given in charity.
**donzel**, a squire or page.
**Dousabel** (*douce et belle*), a common name among writers of pastorals.
**doxie**, a beggar's trull or wench.
**dub**, to knight; also to beat.
**dulcify**, free from corrosive admixture.
**durance**, a stout durable cloth of wool.

**earne**, to desire strongly, long for.
**emp'ricks**, empirics, experimentalists.
**enforste**, forced.
**engines, enginer**, schemes, schemer.
**Ephemerides**, astronomical almanac; (plural used as singular.)
**estrich**, ostrich.
**expect**, await.

**faithfull**, easy of faith, credulous.
**fall**, a ruff or band which was turned back on the shoulders.
**familiar**, an attendant spirit or demon.
**farder**, farther.
**feize**, feeze, to threaten, frighten away.
**felt**, a hat.
**feltre**, to filter.
**fermentation**, the mutation

of a substance into a ferment after destruction of its primary qualities.

**festination**, hurrying, haste.

**fetch**, gull, get the better of.

**figent**, fidgety, restless.

**fire-drake**, an alchemist's assistant.

**firk**, *n.* a trick, dodge, or subterfuge, *v.* to trick, to gull; also to urge, to drive, force.

**fixation**, a non-volatile state.

**flat-cap**, a citizen, from that article of his dress.

**flitter-mouse**, a bat.

**flock-bed**, a mattress.

**fly**, a familiar spirit, demon.

**foreright**, favorable, in the line of one's course.

**fough**, faugh.

**foyst**, a cheat, rogue.

**foysting-hound**, an ill-smelling hound.

**frail**, a basket.

**frame**, plot, plan.

**froward**, perverse, refractory.

**frume'ty**, frumenty, wheat boiled in milk.

**fucus**, cosmetic.

**fume**, smoke.

**fyste**, *n.* a scoundrel, trickster; *v. vessifier.*

**gallantry**, gallants, young bloods.

**garb**, fashion, demeanor.

**get-peny**, a profitable play.

**ging**, gang.

**girdlestead**, the waist.

**gleeke**, an early French game at cards supposed to be derived in title from the German word **gluck**, hazard or chance. It is played by three persons who hold twelve cards each and draw from the remainder which is called the stock. The players bid successively for the stock and the successful bidder pays for his cards in accordance with the value of the cards held by his opponents. Cotton, *The Complete Gamester*, 1680, p. 64ff.

**god-boye**, a by-form of good-bye.

**gods gift**, literal meaning of Dorothee.

**gold-end-man**, a buyer of broken gold and silver.

**goldsmith**, usurer, see notes to *Alchemist.*

**Goodfellow**, a religious sect of dissenting principles.

**godwit**, a marsh bird.

**goose-turd**, a shade of green, *merde d'oie.*

**gossamour**, cobweb down.

**gossip**, a familiar friend, chum; also as originally a sponsor.

**gresco**, apparently a game at cards, corresponding to the popular Venetian game still played by children called **cresco**, or **cresco in mano.**

**gripes egge**, a vessel shaped like the egg of a vulture.
**groat**, silver coin, value 4d.
**groome-porter**, "an officer of the royal household, whose business it is to see the king's lodging furnished; . . . and also to provide cards and dice . . . and to decide disputes arising at cards, dice, bowling, etc." Cunningham.
**guards**, facings, trimmings.
**gudgeon**, one that will bite at any bait, a credulous person.
**gull**, to fool, cheat.

**habergions**, coats of mail; here guards, soldiers.
**hansell**, to use for the first time.
**happy**, rich.
**hay**, a net to catch rabbits.
**hazzard**, a game at dice; also the court in tennis into which the ball is served.
**hearken out**, to get to hear of, to search out.
**helme**, a retort.
**hoigh**, Dutch hoy, unwieldy lighter.
**hot**, prevalent.
**house**, in astrology the twelfth part of the zodiac.
**huisher**, old form of usher.
**hum**, a word used in incantation.

**idiot**, layman, private person.
**importune**, importunate.
**inbibition**, a kind of bath in alchemy, a restraining process of the tenth stage.
**inceration**, softening to the consistency of moist wax.
**inginer**, see **enginer**.
**intelligencer**, an informer.

**jovy**, jovial.

**kemia**, alchemy? perhaps some sort of vessel?
**kibes**, chilblains.
**kibrit**, sulphur.
**knave**, boy, servant.
**Knipper-doling**, an Anabaptist who raised a revolt in Münster in 1533.
**knot**, the red-breasted sandpiper.
**kuss**, kiss.

**lac virginis**, mercurial water.
**lady-bird**, a term of endearment.
**lato**, latten, a species of aurichalc, a mixed metal of yellow color resembling brass.
**launder**, here wash in *aqua fortis*.
**lay for**, lie in wait for.
**legge**, *n.* a bow; *v.* to make a, to bow.
**lembek**, limbeck, a still.
**lent**, slow.
**lenter**, gentler, milder.

**licket**, a shred, a rag.
**litharge**, fused yellow protoxide of lead, obtained in separating silver from lead.
**loose**, a shot, a venture in archery.
**Luna**, silver.
**lunarie**, moonwort, prized by alchemists.
**lungs**, an assistant in alchemy.
**lute**, to smear a retort with clay to resist heat.

**macerate**, to steep.
**maistrie**, the magisterium or philosopher's stone.
**malleation**, malleability.
**mammet**, a puppet.
**mandragora**, a powerful soporific.
**marchesite**, marcasite, a form of iron pyrites.
**mark**, a coin worth 13s. 4d.
**marle**, marvel.
**mauther**, an awkward, rustic woman.
**maw**, otherwise *rumstich*, a Dutch game at cards played by any number of players and with a piquet pack of thirty-six cards.
**menstrue**, a solvent, menstruum.
**merds**, excrement.
**mere**, pure.
**metaposcopy**, fortune-telling by reading the countenance.
**Millenary**, a name applied to the supporters of a certain Puritan petition addressed to King James in 1603.
**modern**, common, trivial.
**moon**, Luna, silver.
**motion**, idea, proposition.
**mum-chance**, a low gambling game with dice.
**myrobolane**, a sweetmeat, conserve, dried plums from the Indies.

**natural**, fool; **naturals**, natural parts, abilities.
**nicerye**, daintiness, affectation.
**noble**, a coin worth 6s. 8d.
**numbred**, accounted for, a Biblical word misused.

**oppone**, oppose.
**ordinary**, eating house.
**outrecuidance**, *Fr.* presumption, arrogance.
**Ormus**, a commercial centre, of great wealth, on an island at the entrance to the Gulf of Persia.
**overshot**, intoxicated.

**packing**, collusion, trickery.
**pageant**, Lord Mayor's Show.
**pamphysick**, appertaining to all nature.
**panarchick**, sovereign, all-ruling.

**Paracelsian,** a follower of Paracelsus, hence an alchemist.

**parcell-guilt,** partly gilt, a cheap imitation of gold.

**par'lous,** perilous, forward, shrewd.

**pavin, pavane,** a stately dance, derived from Pavia.

**peat,** a spoiled, self-willed girl.

**peeterman,** fisherman, one who follows the occupation of St. Peter.

**pellicane,** an alembic designed for continued distillation.

**pellitorie,** a small bushy plant growing on walls.

**phlegma,** water of distillation.

**piece of eight,** the Spanish *peso duro* bearing the numeral 8.

**pipkin,** perhaps a variety of headdress.

**pire,** pier.

**pistolet,** a pistole, Spanish gold coin; also a pistol.

**pitch,** to stretch, as a net.

**plot,** plan.

**point device,** *a.* precise, nice; *adv.* exactly, particularly.

**points,** tagged laces used to hold up the breeches.

**pomander,** *pomme d'ambre*, a ball or small box of perfumes carried in the pocket or worn as a bracelet or about the neck.

**porcpisce,** a porpoise.

**portague,** a gold coin worth £3. 12s.

**post-and-pair,** a game at cards in which the players vie (bet) on the excellence of their hands.

**potate,** liquefied.

**poulder-cornes,** granulated gunpowder.

**poynado,** a caudle made of bread, currants, sack and eggs.

**presently,** at once.

**presse,** conscription.

**prest,** ready.

**prevent,** anticipate.

**primero,** a game at cards of Spanish or Italian origin, so called because he wins who holds the prime or primero, a sequence of the best cards. Four cards are dealt to each player and various cards are assigned a fixed number of points. The best chance is the flush (four cards of a kind), the next is the fifty-and-five. This game was long both fashionable and popular.

**projection,** the twelfth and last process in alchemy.

**prophane,** vain, wicked, a Puritan word.

**puckfist,** puff-ball; in abuse, vile fungus.

**puffing,** puffin, didapper, a water-fowl, a fool.

**purchase**, stolen goods.
**pure Linnen**, unmixed with baser material.
**pus**, puss.
**putrifaction**, the fifth process in alchemy, by which impurities were removed from the compound by the application of moist heat.

**quailes**, light women. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, *V. 1. 57*.
**quiblin**, petty device to deceive.
**quirk**, a quibble, retort.
**quodling**, a quill-driver, or lawyer's clerk. Gifford. Perhaps *codling*, an unripe apple.
**quoiffe**, coif.

**rack**, a metal utensil.
**Ratcliffe**, in the parish of Stepney, the resort of sailors and shipwrights.
**realga**, realgar, a compound of arsenic and sulphur.
**reclaim**, reformation.
**region**, the upper air.
**remora**, barnacle, supposed to delay ships.
**respect**, regard, consider.
**reverberating**, circulation of flame and deflection downward in a specially constructed furnace.
**reverent**, reverend.
**rheum**, a cold.
**rifle**, to raffle, play at games of chance.
**robustiously**, violently.
**Roman wash**, a lotion to lighten the hair.
**ruffin**, ruffian.
**rugge**, a coarse nappy material, drugget.

**saffron-gilt**, a cheap imitation of gold in base metal, parcel-gilt or latten.
**salachme**, query, achamech, dross of silver?
**scirvy**, scurvy, contemptible, offensive.
**sconce**, a fort; also the head.
**sericon**, black tincture.
**sess**, tax.
**set**, to lay a wager; also the plait of a ruff.
**shark**, to live by one's wits.
**shot-clog**, one that pays the reckoning for the whole company at a tavern.
**sickness, the**, the plague.
**single-money**, small change.
**'slight**, by God's light.
**slops**, wide trousers, usually worn by sailors.
**Sol**, gold.
**solution**, the second stage or alchemical process, in which the material already obtained is submitted to the agency of water.
**sort**, *n.* flock, troop; *v.* agrees.
**souse**, the ear.

a, spagiric art is chem-
aught by Paracelsus or
wers.
pital, hospital.
ll, a gold coin issued
James and worth 15 s.
.
, red linsey-woolsey.
l, Dutch *staatlyk*,
ate, property.
ersons of distinction.
, always.
, a common fellow.
*n.* a bow or bending
carriage, *v.* to swoop
ke a hawk on her
:ion, conversion into
heat and reconversion
lid state by cold.
ol, gold.
ilitie, excitability.
ister.
', scullion, base fel-

a drummer.
arsnet, a fine and
fabric of silk.
rebuke, taunt.
lke, talc.
e, able.
a silver coin worth
. 4d.
a flock, drove.
the useless, discarded
the weaver's warp.

**tincture**, color, quality.
**tit**, a child, a fool.
**titillation**, tickles.
**Tom**, a Tom-fool, idiot.
**toward**, promising, likely.
**toy**, trick, plan.
**train**, device, scheme.
**transferred**, transported.
**tray-trip**, a game with draughts.
**triackle**, treacle.
**trig**, an affected fellow, a coxcomb.
**trow**, to think, to suppose.
**trunk**, any tube, hence a speaking tube; also a pea-shooter.
**trunks**, round, wide trousers.
**tuff-taffetie**, a taffeta woven with a pile like velvet.
**tup**, to couple.
**tutie**, zinc collected from the chimneys of furnaces.
**twierpipe**, the pipe through which the air enters a blast furnace.

**unbelieved**, incredible.
**Upsee dutch**, in the Dutch manner.

**vagarie**, a journey.
**vail, vayle**, gratuity, tip.
**valure**, valor.
**varthingall**, farthingale.
**venturers**, adventurers, merchants.
**Venus**, copper.
**Verdugo**, name of noble Span-

ish family, Gifford; also a hangman.

**vie**, to back one's cards against an opponent's.

**visited**, infected with the plague.

**wanion, with a**, plague take it, bad luck to you.

**wedlock**, a wife.

**well-parted**, of good abilities.

**whether**, whither.

**whit-meate**, white meat, tit-bit, delicate morsel.

**wire-drawn**, prolix, subtle.

**wish to**, recommend to one.

**woad**, a plant used for blue dye.

**wood**, a stock of material, lumber.

**yew**, ewe.

**younker**, a well-born youth.

**zernich**, auripigment.

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